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Gen. Robert Edward Lee

Soldier, Citizen, and Christian Patriot

. . . BY . . .

MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, DR. EDMUND JENINGS LEE, COL. JOHN J. GARNETT,
MRS. SALLY NELSON ROBINS, GENERAL T. L. ROSSER AND OTHERS

Also an interesting early history of the Lee family in England and America; A military biography of the great Confederate Leader; Splendid tributes by the most distinguished military critics in America and Europe, including Lord Garnett Joseph Wolseley, Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies, General O. O. Howard, of the Federal Army, and others

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EDITED BY R. A. BROCK

Secretary Southern Historical Society

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With a large number of family portraits painted from life by the most celebrated artists; also many spirited war scenes and beautiful pictures of historic interest

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INTRODUCTION.

Such was the grandeur of the character of Robert Edward Lee and so appealing was its natural equipoise, that by its cherished impress upon heart and mind he must remain acknowledged, during time, as one of the purest and greatest men the world has known.

His example is at once beacon, inspiration and sustenance.

All venerate his virtues, which silence criticism; conquer envy.

The tribute to his exalted worth has been universal from friend and foe—at home and abroad—the most courageous of those of the Union Army, in all stations, with whom he contended in duty and for principle, holding him in regard and pride, scarce less than do those to whom he was to "the manner born."

So pure and noble a life as his could but stimulate many publications presenting it, yet it is felt that the present offering will be warmly welcomed.

There are advantages in co-operative work which are apparent in special treatment and in augmented facilities; such combined effort has assuredly proved signally valuable and acceptable.

It is felt that the preservation in compact and durable form of the serial of pen-pictures so recognizably true from authoritative writers, with the accompanying realities of illustration from life,—famous artist and cherished memorial will not only be gratifying to the public, but stimulative and conducive to much toward

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the realization of the enlightening aim of our Southern Publishing House.

Whilst it is not a schoolbook, yet it is more comprehensively educative; inspiring in fact and attractive in picture.

In becoming minutely informed of the ancestry, associations and noble life of Robert Edward Lee—unalloyed in its entire exemplification with aught to cause regret—youth of both sexes can but be stimulated to the development of all that is good, sweet and noble in human nature.

Perhaps the most complete survey of the character and career of General Lee is given in an editorial in the London *Standard*, which appeared soon after his death. It is well to preserve it entire here:

"Few are the generals who have earned, since history began, a greater military reputation; still fewer are the men of similar eminence, civil or military, whose personal qualities would bear comparison with his.

"The bitterest enemies of his country hardly dared to whisper a word against the character of her most distinguished general, while neutrals regarded him with an admiration for his deeds and respect for his lofty and unselfish nature, which almost grew into veneration, and his own countrymen learned to look up to him with as much confidence and esteem as they ever felt for Washington.

"No one pretending to understand in the least, either the general principles of military science or the particular conditions of the American war, doubts that General Lee gave higher proofs of military genius and soldiership than any of his opponents. He was outnumbered from first to last; and all his victories were gained against greatly superior forces, and, with troops deficient in every necessary of war except courage and discipline.

"Never, perhaps, was so much achieved against odds so terrible.

"Always outnumbered, always opposed to a foe abundantly supplied with food, transports, ammunition, clothing and all that was wanting to his own men, he was always able to make courage and skill supply the deficiency of strength and supplies.

"Truer greatness, a loftier nature, a spirit more merciful, a character purer, more chivalrous, the world has rarely, if ever, known.

"Of stainless hue and deep religious feeling, yet free from all taint of cant and fanaticism, and as dear and congenial to the cavalier Stuart as to the puritan Stonewall Jackson; unambitious, but ready to sacrifice all to the call of duty; devoted to his cause, yet never moved by his feelings beyond the line prescribed by his judgment; never provoked by just resentment to punish wanton cruelty by reprisals which would have given a character of needless savagery to the war; both North and South owe a deep debt of gratitude to him, and the time will come when both will be equally proud of him. . . .

"A country which has given birth to men like him may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman and Christian than Robert Edward Lee."

The greatest living soldier of Europe, Lord Wolseley, who visited Lee during our momentous struggle, and spent some time with him in the tented field, thus expressed himself of him: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my

memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way."

The Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, through whose generosity and active exertions we possess the excellent bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson which graces our Capitol Square, wrote Mrs. Lee, November 25, 1872, acknowledging photographs of General Lee:

"They embody to us heroic virtue and purest patriotism, the most exalted military genius, the highest and purest domestic excellence."

A cherished utterance, which is said to have been extempore, was that of the gifted and dauntless Georgian, United States Senator Benjamin H. Hill. Its embalment here will be welcome:

"When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he will have to lift his eyes toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without a reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

It will be just and acceptable, to add the excellent analysis of the character of General Lee as given by Colonel Archer Anderson in the conclusion of his chaste and eloquent oration

at the dedication of the Lee monument at Richmond, Va., May 29, 1890:*

"The moral perception, breathing the very spirit of his Christian faith, is no illusive legend of a succeeding generation exaggerating the worth of the past. Our belief in it rests upon the unanimous testimony of the men who lived and acted with him. Among whom nothing is more common than the declaration that Lee was the purest and best man of action whose career history has recorded. In his whole life, laid bare to the gaze of the world, the least friendly criticism has never discovered one single deviation from the narrow path of rectitude and honor.

"What was strained eulogy when Montesquieu said of another great soldier—Turenne—that 'his life was a hymn in praise of humanity,' is, if applied to Lee, the language of sober truth. No man can consider his life without a feeling of renewed hope and trust in mankind.

"There is about his exhibitions of moral excellence the same quality of power in reserve that marks him as a soldier. He never failed to come up to the full requirements of any situation, and his conduct communicated the impression that nothing would arise to which he would be found unequal. His every action went straight to the mark without affectation or display. It caused him no visible effort to be good or great.

"He was not conscious that he was exceptional in either way, and he died in the belief that, as he had been sometimes unjustly blamed, so he had as often been too highly praised. Such is the holy simplicity of the noblest minds. Such was the pure and lofty man, in whom we see the perfect union of

*Southern Historical Society Papers. Vol. xvii.

Christian virtue and old Roman manhood. His goodness makes us love his greatness, and the fascination which this matchless combination exerts is itself a symptom and a source in us of moral health. As long as our people truly love and venerate him there will remain in them a principle of good. For all the stupendous wealth and power, which in the last thirty years have lifted these States to foremost rank among the nations of the earth, are less a subject for pride than this one heroic man—this human product of our country and its institutions."

"The greatest gift when leaving his race
Is to have been a hero."

We have pleasure in stating that the major portion of this work, the series of articles from *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, which have met with such a gratifying reception by the public, is here reproduced by arrangement with the proprietors of that excellent periodical, and the portraits, arms, views, etc., from "Lee of Virginia, 1642–1892," the admirable and elaborate genealogical work of Edmund Jenings Lee, M. D., Member of the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania and Virginia, Philadelphia, 1895, by the kind courtesy of that accomplished gentleman. The additional illustrations presented are of acknowledged fidelity, and the valuable added matter gives evidence of its authoritative sources.

LORD GARNETT JOSEPH WOLSELEY,
Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, AT RICHMOND, VA., MAY 29, 1890.*

This demonstration in its spontaneity was unique in the history of our country. All hearts were in accord, and there was harmony and entire decorum, notwithstanding that pre-arrangement of organizations was precluded, through the absence of knowledge of intending participants in the procession. Many organizations without previous intimation to the directors in Richmond, arrived but a little while before the line was forming, and many joined it whilst it was in motion. Yet there was no confusion, only a little delay as bodies were marched through divided lines resting in the shade. The wants of the waiting were well attended with refreshments from the gracious hands of gentle women.

Memory was turned back to days of anxiety, of peril, of suffering, and of sacrifice. Veneration for a great-hearted and devoted leader—sublime in dutiful performance, was paramount in the breast of every participant. Bitterness had not lodgment. Amidst crowding images and incidents, patriotism and charity were brightly present. The fiat of the sword was unreservedly accepted at Appomattox. The South holds the common interest of our reunited country in its due regard. It earnestly invokes respectful consideration and fraternity.

It was a cloudless day. The atmosphere was balmy and all nature was in its gayest garb.

It was an inspiriting expression of a generous people. No serious accident occurred. Almighty God seemingly gave His countenance. Who should cavil? The day will never be forgotten by

* The memorable occasion, of the oration which follows, will be cherished in the hearts of those who participated in it whilst in Providence pulsation animates. This appropriate additional introduction it cannot but be felt will be appreciated, as its preservation seems to combine duty, regard and self-respect.

the participants and future generations will have its incidents recounted to them by successive treasurers of its memories.

Never before were so many troops gathered here on peaceful intent; never were decorations of business houses, dwellings, and public buildings so tastefully elaborate, and never before was there such a display of patriotic enthusiasm in this city.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

An Address Delivered at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, at Richmond, Va., May 29th, 1890.

BY COLONEL ARCHER ANDERSON.

[This chaste, eloquent, and considerate utterance is worthy of its exalted subject and of the impressive occasion, and must be conceded a commanding distinction of its gifted and accomplished author.]

Fellow Citizens:

A people carves its own image in the monuments of its great men. Not Virginians only, not only those who dwell in the fair land stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, but all who bear the American name may proudly consent that posterity shall judge them by the structure, which we are here to dedicate and crown with a heroic figure. For, as the Latin poet said, that, wherever the Roman name and sway extended, *there* should be the sepulchre of Pompey, so to-day, in every part of America, the character and fame of Robert Edward Lee are treasured as a "possession for all time."

And, if this be true of that great name, what shall be said of the circumstances which surround us on this day of solemn commemoration?

That at the end of the first quarter of a century after the close of a stupendous civil war, in which more than a million men struggled for the mastery during four years of fierce and bloody conflict, we should see the Southern States in complete possession of their local self-government, the Federal Constitution unchanged save as

respects the great issues submitted to the arbitrament of war, and the defeated party—whilst in full and patriotic sympathy with all the present grandeur and imperial promise of a reunited country—still not held to renounce any glorious memory, but free to heap honors upon their trusted leaders, living or dead—all this reveals a character in which the American people may well be content to be handed down to history.

All this, and more, will be the testimony of the solid fabric we here complete. It will recall the generous initiative and the unflagging zeal of those noble women of the South to whom in large measure we owe this auspicious day ; it will bear its lasting witness as the voluntary offering of the people, not the governments of the Southern States ; and, standing as a perpetual memorial of our great leader, it will stand not less as an enduring record of what his fellow-citizens deemed most worthy to be honored.

What kind of greatness, then—it may be fitting on this spot to ask—what kind of greatness should men most honor in their fellowmen ? Vast and varied is the circle of human excellence—where is our paramount allegiance due ?

In that "temple of silence and reconciliation," that Westminster Abbey of Florence, whither so many paths of glory led, you may read one answer to this question on the cenotaph of Dante in the inscription : "Honor the sublime poet." These words the mediæval poet himself applied to his great master, Virgil. After near six centuries they still touch some of the deepest feelings of the heart. And with them come crowding on the mind memories of a long line of poets, artists, historians, orators, thinkers who have sounded all the depths of speculation, princes of science, who have advanced the frontiers of ordered knowledge, of the least of whom it may be said—as Newton's gravestone records of the greatest—that he was an honor to the race of men. Yes, if our life were only thought and emotion, if will and action and courage did not make up its greatest part, men might justly reverence the genius of poets and thinkers above all other greatness. But strong and natural as is the inclination of those given up to the intellectual

life thus to exalt the triumphs of the imagination and the reason, such is not the impulse of the great heart of the multitude. And the multitude is right. In a large and true sense conduct is more than intellect, more than art or eloquence—to have done great things is nobler than to have thought or expressed them.

Thus, in every land, the most conspicuous monuments commemorate the great actors, not the great thinkers, of the world's history; and among these men of action the great soldier has always secured the first place in the affections of his countrymen. What means this universal outburst of the love and admiration of our race for men who have been foremost in war? Is the common sense of mankind blinded by the blaze of military glory? Or does some deep instinct teach us that the character of the ideal commander is the grandest manifestation in which man can show himself to man? The power and the fascination of this ideal are attested by the indulgent admiration we bestow on men who, on the one side, grandly fill it out, while, on the other, falling grievously below it, weighed down by something base and earthly. Thus standing before that marvelous monument in Berlin, from which Frederick "in his habit as he lived" looks down in homely greeting to his Prussian people, and seems still to warn them that the art which won empire can alone maintain it, we forget the selfish ambition, the petty foibles, the chilling life—we remember only the valor, the consummate skill, the superhuman constancy of the hero-king. Or if, turning from a career so crowned with final triumph, we recall how, for lack of a like commander, France in our own day has been trampled under foot, we may conceive the devotion with which Frenchmen still crowd about the tomb of Napoleon—a name that, in spite of all its lurid associations, in spite of all the humiliations of the Second Empire, has still had power to lift the French nation, during these latter years, from abasement and despair.

Surely there must be something superhuman in the genius of a great commander, if it can make us forgetful of the woes and crimes so often attending it. How freely, then, may we lavish our

admiration and gratitude, when no allowance has to be made for human weakness, when we find military greatness allied with the noblest public and private virtue! Here, at last, in this ideal union is that rare greatness which men may most honor in their fellow-men.

It is the singular felicity of this Commonwealth of Virginia to have produced two such stainless captains. The fame of the one, consecrated by a century of universal reverence and the growth of a colossal empire, the result of his heroic labors, has been commemorated in this city by a monument, in whose majestic presence no man ever received the suggestion of a thought that did not exalt humanity. The fame of the other, not yet a generation old and won in a cause that was lost, is already established by that impartial judgment of foreign nations, which anticipates the verdict of the next age, upon an equal pinnacle, and millions of our countrymen, present here with us in their thoughts and echoing back from city and plain and mountain top the deep and reverent voice of this vast multitude, will this day confirm our solemn declaration that the monument of George Washington has found its only fitting complement and companion in a monument to Robert Lee.

I venture to say that, if we take account of human nature in all its complexity, the character of the ideal commander is the grandest manifestation in which man can show himself to man. Consider some of the necessary elements of this great character. And let us begin with its humbler virtues, its more lowly labors. If we take the commander merely on his administrative side, what treasures of energy, forecast, and watchfulness do we not see him expending in the prosaic work of providing the means of subsistence for his army! He is always confronted on a vast scale with man's elemental and primitive want—his daily bread. The matter is so vital that he can never commit it entirely to the staff. The control of the whole subject must be ever in his own grasp.

Then, he must have not only an intimate knowledge of the geography and resources of the theatre of war as maps and books give

them, but an instinct for topography and an unerring faculty for finding the way by night or day through forest and field, usually to be met with only in men who pass their whole lives in the open air. To this add a complete acquaintance with all parts of army work and organization—a very genius for detail, an artillerist's eye for distance, and an engineer's judgment and inventiveness, with a wide and critical comprehension of all the great campaigns of history. But he must possess a still higher knowledge. He must know human nature, he must be wise in his judgment and selection of his own agents, and especially must he be skilled to read his adversary's mind and character. Upon this varied and profound knowledge will depend the success of those large plans embracing the whole theatre of war which soldiers call strategy.

Now, combine all these elements, conceive of them as expanded into genius, and you may form some idea of the merely intellectual equipment of a great commander. But he might have all this and be fit only to be a chief of staff.

The business of war is with men; the business of a general is to lead men in that most wonderful of human organizations, an army —on that dread arena, the field of battle. And now come into play the qualities of heart and soul. Consecrated to his high office, a general ought to be morally the best, the most just, the most generous, the most patriotic man among his countrymen. He must not only be their greatest leader—he must know how to make every man in his army believe him to be their greatest leader. And mere belief is not enough. There must be in him a power to call forth an enthusiastic and passionate devotion. Of all careers a military life makes the heaviest demand on the self-effacement and self-sacrifice of those who are to follow and obey. Love and enthusiasm for a leader are the only forces powerful enough to raise men to this heroic pitch. Without them an army is a mob, or at most a spiritless machine. With them it becomes capable of the sublimest exhibitions of valor and devotion.

But, essential as is this magnetic power in the leader to draw all hearts, to quiet jealousies, to compel obedience, and to fuse the

thoughts and passions of thousands of individual men into a single mass of martial ardor, all these gifts may be present and the true commander absent. Politicians have had these gifts, soldiers even have had these gifts, and utterly failed in the command of armies. To all these rich endowments there must be added an imperturbable moral courage equal to any burden or buffet of fortune, and physical intrepidity in its highest and grandest forms—not only the valor which carries a division commander under orders with overmastering rush to some desperate assault, like Cleburne's at Franklin, or makes him stand immovable as a stone wall, as Bee saw Jackson at Manassas, but an aggressive and unresting ardor to fall on the enemy, like that which burned in Nelson, when he wrote: "I will fight them the moment I can reach their fleet, be they at anchor or under sail—I will not lose one moment in fighting the French fleet—I mean to follow them if they go to the Black Sea—not a moment shall be lost in pursuing the enemy. . . . I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

With this fierce passion for fight, the general must unite the self-control, which will refuse battle or calmly await attack, and, not least, the fortitude which can endure defeat. For weeks and months he must be ready at any moment of the day or night to draw on these vast resources without ever showing weakness under the protracted strain. And over and above all there must preside some God-like power, which, in the crisis of strategy or the storm of battle, not only preserves to the commander all these high faculties, but actually intensifies and expands them. In those irrevocable moments, when the decision of an instant may determine the destiny of States, mere talents must spring into genius, and mind and outward eye send flashes of intuition through the smoke of battle and the dark curtain on which the enemy's movements are to be read only in fitful shadows. In that hour of doom, a nation's fate, a people's ransom may be staked on one man's greatness of soul.

It is the recognition in Lee of the principal elements of this high ideal—courage, will, energy, insight, authority—the organizing

mind with its eagle glance, and the temperament for command broad-based upon fortitude, hopefulness, joy in battle—all exalted by heroic purpose and kindled with the glow of an unconquerable soul; it is, besides and above all, the unique combination in him of moral strength with moral beauty, of all that is great in heroic action with all that is good in common life, that will make of this pile of stone a sacred shrine, dear throughout coming ages, not to soldiers only, but to all

"Helpers and friends of mankind."

Let a brief recital show that these are words of truth and soberness.

Lee was fortunate in his birth, for he sprang from a race of men who had just shown, in a world-famous struggle, all of the virtues and few of the faults of a class selected to rule because fittest to rule. His father had won a brilliant fame as a cavalry leader, and the signal honor of the warm friendship of Washington. The death of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee when Robert Lee was only eleven years old made the boy the protector of his mother—a school of virtue not unfitted to develop a character that nature had formed for honor. It was partly, no doubt, the example of his father's brilliant service, but mainly the soldier's blood which flowed in his veins, that impelled him to seek a place in the Military Academy at West Point. He was presented to President Jackson, and we may well believe the story that the old soldier was quickly won by the gallant youth, and willingly secured him to the army. I cannot dwell on his proficiency in the military school, or his early years of useful service in the corps of engineers, though, doubtless, those practical labors had an important influence upon the future leader of that Army of Northern Virginia, so famous for its

"—looming bastions fringed with fire"—

the creation of the axe and spade.

One auspicious incident of that time I must not pass by—his marriage to the great-granddaughter of Washington's wife. Thus

another tie was formed which connected him by daily associations of family and place with Washington's fame and character. He became, in some sort, Washington's direct personal representative. Is it fanciful to suppose that all this had an immediate effect on his nature, so moulded already to match with whatever was great and noble? It may well be believed that Lee made Washington his model of public duty, and, in every important conjuncture of his life, unconsciously, no doubt, but effectively, asked himself the question: "How would Washington have acted in this case?"

The greater elements of Lee's character must appear in the story of his later life. Let me try now to give some conception of his noble person, his grace, his social charm, his pure life—of that inborn dignity which with a look could check familiarity or convey rebuke, of that manly beauty and commanding presence, fitted alike to win child or maiden and to awaken in the sternest soldier an expectation and assurance of pre-eminence and distinction. It was this which drew from a great master of the art of war, whom a beneficent Providence still spares to be a model of every manly and martial virtue to the sons of the youngest soldiers who followed his unstained banner, it was the recollection of the fascination of Lee's manner and person in the days of their early service that drew from General Joseph E. Johnston these words of vivid and loving description: "No other youth or man so united the qualities that win warm friendship and command high respect. For he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of gay conversation and even of fun, . . . while his correctness of demeanor and language and attention to all duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority that everyone acknowledged in his heart."

It was this which made Lord Wolseley say of him as he saw him in later years: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way."

Thus endowed to command the love and respect of every human being that came into his presence, fully equipped in every military art, temperate, pure, healthful, brave, consciously following duty as his pole star, and all unconsciously burning with ardor to win a soldier's fame, he entered upon that war with Mexico, which was destined to prove a training-ground for the chief leaders in the conflict between the States. There he soon gave proof of great qualities for war.

But I may stay only to mention one incident in which he displayed such rare force of will, such aggressive and untiring enterprise as at once marked him out for high command. It was just before the battle of Contreras. Scott had learned through Lee's reconnoissance that the Mexican position could be attacked in rear by a difficult movement across a pathless and rugged volcanic field called the "Pedregal." A painful march had brought the turning division at nightfall to the decisive point, and Lee was called into council by the division commander. The council sat long. At last, about nine at night, it resolved on Lee's advice upon an attack at dawn. But it was essential that communication should be established with Scott's headquarters. Lee declared his purpose to effect this communication, and through the stormy night, alone and on foot, with enemies on either hand, he pushed his way across that volcanic waste, comparable only in the difficulties it presented to some Alpine glacier rent with yawning chasms. He won his way to Scott by midnight. At daybreak as engineer he guided the front attack led by Twiggs. The turning column heard their comrades' guns. They fell on the Mexican rear. A brief and bloody resistance served only to heighten the triumph of American skill and valor. The position was won, and Contreras, to the eye of history, prefigures Chancellorsville.

General Scott described this exploit of Lee's as "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in his knowledge, pending the campaign." History will record, as Scott himself nobly admitted, that Lee was Scott's right arm in Mexico.

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I may not dwell on the round of engineering duties which Lee discharged with exactness and fidelity during the years following the Mexican war. Of more interest is his first actual command of troops, on his appointment as lieutenant-colonel of the famous Second Cavalry serving in Texas. This frontier service of three or four years was important in developing his military character, though it may seem an inadequate preparation in the details of command, when compared, for instance, with Wellington's long apprenticeship in India. But genius has many schools, and an earnest observant mind quickly grasps the lessons of practice.

A dark cloud of war was now threatening to burst over a hitherto peaceful country. The routine of frontier administration and Indian police must have seemed but idle child's play amid the fierce passions of that rising tempest of civil strife. No man who could think could think of anything but the impending danger. And Lee, the son of a leader of the Revolution, closely linked by descent and association with the men who won American independence and made the American Constitution, Lee, inheriting along with the most ardent love of the Union a paramount loyalty to his native State, now saw himself obliged to make his choice and take his side in an irrepressible conflict. No more painful struggle ever tore the heart of a patriot. He had served the whole country in a gallant army, which commanded all his affection. He, better than most men, knew the great resources of the North and West. He had sojourned and labored in every part of the land, and could appreciate the arguments drawn from its physical characteristics, from its great river systems and mountain ranges, for an indissoluble union. He knew Northern men in their homes; he knew the bravery of the Northern soldiers who filled our regular regiments in Mexico. He was above the prejudices and taunts of the day, which belittled Northern virtue and courage. He knew that, with slight external differences, there was a substantial identity of the American race in all the States, North and South. He was equally above the weak and passionate view of slavery as good in itself, into which the fanatical and unconstitutional agitation of the

Abolition party had driven many strong minds in the South. He regarded slavery as an evil which the South had inherited, and must be left to mitigate and, if possible, extirpate by wise and gradual measures. He, if any man of that time, was capable of weighing with calmness the duty of the hour. With him the only question then, as at every moment of his spotless life, was to find out which way duty pointed.

Against the urgent solicitations of General Scott, in defiance of the temptations of ambition—for the evidence is complete that the command of the United States Army was offered to him—in manifest sacrifice of all his pecuniary interests, he determined that duty bade him side with his beloved Virginia. He laid down his commission, and solemnly declared his purpose never to draw his sword save in behalf of his native State.

And what was that native State to whose defence he henceforth devoted his matchless sword?

It was a Commonwealth older than the Union of the States; it was the first abode of English freedom in the Western World; it was the scene of the earliest organized legislative resistance to the encroachments of the mother country; it was the birthplace of the immortal leader of our Revolutionary armies, and of many of the architects of the Federal Constitution; it was the central seat of that doctrine of State sovereignty sanctioned by the great names of Jefferson and Madison; it was a land rich in every gift of the earth and sky—richer still in its race of men, brave, frugal, pious, loving honor, but fearing God; it was a land hallowed then by memories of an almost unbroken series of patriotic triumphs, but now after the wreck and ruin of four years of unsuccessful war, consecrated anew by deeds of heroism and devotion, whose increasing lustre will borrow a brighter radiance from their sombre background of suffering and defeat. And this day and on this spot, with heightened pride and undiminished love, the sons of that Old Dominion may still salute her in the patriot Roman's verse—

> "*Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,*
> *Magna virum.*"

This was the land that Lee defended.

Accepting the commission of major-general of the forces of Virginia, he soon passed by the necessary and rapid sway of events into the service of the Confederate States. Virginia had become the battle-ground on which the Confederacy was to win or lose its independence, and Lee could only defend Virginia as a general of the Confederate army.

During the early months of the war he labored unceasingly and with success in the organization of those armies which stemmed and dashed back the first flood of invasion. Here his patience, his careful and minute attention to details, his knowledge of men, and particularly of those officers of the old army who espoused the Southern cause, his thorough military preparation, and, more than all else, his conviction that the war would be long and desperate, made him an invaluable counselor of the Confederate Executive. His co-operation with the more fortunate generals, chosen to lead armies in the field, was zealous and cordial, and he did not murmur when at last, in August, 1861, his turn for active service came in what promised to be a thankless and inauspicious duty.

The Confederate arms had been unfortunate in Northwestern Virginia. Garnett had been overwhelmed and defeated. Loring, with large reinforcements, had not pressed forward to snatch the lost ground from an enemy weakened by great detachments. So Lee was sent to Valley Mountain to combine all the elements of our strength, and by a stroke of daring recover West Virginia. The Confederate President was convinced that he was the leader for such a campaign—the opinion of the army and of the people enthusiastically confirmed his choice.

Lee quickly mastered the problem before him by personal reconnoissances, and laid his plans with skill and vigor. But the attack on Cheat Mountain, which a year later would have been a brilliant success, ended in failure and mortification. Lee was able to show to the public but one of the high qualities of a great general—magnanimity under disappointment and defeat. His old comrades of the Mexican war knew him; the Confederate President

knew him and still believed in him; but the verdict of the general public on Robert Lee in the winter of 1861–62 might have been summed up in the historian's judgment of Galba, who "by common consent would have been deemed fit to command, had he never commanded."

In such a school of patience and self-control was our great leader destined to pass the first fourteen months of the war.

The first day of "Seven Pines" had been fought, the fierce temper and stern valor of the Army of Northern Virginia had been established, a brilliant success had been won on our right by Longstreet and D. H. Hill, and General Johnston, about nightfall, was arranging a vigorous and combined attack for the morrow. At that moment Johnston, whose body was already covered with honorable scars, was stricken down by two severe wounds, and the army was deprived of its leader.

On the afternoon of the next day, about five miles below Richmond, Lee assumed command of that army called of Northern Virginia, but fitly representing the valor and the virtue of every Southern State, that army which henceforth was to be the inseparable partner of his fame, that army whose heroic toils, marches, battles would still, if every friendly record perished, be emblazoned for the admiration of future ages in its adversary's recital of the blood and treasure expended to destroy it. So we are able now to measure Hannibal's greatness only by the magnitude of Rome's sacrifices and devotion.

At any period of the war the loss of Richmond would probably have been fatal to the Confederacy. This truth is the key to the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. It will explain and justify in Lee's conduct many apparent violations of sound principles of war. Ordinarily, nothing is more fatal than to make the fortunes of an army turn on the defence of a position. This was Pemberton's error at Vicksburg—it was Osman's at Plevna. But the political importance of Richmond as the capital of a great State and of the Confederacy, its real strategic advantages as the nucleus of a railway system and other communications, embracing Virginia and

the States to the South and West, and still more, the startling fact that its manufacturing establishments, though poor and inadequate, were at first absolutely, and always practically, the sole resource of the South for artillery and railway material—these considerations, in their combined strength, brought about, in the minds of those directing the Confederate government, a conviction of the indispensable necessity of Richmond to the life of the Southern cause.

Washington talked of retreating, in the last resort, to the mountains of West Augusta, and their maintaining an undying resistance to the British invaders. It is possible that such a guerilla warfare might have succeeded a hundred years ago against an enemy coming across the Atlantic, before the use of steam on sea and river and railway, and before even turnpikes connected the coast with the mountains. It is possible. But the probability is that, as in other contests, the end of organized regular warfare would have been the virtual end of the struggle. How much more must this have been the case in our recent war, when military armaments had already become complex and artificial! Modern armies, with their elaborate small arms, artillery and ammunition, cannot be maintained without great mechanical appliances. They cannot even be fed without great lines of railway. And how can railways be utilized in a country closely blockaded without these same manufacturing resources?

All this was true from 1861 to 1865. At no time during that period did there exist, south of Richmond, foundries and rolling-mills capable, in a year's work, of supplying the Confederate armies and railways for three months. In the first part of the war, the nucleus of such establishments could not be found elsewhere in the South. In the latter part beginnings had been made, but the new production of cannon and railway material never became adequate to the demands of a campaign. If the requisite machinery could have been improvised, the product could not have been hastily increased, because of the absolute lack of skilled workmen. The loss of the skilled artisans of Richmond would have been as fatal, in our poverty, as the loss of its mills and workshops.

The defence of Richmond, then, was the superhuman task to which Lee now found himself committed by the policy of the Confederate government, and by the pressure of conditions, independent of his will or control.

How precious for us Virginians is this intimate association of his immortal labors with this city of our affections—for more than a century the centre of our State life, for four years of heroic struggle the inviolate citadel of a people in arms! The familiar objects about us are memorials of him; the streets which his feet have trodden, the church where he worshiped, the modest dwelling which sheltered those nearest his heart, the heights overlooking river and land which make up the military topography he had so deeply studied, and the graves of that silent army by which our city is still begirt. You can hardly prolong your evening walk without coming upon fields, once like any others, but now touched with that mysterious meaning which speaks from every spot where for home and kindred men have fought and died.

Thus, at a critical moment when a trifling advance of McClellan's forces would have begun a siege of Richmond, Lee took command of the army marshaled for its defence. His first step was to overrule opinions tending to the retirement of our line. His next was to fortify that line, and to summon to his aid, for a great aggressive effort, all the forces that could be spared in Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas. In his comprehensive plan for the great day of battle now at hand was embraced that small but heroic band with which Jackson had just defeated three armies, filled the Federal Capital with alarm, and diverted from McClellan McDowell's powerful reinforcement.

The secrecy with which Lee knew how to wrap this movement was itself a presage of generalship. He not only concealed Jackson's rapid march, so that Shields and McDowell should not follow on his heels, but, by an actual movement by rail of Whiting's division to Charlottesville, he made McClellan believe that he was sending a strong detachment to the Valley. Then, with an army still inferior to its adversary by at least one-fourth, he burst upon

McClellan's right wing. By Lee's wise and bold combination the weaker army showed, at the point of attack, double the strength of the stronger. The Federal general saw his communications snatched from his control, his right wing, after an obstinate and bloody conflict, broken and put to flight, his whole army turning its back upon the goal of the campaign, and fighting now, as men fight on issues of life and death—not for Richmond—but for safety and a refuge place under the guns of the fleet.

I need not recall the valor, the sacrifices, the chequered fortunes, or the visible trophies of those seven days of heroic struggle. Whatever criticism may be passed upon the details of the several actions, the broad fact remains that, as their direct result, that moral ascendency, which is the real genius of victory, forsook the Federal and passed over to the Confederate camp. And Lee rose up, in the minds of friend and foe, to the full stature of a great and daring leader.

An act of vigor quickly showed how correctly he estimated the staggering effect of the mighty blow he had dealt. He hurried Jackson to Gordonsville to meet Pope's threatening force, and soon he dispatched A. P. Hill's division on the same service. Jackson's fierce attack on Banks at Cedar Mountain at once caused new alarm for Washington. A rapid weakening of McClellan's force was the result. Reading this with that intuitive perception of what is passing behind the enemy's lines, which henceforth marks him as fit to command, Lee recognizes that the initiative is now in his hands, and presently moves with nearly his whole army to the line of the Rapidan. His design is by celerity and vigor to counterbalance the enormous preponderance of his enemies. He means to fall upon Pope before McClellan's army can join him. You know the splendid boldness of Jackson's immortal march to Pope's rear, which Lee approved and ordered. You know how, after prodigies of rapid movement, obstinate fighting and intrepid guidance, the Army of Northern Virginia stood once more united on the plains of Manassas, and there baffled and crushed an adversary, its superior, by one-half in numbers. Again the Federal army turned its back upon the

goal of the campaign; again the Federal army bent its march, not to its commander's, but to Lee's imperious will. The invasion of Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry, attested it, and Lee's victorious sweep was only checked by one of those unlucky accidents inseparable from war. His order for the combined movements of his troops fell into McClellan's hands when the ink upon it was scarcely dry.

This precipitated the great battle of Sharpsburg.

On that sanguinary field 40,000 Confederates finally repulsed every attack of an army of 87,000 Federal soldiers. On the day following the battle they grimly stood in their long, thin lines, inviting the assault which, as history will record, was not delivered.

If ever commander was tried by overwhelming and continuous peril, and rose superior to it, and triumphed by sheer moral power over force and fortune, Lee on those two fateful days gave that supreme proof of a greatness of soul as much above depression under reverses as elation in success. In such moments the army feel the lofty genius of their leader. They acknowledge his royal right to command. They recognize their proud privilege to follow and obey. To such leaders only is it given to form heroic soldiers. Such were the ragged, half-starved men in gray who stood with Lee at Sharpsburg.

It is a vision of some such moment, perhaps, that our sculptor, Mercié, has caught with the eye of genius, and fixed in imperishable bronze. The General has ridden up, it seems to me, in some pause of battle, to the swelling crest of the front line, and while the eyes of his soldiers are fastened on him in keen expectancy, but unwavering trust, the great leader—silent and alone with his dread responsibility—is scanning, with calm and penetrating glance, the shifting phases and chances of the stricken field. Such is the commanding figure which will presently be unveiled to your view, and dull, indeed, must be the imagination that does not henceforth people this plain with invisible hosts, and compass Lee about—now and forever—with the love and devotion of embattled ranks of heroic men in gray.

But the campaign of 1862 was yet to close in a dramatic scene of unequaled grandeur.

As in some colossal amphitheatre, Lee's soldiers stood ranked on the bold hills encircling Fredericksburg to witness the deployment on the plain beneath, with glittering bayonets and banners and every martial pomp, of Burnside's splendid army. A gorgeous spectacle was spread out under their feet. It was hard to realize that such a pageant was the prelude to bloody battle. But the roar of a hundred great guns from the Stafford heights quickly dispelled any illusion, and the youngest recruit could see and applaud the marvelous skill with which the Confederate commander, so recently baffled in his plan of invasion, was now interposing a proud and confident army across the latest discovered road to Richmond. At the opportune moment, Lee's line of twenty-five miles contracted to five, and 78,000 Confederates calmly awaited the assault of 113,000 Federal soldiers. That assault was delivered. On rushed line after line of undaunted Northern soldiers. Braver men never marched more boldly to the cannon's mouth. But their valor was unavailing. As Stonewall Jackson said, his men sometimes failed to carry a position, but never to hold one. The most determined courage and a carnage, appalling from its concentration, served only to mark the heroism of the Northern soldier. But the prize of victory remained with Lee. At one blow the Federal invasion was paralyzed, and for months and months the great Northern host lay torpid in the mud and snow of a Virginian winter.

The repose of that winter strengthened the Federal army, but weakened Lee's, for he had been obliged to detach Longstreet with two divisions to Southeastern Virginia. Hence the last days of April, 1863, found Lee confronting Hooker's army of 131,000 men with only 57,000 Confederates.

If I mention these respective numbers so often, it is because they constitute the indestructible basis of Lee's military fame. You will search in vain in history for a parallel to such uniform, excessive, and prolonged disparity in numbers, such amazing inferiority in all the material and appliances of war, crowned by such a succession of brilliant, though dearly-bought, victories. If these considerations in themselves establish Lee's fame, they also vindicate it from the only

criticism to which it has been subjected. They justify and explain the comparatively indecisive character of those victories. When the odds are four to five, three to five, three to seven, when every man has fought, and there are no reserves, the victories of the weaker army must of their very nature fail to destroy an adversary of the same proud race, of equal, if of different valor.

The events we now approach present Lee in every phase of the consummate commander. Can you imagine an attitude of grander firmness than that in which we see him on Hooker's crossing the Rappahannock? There was a letter from him to the Confederate Secretary of War, written at that moment, which showed him in this mood of heroic calm, waiting for the development of the enemy's purpose, determined to fight, but giving no hint of that tremendous lion-spring at Chancellorsville, which was to pluck out the very heart of the Federal invasion.

The plan of that great battle, as happens with many masterworks, was struck out at a single blow, in a brief conference with Jackson, on the evening of the 1st of May.

An eye-witness has depicted the scene—the solemn forest, the rude bivouac, the grave and courteous commander, heir of all the knightly graces of the cavaliers, the silent, stern lieutenant, with the faith and the fire of Cromwell, the brief interchange of question and answer, the swiftly following order for the movement of the morrow.

The facts of the enemy's position and the surrounding topography had just been ascertained. The genius of the commander, justly weighing the character of his adversary, the nature of the country, and the priceless gift in his own hands of such a thunderbolt of war, such a Titanic force as Jackson, instantly devised that immortal flank march which will emblazon Chancellorsville on the same roll of deathless fame with Blenheim, with Leuthen, with Austerlitz, and Jena.

The battle of Chancellorsville will rank with the model battles of history. It displayed Lee in every character of military greatness. Nothing could exceed the sublime intrepidity with which, leaving Early to dispute the heights of Fredericksburg against Sedgwick's imposing force, he himself led five weak divisions to confront Hooker's

mighty host. Lee meant to fight, but not in the dark. He meant first to look his adversary in the eye. He meant to see himself how to aim his blow. Where shall we find a match for the vigor, the swiftness, the audacity of that flank march assigned to Jackson—for the fierce and determined front attack led by Lee himself? There is nothing equal to it save only Frederick's immortal stroke of daring on the Austrian flank at Leuthen. But the second day brings out the strongest and grandest lines of the Confederate commander's heroic character. Jackson has been stricken down, Lee's right arm has been torn from him; but the unconquerable firmness of his nature resisting every suggestion of weakness, and that inborn love of fight, without which no general can be great, blazing out and kindling all it touched, he forces on the fierce attack along the whole line, till in a wild tumult of battle, the Federal army wavers, gives ground, melts away. The advance, if pushed, will drive the enemy in confusion to the river. And Lee is preparing for a combined assault. But a new element now bursts into the action. News is brought from ten miles away that the Confederates have been driven from the heights of Fredericksburg toward Richmond, and Sedgwick is marching on Lee's rear. Lee's celerity and firmness are equal to the crisis. He promptly hurls four brigades from under his own hand at the head of Sedgwick's column, and with bold countenance hems in Hooker's army of nearly thrice his own numbers. If it were not the sternest tragedy, it might be comedy—this feat of thirty thousand men shutting up eighty thousand. But Hooker has been beaten, the decisive point is not there, as the eye of genius can intuitively see. It is with Sedgwick, six miles away, and realizing in his practice the golden maxim of the schools, Lee is quickly at that point in sufficient, if not superior, force. Sedgwick is crushed on the third day, and driven across the river. Lee now concentrates all his force to fall upon Hooker, with a final and overwhelming blow. The fifth day breaks, and lo! the Federal army has vanished, not a man of them save the dead, the wounded, and the prisoners remaining on the Richmond side of the Rappahannock.

What was left undone by Lee that genius, constancy, and daring

could effect? Will any man say that the Confederate army should have followed its defeated but colossal adversary across the river? This would have been to invite disaster.

The substantial and astounding fruits of victory were won in the collapse for that season of the Federal invasion, in the masterly initiative which Lee was now able to seize, in the submissive and tell-tale docility with which Hooker thenceforth followed every motion of the magic wand of the Confederate commander.

The march to the Potomac and the captures by the way renewed the glories of 1862. For a few short weeks Virginia was freed from the tramp of armies. But, as before, the invasion, begun with an intoxicating outburst of martial hope, was doomed to end in a drawn and doubtful battle. After a bloody struggle on the heights of Gettysburg, the two armies stood the greater part of two long summer days defiantly looking into each other's eyes. Neither was willing to attack its adversary. However deeply Lee may have felt the failure of his daring stroke, he took upon himself all the reproach and all the responsibility of the result. No word of criticism or censure passed his lips. But, confident of the devotion and the steadiness of his army, he promptly turned to the duty of the hour. What an example of serenity, of imperturbable firmness! We owe to Gettysburg not only the most thrilling spectacle of the unsurpassed valor of the Confederate soldier, but a matchless exhibition of composure and magnanimity in the Confederate commander. The aggressive campaign failed, but neither the army nor its general was shaken. We find them during the remainder of 1863 facing their old foe with undiminished spirit. And soon Lee gives proof of equal firmness, enterprise, and generosity in detaching Longstreet's corps to strike a decisive blow, eight hundred miles away, by the side of Bragg at Chickamauga. The annals of war do not exhibit a more unselfish act.

How shall I briefly describe the added titles to enduring fame with which the campaign of the next year, 1864, invested our great leader? Who that lived through that time can forget the awful hush of those calm spring days, which ushered in the

tremendous outburst of the Federal attack along a thousand miles of front?

In every quarter, at one and the same moment, the Confederacy felt the furious impact of a whole nation's force driven on by the resistless will of a single commander. Grant's aggressiveness, Grant's stubbornness, Grant's unyielding resolve to destroy the Confederate armies, seemed suddenly to animate every corps, every division, almost every man of the Federal host. Even now we stand aghast at the awful disparity in the numbers and resources of the two armies. Swinton puts the force under Grant's immediate eye on the first day of the campaign at 140,000 men. Grant himself puts it at 116,000. It is certain that Lee had less than 64,000 soldiers of all arms. But, in addition, Grant was directing against Richmond or its communications 30,000 men under Butler, 17,000 under Sigel and Crook, and a numerous and powerful fleet.

Let me give two examples of the extraordinary means at his disposal. He never went into camp but that, within an hour or two, every division was placed in telegraphic communication with his headquarters. Lee could only reach the several parts of his army by the aid of mounted couriers. But this is the most striking. On four several occasions Grant shifted his base by a simple mandate to Washington to lodge supplies at Fredericksburg, at Port Royal, at the White House, at City Point. Thus, his communications were absolutely invulnerable. With the boundless wealth at his control, he laid under contribution the resources of the commerce and manufactures of the world, and, combining all the agencies of destruction in the vast host under his command, fired now with something of his own smothered, but relentless passions, he hurled it in repeated and bloody assaults at the heart of the Confederacy.

The heart of the Confederacy was the Army of Northern Virginia.

Surely, heroic courage never faced a more tremendous crisis than Lee now met and mastered. Grant had crossed the Rapidan. No idea of retreat entered Lee's mind. He only waited to discover

the purpose of the enemy. Then, with fierce energy, he hurled two corps at the heads of his columns, not even halting for Longstreet to come up. For two days that awful struggle raged in the dark and gruesome thickets of the Wilderness. Lee could not drive back his stubborn adversary, but he staggered and stunned and foiled him. Any previous commander of the Army of the Potomac would have retreated. Grant sullenly steals off by night to Spottsylvania.

But a lion is there in his path. The road to Richmond is blocked by Lee. Grant's determination to force a passage brings on one of the fiercest and most protracted struggles of the war. For four days out of twelve that raging fire-flood surges about the lines of Spottsylvania. The very forest is consumed by it. How can man withstand its fury? Only by that courage which in its contempt of death is a presage of immortality. On such a field the human spirit rises even in common men to transcendent heights of valor and self-sacrifice, the great soul of the commander moves through the wild chaos like some elemental force, and the terrible majesty of war veils its horrors.

Grant cannot take those lines. The solitary advantage won at the salient by his overwhelming masses does but display on an immortal page the quick resource, the commanding authority, the unconquerable tenacity of the Confederate general. Grant could not drive him from those lines; but the commander of a greatly superior army can never find it hard to turn his adversary's position, especially if, by means of a fleet and convenient rivers, he can shift his base as easily as write a dispatch. Yet Lee always divined every turning moment, and always placed his army in time across the path of its adversary,

In the succession of bloody battles ending with the slaughter of Cold Harbor, he everywhere won the substantial fruits as well as the honors of victory, and between the Wilderness and the Chickahominy, in twenty-eight days he inflicted on Grant a loss of 60,000 men—an appalling number, equal to the strength of Lee's own army at the beginning of the campaign.

Try to conceive the intense strain of those twenty-eight days. Jackson is no longer by Lee's side, Longstreet has been stricken down severely wounded on the first day. Suppose a single moment of hesitation in the commander, a single false interpretation of obscure and conflicting appearances, a failure at any hour of the day or night to maintain in their perfect balance all those high faculties which we see united in Lee, and what would have availed the valor of those matchless Confederate soldiers? Can we wonder that they loved him, can we wonder that like Scipio's veterans, they were ready to die for him, if he would only spare himself? Thrice in this campaign did they give him this supreme proof of personal devotion.

Of the siege of Petersburg I have only time to say that in it for nine months the Confederate commander displayed every art by which genius and courage can make good the lack of numbers and resources. But the increasing misfortunes of the Confederate arms on other theatres of war gradually cut off the supply of men and means. The Army of Northern Virginia ceased to be recruited. It ceased to be adequately fed. It lived for months on less than one-third rations. It was demoralized, not by the enemy in its front, but by the enemy in Georgia and the Carolinas. It dwindled to 35,000 men, holding a front of thirty-five miles; but over the enemy it still cast the shadow of its great name. Again and again, by a bold offensive, it arrested the Federal movement to fasten on its communications. At last, an irresistible concentration of forces broke through its long, thin line of battle. Petersburg had to be abandoned. Richmond was evacuated. Trains bearing supplies were intercepted, and a starving army, harassed for seven days by incessant attacks on rear and flank, found itself completely hemmed in by overwhelming masses. Nothing remained to it but its stainless honor, its unbroken courage.

In those last solemn scenes, when strong men, losing all self-control, broke down and sobbed like children, Lee stood forth as great as in the days of victory and triumph. No disaster crushed his spirit, no extremity of danger ruffled his bearing. In the agony

of dissolution now invading that proud army, which for four years had wrested victory from every peril, in that blackness of utter darkness, he preserved the serene lucidity of his mind. He looked the stubborn facts calmly in the face, and, when no military resource remained, when he recognized the impossibility of making another march or fighting another battle, he bowed his head in submission to that Power which makes and unmakes nations.

The surrender of the fragments of the Army of Northern Virginia closed the imperishable record of his military life.

What a catastrophe! What a moving and pathetic contrast! On the one side, complete and dazzling triumph after a long succession of humiliating disasters; on the other, absolute ruin and defeat—a crown of thorns for that peerless army which hitherto had known only the victor's laurel! But the magnanimity of the conqueror, not less than the fortitude of the vanquished, shone out over the solemn scene, and softened its tragic outlines of fate and doom. The moderation and good sense of the Northern people, breathing the large and generous air of our western world, quickly responded to Grant's example, and, though the North was afterward betrayed into fanatical and baleful excess on more than one great subject, all the fiercer passions of a bloody civil war were rapidly extinguished. There was to be no Poland, no Ireland in America. When the Hollywood pyramid was rising over the Confederate dead soon after the close of the contest, some one suggested for the inscription a classic verse, which may be rendered:

"They died for their country—their country perished with them."

Thus would have spoken the voice of despair.

Far different were the thoughts of Lee. He had drawn his sword in obedience only to the dictates of duty and honor, and, looking back in that moment of utter defeat, he might have exclaimed with Demosthenes: "I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought

Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come." But, facing the duty of the hour, Lee saw that the question submitted to the arbitrament of war had been finally answered. He recognized that the unity of the American people had been irrevocably established. He felt that it would be impiety and crime to dishonor by the petty strife of action that pure and unselfish struggle for constitutional rights, which, while a single hope remained, had been loyally fought out by great armies, led by heroic captains, and sustained by the patriotic sacrifices of a noble and resolute people. He, therefore, promptly counseled his old soldiers to look upon the great country thus reunited by blood and iron as their own, and to live and labor for its honor and welfare. His own conduct was in accord with these teachings. Day by day his example illustrated what his manly words declared, "that human virtue should be equal to human calamity."

For five years he was now permitted to exhibit to his countrymen, in the discharge of the duties of president of Washington College, the best qualities of citizen, sage and patriot. In Plato's account of the education of a Persian king, four tutors are chosen from among the Persian nobles—one the wisest, another the most just, a third the most temperate, and a fourth the bravest. It was the unique fortune of the students of Washington College to find these four great characters united in one man—their peerless Lee. As the people saw him fulfilling these modest, but noble functions—as they saw him with antique simplicity putting aside every temptation to use his great fame for vulgar gain; as they saw him, in self-respecting contentment with the frugal earnings of his personal labor, refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance; as they realized his unselfish devotion of all that remained of strength and life to the nurture of the Southern youth in knowledge and morals, a new conviction of his wisdom and virtue gathered force and volume, and spread abroad into all lands.

The failure of the righteous cause for which he fought denied him that eminence of civil station, in which his great qualities in

their happy mixture might well have afforded a parallel to the strength and the moderation of Washington. But what failure could obscure that mortal perfection which places him as easily by the side of the best men that have ever lived, as the heroic actions make him the peer of the greatest? There are men whose influence on mankind neither worldly success nor worldly failure can affect.

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero."

This moral perfection, breathing the very spirit of his Christian faith, is no illusive legend of a succeeding generation exaggerating the worth of the past. Our belief in it rests upon the unanimous testimony of the men who lived and acted with him, among whom nothing is more common than the declaration, that Lee was the purest and best man of action whose career history has recorded. In his whole life, laid bare to the gaze of the world, the least friendly criticism has never discovered one single deviation from the narrow path of rectitude and honor.

What was strained eulogy when Montesquieu said of another great soldier—Turenne—that "his life was a hymn in praise of humanity"—is, if applied to Lee, the language of sober truth. No man can consider his life without a feeling of renewed hope and trust in mankind. There is about his exhibitions of moral excellence the same quality of power in reserve that marks him as a soldier. He never failed to come up to the full requirements of any situation, and his conduct communicated the impression that nothing could arise to which he would be found unequal. His every action went straight to the mark without affectation or display. It cost him no visible effort to be good or great. He was not conscious that he was exceptional in either way, and he died in the belief that, as he had been sometimes unjustly blamed, so he had as often been too highly praised.

Such is the holy simplicity of the noblest minds. Such was the pure and lofty man, in whom we see the perfect union of Christian

virtue and old Roman manhood. His goodness makes us love his greatness, and the fascination, which this matchless combination exerts, is itself a symptom and a source in us of moral health. As long as our people truly love and venerate him, there will remain in them a principle of good. For all the stupendous wealth and power, which in the last thirty years have lifted these States to foremost rank among the nations of the earth, are less a subject for pride than this one heroic man—this human product of our country and its institutions.

Let this monument, then, teach to generations yet unborn these lessons of his life! Let it stand, not a record of civil strife, but as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in our public and private objects! Let it stand as a memorial of personal honor that never brooked a stain, of knightly valor without thought of self, of far-reaching military genius unsoiled by ambition, of heroic constancy from which no cloud of misfortune could ever hide the path of duty! Let it stand for reproof and censure, if our people shall ever sink below the standards of their fathers! Let it stand for patriotic hope and cheer, if a day of national gloom and disaster shall ever dawn upon our country! Let it stand as the embodiment of a brave and virtuous people's ideal leader! Let it stand as a great public act of thanksgiving and praise, for that it pleased Almighty God to bestow upon these Southern States a man so formed to reflect His attributes of power, majesty, and goodness!

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[*From the North American Review.*]

Robert Edward Lee, gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general, and true Christian, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19, 1807. He was the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was familiarly known as "Light-Horse Harry" in the traditions of the war of the Revolution, and who possessed the marked confidence and personal regard of General Washington.

R. E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in the summer of 1825, after which my acquaintance with him commenced. He was, as I remember him, larger and looked more mature than the average "pleb," but less so than Mason, who was destined to be the head of his class. His soldierly bearing and excellent conduct caused him in due succession to rise through the several grades and to be the adjutant of the corps of cadets when he graduated. It is stated that he had not then a "demerit" mark standing against him, which is quite creditable if all "reports" against him had been cancelled because they were not for wanton or intentional delinquency. Though numerically rated second in his class his proficiency was such that he was assigned to the engineer corps, which for many years he adorned both as a military and civil engineer.

He was of the highest type of manly beauty, yet seemingly unconscious of it, and so respectful and unassuming as to make him a general favorite before his great powers had an opportunity for manifestation. His mind led him to analytic, rather than perceptive, methods of obtaining results.

From the date of his graduation in 1829 until 1846 he was engaged in various professional duties, and had by regular promotion

attained to the grade of captain of engineers. As such he was assigned to duty with the command of Brigadier-General Wool in the campaign to Chihuahua. Thence the command proceeded to make a junction with General Z. Taylor in front of Buena Vista. Here Captain Lee was employed in the construction of the defensive work, when General Scott came, armed with discretionary orders, and took Lee for service in the column which Scott was to command, with much else that General Taylor could ill afford to spare. Subsequent events proved that the loss to General Taylor's army was more than compensated by the gain to the general cause.

Avoiding any encroachment upon the domain of history in entering upon a description of campaigns and battles, I cannot forbear from referring to a particular instance of Lee's gallantry and devotion to duty. Before the battle of Contreras General Scott's troops had become separated by the field of Pedregal, and it was necessary to communicate instructions to those on the other side of this barrier of rocks and lava. General Scott says in his report that he had sent seven officers since about sundown to communicate instructions; they had all returned without getting through, "but the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader," etc. Subsequently General Scott, while giving testimony before a court of inquiry, said: "Captain Lee, engineers, came to me from a Contreras with a message from Brigadier-General Smith, I think, about the same time (midnight), he having passed over the difficult ground by daylight found it just possible to return to St. Augustine in the dark—the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, in the pending campaign."

This field of Pedregal as described was impassable on horseback, and crossed with much difficulty by infantry in daylight. After consultation with the generals near to Contreras, it being decided that an attack must be made at daylight, Captain Lee, through storm and darkness, undertook—on foot and alone—to recross the Pedregal, so as to give General Scott the notice which

would insure the co-operation of his divided forces in the morning's attack. This feat was well entitled to the commendation that General Scott bestowed upon it; but the highest praise belongs to Lee's inciting and sustaining motive—*duty*. To bear to the commanding general the needful information he dared and suffered for that which is the crowning glory of man—he offered himself for the welfare of others.

He went to Mexico with the rank of captain of engineers, and by gallantry and meritorious conduct rose to the rank of colonel in the army, commission by brevet. After his return he resumed his duties as an officer of the engineer corps. While employed in the construction of Fort Carroll, near Baltimore, an event occurred which illustrates his nice sentiment of honor. Some members of the Cuban Junta called upon him and offered him the command of an expedition to overthrow the Spanish control of the island. A very large sum of money was to be paid immediately upon his acceptance of their proposition, and a large sum thenceforward was to be paid monthly. Lee came to Washington to converse with me upon the subject. After a brief discussion of the military problem, he said it was not that he had come to consult me about —the question he was considering was whether while an officer in the United States army, and because of any reputation he might have acquired as such, he could accept a proposition for foreign service against a government with which the United States were at peace. The conclusion was his decision to decline any further correspondence with the Junta.

In 1852 Colonel Lee was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy—a position for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted as well by his attainments as by his fondness for young people, his fine personal appearance, and impressive manners. When a year or two thereafter I visited the academy, and was surprised to see so many gray hairs on his head, he confessed that the cadets did exceedingly worry him, and then it was perceptible that his sympathy with young people was rather an impediment than a qualification for the superintendency.

In 1855 four new regiments were added to the army—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Captain Lee, of the engineers, brevet-colonel of the army, was offered the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Second regiment of cavalry, which he accepted. He was a bold, graceful horseman, and the son of "Light-Horse Harry" now seemed to be in his proper element; but the chief of engineers endeavored to persuade him that it was a descent to go from the engineer corps into the cavalry. Soon after the regiment was organized and assigned to duty in Texas, the colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was selected to command an expedition to Utah, and the command of the regiment and the protection of the frontier of Texas against Indian marauders devolved upon Colonel Lee. There, as in every position he had occupied, diligence, sound judgment, and soldierly endowment made his service successful. In 1859, being on leave of absence in Virginia, he was made available for the suppression of the John Brown raid. As soon as relieved from that special assignment he returned to his command in Texas, and on April 25, 1861, resigned from the United States army.

Then was his devotion to principle subjected to a crucial test, the severity of which can only be fully realized by a "West-Pointer" whose life has been spent in the army. That it was to sever the friendships of youth, to break up the habits of intercourse, of manners, and of thought, others may comprehend and estimate; but the sentiment most profound in the heart of the war-worn cadet, and which made the change most painful to Lee, he has partially expressed in the letters he wrote at the time to his beloved sister and to his venerated friend and commander, General Winfield Scott.

Partisan malignants have not failed to misrepresent the conduct of Lee, even to the extent of charging him with treason and desertion; and unable to appreciate his sacrifice to the allegiance due to Virginia, they have blindly ascribed his action to selfish ambition. It has been erroneously asserted that he was educated at the expense of the General Government, and an attempt has been made then to deduce a special obligation to adhere to it.

The cadets of the United States Military Academy are apportioned among the States in proportion to the number of representatives they severally have in the Congress; that is, one for each congressional district, with ten additional for the country at large. The annual appropriations for the support of the army and navy include the commissioned, warrant and non-commissioned officers, privates, seamen, etc. The cadets and midshipmen are warrant officers, and while at the academies are receiving elementary instruction in and for the public service. At whose expense are they taught and supported? Surely at that of the people, they who pay the taxes and imposts to supply the Treasury with means to meet appropriations as well to pay generals and admirals as cadets and midshipmen. The cadet's obligation for his place and support was to the State, by virtue of whose distributive share he was appointed, and whose contributions supplied the United States Treasury; through the State, as a member of the Union, allegiance was due to it, and most usefully and nobly did Lee pay the debt both at home and abroad.

No proposition could be more absurd than that he was prompted by selfish ambition to join the Confederacy. With a small part of his knowledge of the relative amount of material of war possessed by the North and South, any one must have seen that the chances of war were against us; but if thrice-armed Justice should enable the South to maintain her independence, as our fathers had done, notwithstanding the unequal contest, what selfish advantage could it bring Lee? If, as some among us yet expected, many hoped, and all wished, there should be a peaceful separation, he would have left behind him all he had gained by long and brilliant service, and could not leave in our small army greater rank than was proffered to him in the larger one he had left. If active hostilities were prosecuted, his large property would be so exposed as to incur serious injury, if not destruction. His mother, Virginia, had revoked the grants she had voluntarily made to the Federal Government, and asserted the State sovereignty and independence she had won from the mother-country by the war of the Revolution; and

thus, it was regarded, the allegiance of her sons became wholly her own. Above the voice of his friends at Washington, advising and entreating him to stay with them, rose the cry of Virginia calling her sons to defend her against threatened invasion. Lee heeded this cry only—alone he rode forth, as he had crossed the Pedregal, his guiding star being duty, and offered his sword to Virginia. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to the chief command of the forces of the State. Though his reception was most flattering, and the confidence manifested in him unlimited, his conduct was conspicuous for the modesty and moderation which had always been characteristic of him. The South had been involved in war without having made due preparations for it. She was without a navy, without even a merchant marine commensurate with her wants during peace; without arsenals, armories, foundries, manufactories, or stores on hand to supply those wants. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to raise and organize troops in Virginia, and when the State joined the Confederacy he was invited to come to Montgomery and explain the condition of his command; but his engagements were so pressing that he sent his second officer, General J. E. Johnston, to furnish the desired information.

When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, Lee, under the orders of the President, was charged with the general direction of army affairs. In this position the same pleasant relations which had always existed between them continued, and Lee's indefatigable attention to the details of the various commands was of much benefit to the public service. In the meantime disasters, confusion, and disagreement among the commands in Western Virginia made it necessary to send there an officer of higher rank than any then on duty in that section. The service was disagreeable, toilsome, and in no wise promising to give distinction to a commander. Passing by all reference to others, suffice it to say that at last Lee was asked to go, and, not counting the cost, he unhesitatingly prepared to start. By concentrating the troops, and by a judicious selection of the position, he compelled the enemy finally to retreat.

There is an incident in this campaign which has never been reported, save as it was orally given to me by General Lee, with a request that I should take no official notice of it. A strong division of the enemy was reported to be encamped in a valley, which one of the colonels said he had found by reconnoissance could readily be approached on one side, and he proposed with his regiment to surprise and attack. General Lee accepted his proposition, but told him that he himself would, in the meantime, with several regiments, ascend the mountain that overlooked the valley on the other side, and at dawn of day, on a morning fixed, the colonel was to make his assault. His firing was to be the signal for a joint attack from three directions. During the night Lee made a toilsome ascent of the mountain and was in position at the time agreed upon. The valley was covered by a dense fog. Not hearing the signal, he went by a winding path down the side of the mountain and saw the enemy preparing breakfast and otherwise so engaged as to indicate that they were entirely ignorant of any danger. Lee returned to his own command, told them what he had seen, and though the expected signal had not been given by which the attacking regiment and another detachment were to engage in the assault, he proposed that the regiments then with him should surprise the camp, which he believed, under the circumstances, might successfully be done. The colonels went to consult their men, and returned to inform that they were so cold, wet, and hungry as to be unfit for the enterprise. The fog was then lifting, and it was necessary to attack immediately or to withdraw before being discovered by the much larger force in the valley. Lee therefore withdrew his small command and safely conducted them to his encampment.

The colonel who was to give the signal for the joint attack, misapprehending the purpose, reported that when he arrived upon the ground he found the encampment protected by a heavy abatis, which prevented him from making a sudden charge, as he had expected, not understanding that if he had fired his guns at any distance he would have secured the joint attack of the other detachments, and probably brought about an entire victory. Lee generously forebore

to exonerate himself when the newspapers in Richmond criticised him severely, one denying him any other consideration except that which he enjoyed as "the President's pet."

It was an embarrassment to the executive to be deprived of the advice of General Lee, but it was deemed necessary again to detach him to look after affairs on the coast of Carolina and Georgia, and so violent had been the unmerited attacks upon him by the Richmond press that it was thought proper to give him a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, stating what manner of man had been sent to him. There his skill as an engineer was manifested in the defences he constructed and devised. On his return to Richmond he resumed his functions of general supervisor of military affairs.

In the spring of 1862 Bishop Meade lay dangerously ill. This venerable ecclesiastic had taught General Lee his catechism when a boy, and when he was announced to the bishop the latter asked to have him shown in immediately. He answered Lee's inquiry as to how he felt by saying: "Nearly gone, but I wished to see you once more," and then in a feeble voice added: "God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible duties!" The great soldier stood reverently by the bed of his early preceptor in Christianity, but the saintly patriot saw beyond the hero the pious boy to whom he had taught the catechism; first he gave his dying blessing to Robert, and then, struggling against exhaustion, invoked Heaven's guidance for the general.

After the battle of Seven Pines Lee was assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. Thus far his duties had been of a kind to confer a great benefit, but to be unseen and unappreciated by the public. Now he had an opportunity for the employment of his remarkable power of generalization while attending to the minutest details. The public saw manifestation of the first, but could not estimate the extent to which the great results achieved were due to the exact order, systematic economy, and regularity begotten of his personal attention to the proper adjustment of even the smallest part of that mighty machine, a well-organized,

disciplined army. His early instructor, in a published letter, seemed to regard the boy's labor of finishing a drawing on a slate as an excess of care. Was it so? No doubt, so far as the particular task was concerned; but this seedling is to be judged by the fruit the tree bore. That little drawing on the slate was the prototype of the exact investigations which crowned with success his labors as a civil and military engineer as well as a commander of armies. May it not have been, not only by endowment but also from these early efforts, that his mind became so rounded, systematic, and complete that his notes written on the battlefield and in the saddle had the precision of form and lucidity of expression found in those written in the quiet of his tent? These incidents are related, not because of their intrinsic importance, but as presenting an example for the emulation of youths whose admiration of Lee may induce them to follow the toilsome methods by which he attained to true greatness and enduring fame.

In the early days of June, 1862, General McClellan threatened the capital, Richmond, with an army numerically much superior to that to the command of which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army I was riding to the front, and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in, I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClellan's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force and with pencil and paper to show how the enemy could throw out his boyaus and by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. "Stop, stop," said Lee, "if you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand." He ordered the construction of earthworks, put guns in a position for a defensive line on the south side of the Chickahominy, and then commenced the strategic movement which was the inception of the seven days' battles, ending in uncovering the capital and driving the enemy to the cover of his gunboats in the James River. There was never a greater mistake than that which was attributed to General Lee what General Charles Lee, in his reply

to General Washington, called the "rascally virtue." I have had occasion to remonstrate with General Lee for exposing himself, as I thought, unnecessarily in reconnoissance, but he justified himself by saying he "could not understand things so well unless he saw them." In the excitement of battle his natural combativeness would sometimes overcome his habitual self-control; thus it twice occurred in the campaign against Grant that the men seized his bridle to restrain him from his purpose to lead them in a charge.

He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of any one, and sometimes with an exterior jest or compliment, would give what, if properly appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty: for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and as often as was desirable, he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise.

He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee called at my office for a ride to the defence of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse, his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment, we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said: "Don't you see, he has two stallions? I have but one."

His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battlefield riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose, it proved to have consisted only of bacon and corn-bread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of corn-bread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were

in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured, in order to silence his regrets.

While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia, Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff, and after a conference we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father, so we selected a battery, which had been organized in Richmond, and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses, but as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could be made useful it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him, a boy, mounted as a driver of one of the guns, much stained with powder, said: "Are you going to put us in again, General?" After replying to him in the affirmative, he was struck by the voice of the boy, and asked him, "Whose son are you?" To which he answered, "I am Robbie," whereupon his father said, "God bless you, my son, you must go in."

When General Lee was in camp near Richmond his friends frequently sent him something to improve his mess-table. A lady, noted for the very good bread she made, had frequently favored him with some. One day, as we were riding through the street, she was standing in her front door and bowed to us. The salutation was, of course, returned. After we had passed he asked me who she was. I told him she was the lady who sent him such good bread. He was very sorry he had not known it, but to go back would prove that he had not recognized her as he should have done. His habitual avoidance of any seeming harshness, which caused him sometimes, instead of giving a command, to make a suggestion, was probably a defect. I believe that he had in this manner indicated that supplies were to be deposited for him at Amelia Courthouse, but the testimony of General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, of General St. John, Commissary General, and Lewis Harvie, president of the Richmond

and Danville Railroad, conclusively proves that no such requisition was made upon either of the persons who should have received it; and, further, that there were supplies both at Danville and Richmond which could have been sent to Amelia Courthouse if information had been received that they were wanted there.

Much has been written in regard to the failure to occupy the Round Top at Gettysburg early in the morning of the second day's battle, to which failure the best judgment attributes our want of entire success in that battle. Whether this was due to the order not being sufficiently positive or not, I will leave to the historians who are discussing that important event. I have said that Lee's natural temper was combative, and to this may be ascribed his attack on the third day at Gettysburg, when the opportunity had not been seized which his genius saw was the gate to victory. It was this last attack to which I have thought he referred when he said it was all his fault, thereby sparing others from whatever blame was due for what had previously occurred.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason; but, in hot haste to get in their work, the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee, on the ground that he had taken his parole and that he was, therefore, not subject to arrest. Another grand jury was summoned and a bill was presented against me alone and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of *habeas corpus*. General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not, in the specified cases, acted under my orders, he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my consent and approval only what

he might have done if he had not consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. He said he had endeavored to present the matter as distinctly as he could, and looked up to see what effect he was producing upon the grand jury. Immediately before him sat a big black negro, whose head had fallen back on the rail of the bench he sat on; his mouth was wide open, and he was fast asleep. General Lee pleasantly added that, if he had had any vanity as an orator, it would have received a rude check.

The evident purpose was to offer to Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied in this, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride. Those circumstances were exceptionally perilous to him. He had been indicted for treason; the United States President had vindictively threatened to make treason odious; the dregs of society had been thrown to the surface; judicial seats were held by political adventurers; the United States judge of the Virginia district had answered to a committee of Congress that he could pack a jury so as to convict Davis or Lee—and it was under such surroundings that he met the grand jury and testified as stated above. Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth.

Descended from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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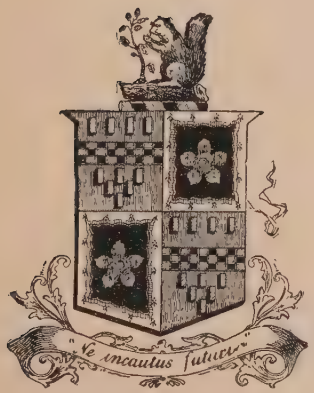
GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE,

SOLDIER, CITIZEN AND CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

THE ANCESTORS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

And the Times in Which They Lived.



ARMS OF LEE, OF COTON HALL, COUNTY SALOP.

By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

"The leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the *whole* Past, remembered and unrememberable."—*Carlyle.*

An honorable ancestry is a gift of the gods, and should be regarded as such by those who possess it.

What constitutes an honorable ancestry? Surely not merely a titled ancestry. Descent from nobles may be interesting, but it can only be "honorable" when the strawberry leaves have crowned a wise head, and the ermine covered a true heart. Nearly three hundred years ago an English wit declared that "noblemen have seldom anything in print, save their clothes!" Who can say that this is further from the truth to-day than it was in Sir John Suckling's time?

Position and learning are desirable gifts. Pride is reasonable in those who can point to an ancestor in whom they were conspicuous. But high offices have been held by men who were not loyal to their trust; and genius—that beacon of light in the hands of true men—has been a torch of destruction in those of the unworthy.

And wealth! Wealth has been, and ever will be, a synonym of power. It can buy the title, and command the treasures of genius. It can win friendship: pour heaven's sunshine into dark places: cause the desert to bloom. It can prolong and sweeten life, and alleviate the pangs of death.

But the possession of wealth cannot make an ancestry "honorable," unless the riches were gained honorably. Its jewels must not be the crystallized tears of widows and orphans; its flowers must not have bloomed upon the graves of the crushed and downtrodden.

SILVER PINT CUP (PRESERVED IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD) BEARING THE ARMS OF LEE OF LANGLEY AND COTON.
Permission of Mr. J. Henry Lea, of Fairhaven, Mass.

It was said of one, belonging to the race from which General Lee descended, that "he was a vigorous gentleman, full of courage and resolution. His sturdy nature would not bow to court complaints. He maintained what he spake, spake what he thought, and thought what he apprehended to be true and just. Once he came into court with a great milk-white feather about his hat, which then was somewhat unusual, save that a person of his merit might make a fashion. One of the lords said unto him in some jeer: 'My lord, you wear a very fair feather!' 'True,' said the earl; 'and, mark you, there's not a taint in it!'" The quaint old narrator of this incident adds: "His family was ever loyal to the crown, deserving well their motto, 'Vero nil verius.'" These characteristics of Henry de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, might furnish the keynote, to any candid mind, of the distinguishing

LEA OF LEA HALL AND DERNHALL, CHESHIRE.

BLAND.

characteristics of the Lee family of Virginia, in whose blood flowed that of the De Veres of England.

Among General Lee's ancestors were men of learning and high position. They were the bishops of the Church of England, the lords chief justices of England, the sheriffs of Shropshire and London, and the signers of the Magna Charta. The long line goes far back to the Norman nobles, "Longue Epée" and "Sanspeur." There were gallant soldiers among them who fought with William the Conqueror at Hastings, with Richard Cœur de Lion at Acre, and with Marlborough at Blenheim. The antiquary who appreciates a royal line would be rewarded by tracing that of the Lees of Virginia. In England, France, and in America they filled high places in their day and generation, and handed the 'scutcheon from father to son with "ne'er a taint upon it."

FITZHUGH.

They were also men of large wealth, as well as distinction. Nowhere is it recorded that they ever wronged man or woman. They won their worldly goods honorably, used them beneficently,

RICHARD CORBIN, LANEVILLE, VA.

HANSON.

Ralph Wormeley of Rosegill

FAIRFAX.

and laid them down cheerfully when duty to king or country demanded the sacrifice, and when it pleased God to call them out of the world.

IN ENGLAND.

The name of Lee occurs very early in the lists of the landed gentry of England, and of the Lord Mayors and Sheriffs of the counties. Lancelot Lee was with William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, in 1066, and Lionel Lee was a soldier under Richard Cœur de Lion, "at the head of a company of 'gentlemen cavaliers,' displaying great bravery at Acre." The name often appears as "de Lee" before the reign of Henry VI. In that reign the "de" before names began to be left off, and "knight" and "squire" took its place.

George Lee Turberville
Virginia.

I should have been glad to have discovered that the Virginia hero was of the lineage of Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, "created Baron for his fidelity in dangerous times;" or even to have traced kindred with the sturdy old knight immortalized by the Wizard of the North. But I incline to the opinion that Leigh and Lee were not merely different spellings of the same name. The

arms of the two ancient families differ wholly. The names of Lee, of Le, Lea, Ley and Atte-Lee appear as sheriffs in eleven counties in England, and also in the sheriff's lists of London. These "shire-reeves," or sheriffs, take their name from "Reeve, which hath," says an old writer, "much affinity with Dutch *Grave*, and signifieth an officer to oversee and order, being chief of the shire; and may be believed as old as King Alfred, who first divided England into shires about the year of our Lord, 888."

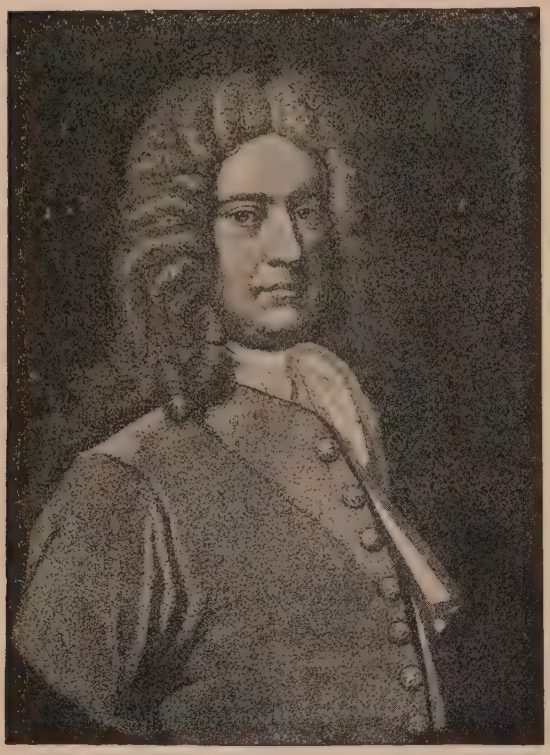
The clerk of the peace for each county presented six names yearly to the lord chief justice as fit persons to be sheriffs of the county. The lord chief justice presented three out of that number to the king, "who pricked out one to stand sheriff of the county."

The duty of the sheriff was to suppress riots, secure prisoners, distrain for debts, execute writs, return the choice of knights and burgesses for Parliament, empanel juries, etc. It was necessary that they should reside and own land in the county. "The principal gentry," says old Thomas Fuller, "were deputed for that place, keeping great attendance and hospitality, equaling the greatest lords in the land for their magnificence, having often two or more fair seats in the same shire."

The Lees of Virginia belong to the Lees of Shropshire, many of whom were sheriffs of that county. Several of these were knights and baronets. All bore the same arms—identical with the arms borne by the first immigrant to Virginia.

The family seats of the Lees of Shropshire were, among others, Lea, Lee Hall, Langley, and Coton Hall. Among the family seats in Virginia we find the English names of Lee Hall, Langley, Coton, Stratford and Ditchley. But the latter by no means proves that the Lees of Virginia were descended from the Leighs of Ditchley. Hancock Lee named his family seat Ditchley probably from a sentiment, and strangely enough the blood of the two families mingled more than a hundred years after he died, when Robert E. Lee married Mary Custis. The first immigrant declared that he was of the Lees of Coton and Morton-Regis, in Shropshire. As we have seen, the arms borne by him confirm this.

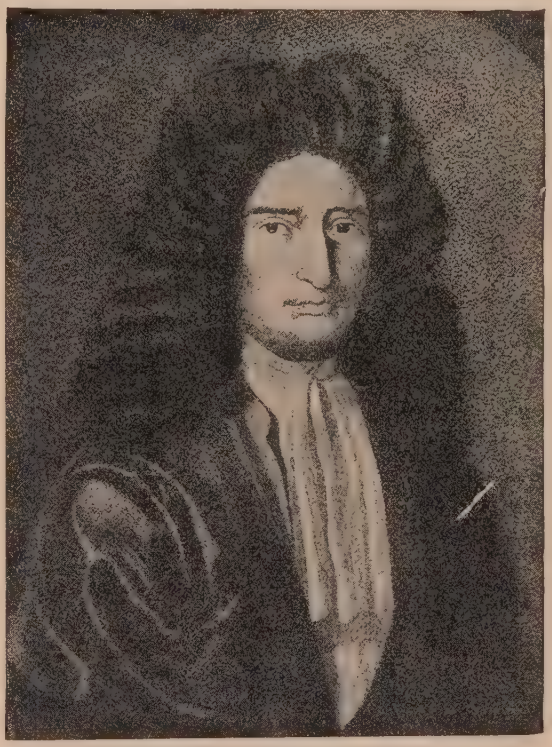
Fuller says that the "fixing of hereditary arms in England was a hundred years ancienter than Richard the Second"—in 1277, therefore, before his second invasion into France, Henry V. issued a proclamation to the sheriffs to this effect: "Because there are divers men who have assumed to themselves arms and coat-armours where neither they nor there ancestors in times past used such arms or coat-armours" he commands that all should show cause on the day of muster "why he useth arms and by virtue of whose gift he enjoyeth the same: those only excepted who carried arms with us at the battle of Agincourt;" and all detected frauds were to be punished "with the loss of wages, as also the rasing out and breaking off of said arms called coat-armours—and this," adds his Majesty, with emphasis, "you shall in no case omit."



COLONEL RICHARD LEE.

By a later order there was a more searching investigation into the right to bear arms. A high heraldic officer, usually one of the kings-at-arms, was sent into all the counties to examine the pedigrees of the landed gentry with a view of ascertaining whether the arms borne by them were unwarrantably assumed. The king-at-arms was accompanied on such occasions by secretaries or draftsmen. The "Herald's Visitations," as they were termed, were regularly held as early as 1433 and until between 1686 and 1700. Their

object was, by no means, to create coats of arms, but to reject the unauthorized and confirm and verify those that were authentic. Thus the arms of the Lees of Shropshire were subjected to strict scrutiny before being registered in the Herald's College. They could not have been unlawfully assumed by the first immigrant, nor would he, while living in England, have been allowed to mark his silver with those arms, nor to carve them over his doors in any British colony.



Richd Lee

(RICHARD LEE II.)

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA.

I.—RICHARD LEE.

The first generation of Lees in Virginia begins with "Collonel Richard Lee," who came over in 1641–2—possibly in the same ship that brought Sir William Berkeley, the accomplished courtier with the hand of steel and the glove of velvet. They were both in Virginia in 1642, the era of convulsions. They were both cavaliers, stanch adherents of the Established Church and devoted servants of the king. They were also devoted friends of each other. Sir William was going to rule the Virginians with a rod of iron upon the smallest hint of rebellion, or of allegiance to Cromwell. But not yet! At first he was the polished courtier, all smiles and silk and lace, the velvet glove hiding well the

mailed gauntlet. So, at first Richard Lee gave him his friendship, and settled, having sold his English estate, in York County, not very far from the home of his friend the Governor. Sir William lived in great state as became his rank. "He had plate, servants, carriages, seventy horses, fifteen hundred apple trees, besides apricots, peaches, pears, quinces and 'mellicottons'"—whatever the latter might have been. Here he entertained the "true men"—and among them Colonel Richard Lee.

MRS. RICHARD LEE.

Early in 1642 we find the beginning of the long list of land grants—issued to Richard Lee by Sir William Berkeley, then by the Commonwealth governors, Bennett, Digges and Mathews; finally again by the knight of the iron hand, whose restoration Richard Lee sought and obtained of the fugitive king in Holland. These land patents are interesting from their quaint expression, liberal use of capitals and queer spelling. The first begins as follows: "Whereas, etc.: now Know yee that I the said S^{r} William Berkeley Kt: doe wth the consent of the Councell of State doe accordingly give and grant unto Richard Lee gent his heirs or assignes for ever," etc., etc., "being due unto him the said Richard Lee by and for his own p'sonal Adventure, his wife Ann"—other names following, but not of his own family, which proves that he was already married, with no children.

The surname of his wife is not known. Probably he was married in England before his emigration. Her portrait presents an intellectual face, with finely chiseled features and a noble pose of the head and throat. The eyes are large and dark; the hair brushed back in the style that was followed until the time of Marie Antoinette; while the one thick curl, which appears in all the portraits of the period, lies upon her bosom. The portrait of Richard Lee is extremely interesting. The face is noble and thoughtful, and full of the repose which characterized so many of the faces of his family, and was so conspicuous in General Robert E. Lee.

MRS. RICHARD LEE II.

Richard Lee became a large planter, actively engaged also in commerce, and locating homes in York, Northumberland, and various points in the "Northern Neck," which had hitherto been unsettled except by Indians. He represented York County as burgess in 1647, and Northumberland in 1651. He held also the office of Justice, was Secretary of State and member of the King's Council. He also served on various commissions. He died in 1663–4.

The political history of the colony in his time is well known. Virginia during these years was a battle ground between Churchmen and Dissenters, Loyalists and Roundheads, with the occasional spice of a terrible outbreak on the part of the Indians. The eight shires were strung along the water courses, and back of these

hovered a sullen cloud of savages. Although these Indians traded freely with the colonists, it was necessary in the early life of the colony to "harry them" by going "three severall marches everie year" to drive them back within the bounds prescribed to them by law. They frequently attacked the colony, but these outbreaks were easily quelled. The ever-beginning, never-ending strife was between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, each party being largely represented by the people. But under no circumstance did the Virginians ever lose sight of their own rights. Although they were for the most part Cavaliers —stanch supporters of church and king—they were prepared to take up arms against either if their sense of justice to themselves demanded it. "Jealousy of *right* went before all, and never slept; and from this rooted sentiment resulted, as the years went on, the long antagonism, the incessant protest and the steady development of republican ideas which culminated in the American Revolution."

Thomas Lee.

That Richard Lee was not an unmoved spectator of events in which he took no part, is proven by a record in a book entitled "Introductio ad Latinam Blasioniam," published in 1682 by John

Gibbon, afterward an official of the Herald's office, at London. On page 158 he wrote: "A great part of Anno 1659 till February the year following, I lived in Virginia, being most hospitably entertained by the Honourable Collonel Richard Lee, Some time Secretary there; and who, after the King's martyrdom, hired a Dutch vessel, freighted her himself, went to Brussels, surrendered up Sir William Barcklaie's old commission (for the Government of that Province) and received a new one from his present Majesty (a loyal action and deserving my commemoration). Neither will I omit his arms, being Gul. a fes chequy or, Bl. between eight Billets arg., being descended from the Lees of Shropshire who sometimes bore eight billets, sometimes ten, and sometimes the Fesse counter compone (as I have seen by our office records)."

MRS. THOMAS LEE.

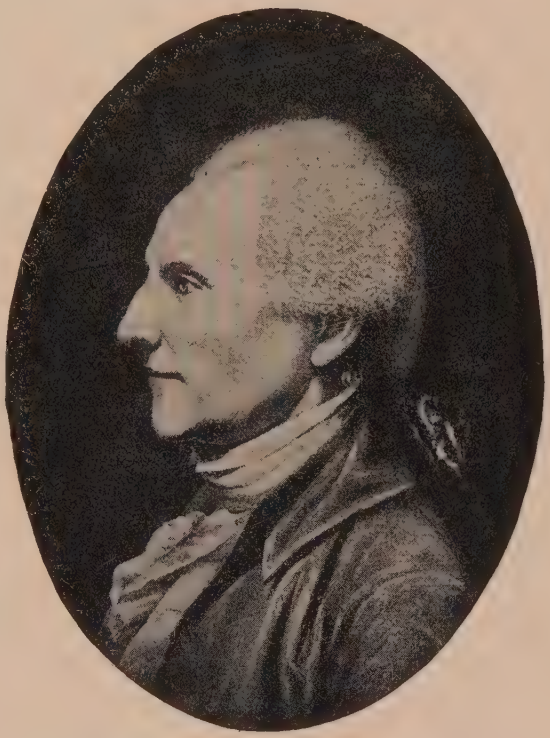
A later note by Gibbon himself in a copy of the book now in possession of William Blackstone Lee, adds: "The Collonell Lee mentioned p. 156 of this book had a fair estate in Virginia. The product of his Tobacco amounted to £2000 per annum. I was recommended to him as a fitt and Trusty person, having been a servant to Thomas Lord Coventry, The Richest Baron of England, &c. I accepted Collonell Lee's proffer—wee arrived in Virginia the last of October 1659 and 11 br 2nd came to the Collonell's house at Dividing Creekes. Before hee could settle things for his final

departure and Settling in England, wee had newes from Newe England of ye King's Restauration. The Collonel was willing to hasten to England and I was as willing as hee, having hopes to get some employment by means of John, Lord Culpeper, to whom my family had relation by mariage. But hee was dead before I reached England. Wee arrived at Mergatt in Kent friday 22d March 1660–1. My leaving Virginia I have sorely repented. He made mee proffers of marriage and offered mee 1000 acres of land."

Richd. Blond Lee.

It appears that Richard Lee had resolved to return to England before the Restoration, and did go immediately upon receiving the "joyful news." In 1663 he made his will, and from it we learn that he was on the eve of a voyage alone to Virginia to arrange for the permanent settlement there of his family. He beseeches his friends, in case of his death on the voyage, to lose no time in sending his wife and children to Virginia. His will disposes of many large landed estates, variously designated as Dividing Creeks, Mocke Nock, Machotick, Papermakers Neck, Bishops Neck, Paradise, and several islands in the Chesapeake Bay. He piously commends his soul "to the good and gracious God," and his body to be disposed of, "whether by land or sea, according to the opportunity of the place, not doubting but at the last day both body and soul shall be reunited and glorified."

The later home of Richard Lee was at "Dividing Creeks," in Northumberland County. It is probable he died there. The place known as Cobbs Hall may have been originally "Dividing Creeks," but this is not known certainly. A wood-carving has been preserved of the arms of the Lees, and believed to have once adorned the front door of Cobbs Hall. The present owner of this interesting relic is Judge Edwin Broun, who inherited it from his brother, Dr. Charles Lee Broun. The print of it, given here, is from a photograph taken May, 1894. The carving represents, says Dr. Jenings Lee, an old form of the Lee arms—the same, in fact, as were registered at the Herald's office at London as "borne by Colonel Richard Lee, Secretary of State in Virginia, Anno 1659. The crescent has been generally borne by the Coton family to indicate that they were the younger branch. A strict interpretation of this coat-of-arms would signify that its bearer was the eldest son of the second house, and that his father was dead."



Richard Henry Lee.

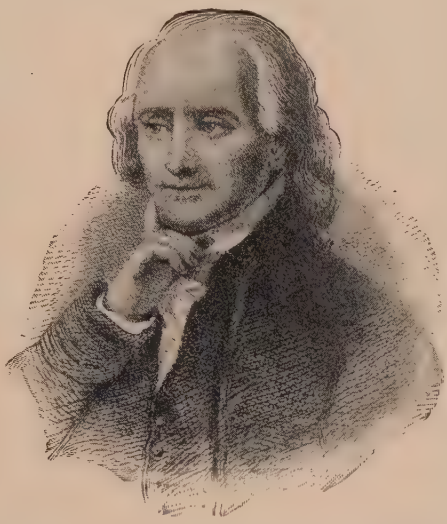
Richard Lee did not live in the time known as the Golden Age of Virginia—that is, from the last years of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the Revolution. But the life of the planter in 1650 was far more elegant and luxurious than in the earlier years. Many of the wooden houses had burnt down and

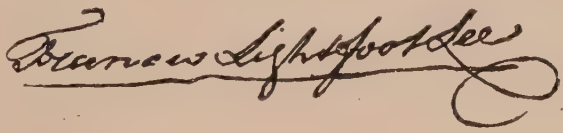
Resolved [redacted]

That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

FAC-SIMILE OF RESOLUTION FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED COLONIES, PROPOSED BY RICHARD HENRY LEE IN THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1776.

been replaced by houses very substantially built of brick brought from England. They were ample, with low ceilings, thick walls and heavy shutters. All the furniture, plate, china, linen and books were imported from England. Of the latter there were not many. These were bound in heavy embossed leather. The planter's library included the works and plays of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Fletcher. He eagerly acquired all the volumes pertaining to his adopted country: "Purchas, his Pilgrimage," "The Generall Historie of Virginia," "New England and the Summer Isles," "The True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia," "The Wreck of the Sea Venture," and a few beside.





The lord of the manor "wore gold on his clothes," and an enormous wig. He was hospitable and genial, a mixture of courtly observance and the bearing of a man who hunted wolves and foxes for his pastime. He owned fine horses and rode well, and was proud of his tobacco. Many were the incantations with which he used it. It must be cut upon a block of maple, kept in a "lily jar," and the coal which lighted the pipe must be lifted with silver tongs and lighted from juniper wood. The planter loved his home and his family, and left them with regret when he went down in his sloop to James Cittie to take his seat in the House of Burgesses and frame those queer laws of the times: for the government of the church "until God shall please to turn his Majestie's pious thoughts to us"; for laying a duty on rum, "because it hath been found to bring diseases and death to divers people"; for furnishing

Indians with badges, "no Indian to be allowed to enter the English confines without a badge, on pain of imprisonment and one hundred arms' length of roanoke"; for keeping the sabbath; for the discipline of the clergy; for disrespectful behavior to the same; also for providing every county with "a ducking-stool for babbling women who go about slandering their neighbors," and for young women who promise marriage to more than one man at a time. Later—early in the eighteenth century—a very curious but feeble ebb-tide of the witchcraft superstition reached the Virginia shores. No witch was ever burnt in Virginia. Once only was a justice of the peace, lending too willing an ear to one "Luke Hill and Uxor," constrained to arrest Grace Sherwood on "suspetion of witchcraft," and condemn the said Grace to a test trial similar to the punishment awarded to "babbling women." Doubtless Grace Sherwood was a young woman of fascinating presence, otherwise why should the justice have become so tender-hearted, expressly providing that she should be "tryed in ye water by ducking—*only by her own consent*, and not if the weather was rainy or bad, soe it possibly might endanger her health?" History does not tell us whether the bewitching Grace was so complaisant as to give her "own consent."

There is not the least doubt that life, notwithstanding its dangers and limitations and political anxieties, passed happily to these early planters of Virginia. The lady of the manor had occupation enough and to spare in managing English servants and negroes, and catering for a table of large proportions. Nor was she devoid of accomplishments. She could dance well, embroider, play upon the "cittern or ghittern," and wear with grace her clocked stockings, rosetted high-heeled shoes and brave gown of "taffeta and moyre." Those were not troublous days of ever-changing fashion. Garments were, for many years, cut after the same patterns, varying mainly in accordance with the purses of their wearers. "The petticoats of sarcenet, with black, broad lace printed on the bottom and before"; "the flowered satin and plain satin, laced with rich lace at the bottom," descended from mother

to daughter with no change in the looping of the train or decoration of bodice and ruff. There were no mails to bring troublesome letters to be answered when writing was so difficult and spelling so uncertain. Not that there was the smallest disgrace in bad spelling! Trouble on that head was altogether unnecessary. Our colonial dame lived in a time when even the courtly and polished governor of the colony had found, amid many trials, one cause for gratitude: and had thanked God there were no schools or printing "for learning hath brought disobedience into the world, and printing hath divulged it." There were no newspapers with blood-curdling recitals of murder and burglary—no society column to vex her simple soul by awakening unwholesome ambitions. She had small knowledge of any world better than her own—of bluer skies, kinder friends or gayer society. She managed well her large household, loved her husband, and reared kindly but firmly her many sons and daughters. She was not destitute of luxuries of dress and living. Tea and coffee were unknown, as yet, but how about the sack and canary, and possets and cordials? Moreover, she could send to London at least once a year for "new laces, silks and slippers, fine linen for her smocks and Paragon for her Petticoats."

Such were the times upon which the calm eyes of Richard Lee and his stately Anna looked down—times which no American can regard with indifference, marking as they do the close of the plantation period in the history of the country. From the immigrant to the birth of General Robert E. Lee there were but six generations: Richard in 1642, Richard Jr., Henry, Henry Jr., Light-Horse Harry, and General Robert E. Lee. The first of these lived in the close of the plantation period; the three that followed, in that time so fondly termed by Virginians "The Golden Age of Virginia"—that happy time when all clouds had rolled away; when the cheaply acquired lands had become valuable; when the owners were no longer "adventurers" but "ruffled nabobs"—when their sons, hitherto sent abroad, could be educated in their own richly endowed college at Williamsburg; when living was luxurious, and entertaining marked by elegance as well as

STRATFORD HOUSE, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VA.

hospitality; when the rich Lord of the Manor could live in neighborly friendship with the small freeholder with no sense of condescension on one part, nor loss of self-respect on the other. These were the days known as the "good old times* in old Virginia," when men managed to live without telegraphs, railways and electric lights. It was a happy era! Care seemed to keep away and stand out of its sunshine. There was a great deal to enjoy. Social intercourse was on the most friendly footing. The plantation house was the scene of a round of enjoyments. The planter in his manor house, surrounded by his family and retainers, was a feudal patriarch ruling everybody; drank wholesome wine—sherry or canary—of his own importation; entertained every one; held great festivities at Christmas, with huge log fires in the great fireplaces, around which the family clan gathered. It was the life of the family, not of the world, and produced that intense attachment for the soil which has become proverbial. Everybody was happy! Life was not rapid, but it was satisfactory. The portraits of the time show us faces without those lines which care furrows in the faces of the men of to-day. That old society succeeded in working out the problem of living happily to an extent which we find few examples of to-day. It has been ridiculed as "aristocratic" by its sarcastic censors. But the Virginians of the eighteenth century, although descended from noble houses in the old country, had a truer claim than descent to be termed aristocrats.

One of Bishop Potter's noblest utterances was this: "There can be but one true aristocracy in all the world—that of character enriched by learning." Read the records of the men who lived in Virginia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the Randolphs, Blands, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, John Marshall, George Mason, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee —*all* the Lees! They were cradled and reared in the society I am describing. They attended the grand assemblies at the Apollo room in the old Raleigh Tavern, where the bust of Sir Walter Raleigh looked down upon the beaux and belles in finest silks

*See Cooke's "History of Virginia."

and laces as they danced and feasted. The youths passed on their fine horses, going to prosecute their love affairs, and published in the *Gazette* their verses addressed to "Myrtilla" or "Chloe" or "Belinda." There was horse-racing and cock-fighting; "Bacon's Thunderbolts" were the names of spangles who triumphed in many battles. The anniversary of St. Tammany, tutelar Saint of America, is recorded as a grand occasion, opening with a royal salute of twenty-one guns and ending with a brilliant ball that lasted until four in the morning." A jaunty time this for the training of the great men who won our freedom in the Revolution, and framed our Constitution and laws!

Beverley, writing in 1720, says of the Virginians: "They have their gardeners, brewers, bakers, butchers and cooks within themselves; they have a great plenty of provisions for their table; and as for spicery and other things the country don't produce, they have constant supplies of 'em from England. The gentry pretend to have their victuals drest and served up as nicely as the best tables in London." Henry Randall, of New York, in his "Life of Jefferson," says: "Many of the planters lived in baronial splendor. Their tables were loaded with plate, and with the luxuries of the Old and New World. Numerous slaves and white persons, whose time they owned for a term of years, served them in every capacity which use, luxury or ostentation could dictate; and when they traveled in state, their cumbrous and richly appointed coaches were dragged by six horses, driven by three postilions. When the Virginia gentleman of that day went forth with his household, the cavalcade consisted of the mounted white males of the family, the coach-and-six lumbering through the sands, and a retinue of mounted body servants, grooms with spare led horses, etc., in the rear."

We can imagine the cares of the mistress of the house upon the approach of "the cavalcade" for a week's visit! But she had always a valuable assistant in her housekeeper, who was also her friend; entirely devoted to her, and to the duty of maintaining the honor of the family.

A letter from one of these humble retainers, a housekeeper at Stratford, somewhere about 1774, has been preserved:

"(Dated) STRATFORD, September 27.

*"To Miss Martha Corbin—Dear Miss. I gladly embrace this opportunity of writing to you to put you in mind there is such a being as my Selfe. I did not think you two would have slited me so. Your little cosen matilda was made a cristan the 25 of September. The godmothers was mrs washington miss becy Tayloe Miss Nancy Lawson Stod proxse for Miss Nelly Lee and I for Mrs Fauquer, godfathers was col. Taloe Mr Robert Carter mrs washington Col Frank Lee, the Esq: mr washington and your ant Lee Dessers there Love to you I am your very humble servant Elizabeth Jackson."

It is easy to understand why Miss Jackson should have dignified all the Lees with large capitals, but why she should thus have honored Miss Nancy Lawson above "mrs. washington" we shall never know in this world. The Virginia woman in "The Golden Age" had need of all he help she could get. She married while yet a child—often less than fifteen years old. Arthur Lee says: "In Virginia a man is old at thirty and a woman at twenty." A certain little Alice Lee, twelve years old, wrote this remarkable letter from Stratford in 1772 to a kinsman in London:

"So you threaten me if I prove deficient in the deference I owe you as a married man, with the power you have of forwarding or retarding my success in the Matrimonial Way. This would be a tremendous threat indeed were I as fond of Matrimony as my young Mistress, as you call her, but happily I am little more than twelve years old and not so eager to tye a Knot which Death alone can Dissolve. And yet I pretend not to ridicule the holy sacred institution, but have all due reverence for that and the worthy people who have entered into the Society, from good and generous motives. It is only those who chuse to be married at all events that I think deserve raillery. . . . I never saw Westmoreland so dull. I was at Squire Lee's when your letter came. He is the veriest Tramontane in nature; if ever he gets married, if his wife civilises him, she deserves to be canonized.

* For this letter and other letters and data of the Lee family in Virginia I am indebted to the valuable and painstaking work "Lee of Virginia, 1642-1892," recently prepared and issued by Dr. Edmund Jenings Lee, of Philadelphia.

"So you can't forbear a fling at femalities; believe me Curiosity is as imputable to the Sons as the Daughters of Eve. Think you there was ever a Lady more curious than our Cousin the Squire? He himself is the greatest of all curiosities, but hang him, how came he to pop twice in my head while I was writing to you!

"The Annapolis Races Commence the 6th of October. The American Comp^{y} of Players are there and said to be amazingly improved. I should like to see them, as I think Theatrical Entertainments a rational amusement."

William Lee

Clever little Mistress Alice! Twelve years old, and already flirting with the sixty-year-old Squire Richard Lee!

If homage could compensate for the cares of premature marriage, the girl-wives had their reward. They lived in the age and in the land of chivalry. Their charms were sung by the brightest wits of that age. When they married—or, as the marriage notices read, when "Hymen lighted her torch"—their gowns, it is true, were not described in the *Virginia Gazette*, nor the flowers and collation—still less the moneyed value of the new alliance, but the personal charms of the bride, and her "amiable qualities of mind and heart" received generous praise. As a matron she was adored by her husband and friends. When she said, "Until death do us part," she meant it. Divorce was unknown, its possibility undreamed of. However and wherever her lot was cast she endured to the end; fully assured that when she went to sleep behind the marble slab in the garden a list of her virtues would adorn her tombstone.

The immigrant and his wife Anna left eight children, two of them daughters—one, Mary, married, but of the other, Elizabeth, the historian records "No data." Could it be that it was she who was most interested when, as John Gibbon wrote of her father, "He made mee proffers of marriage, and offered mee 1000 acres of land"? Alas! I fear it was even so! But it is some comfort to know that John Gibbon adds: "My leaving Virginia I have sorely repented."

WOOD CARVING OF THE LEE ARMS, FROM THE OLD COBBS HALL MANSION, VIRGINIA

Richard Lee's sons were: (1) John, who died unmarried; (2) Richard, heir-at-law after John's death, and founder of the "Stratford line of Lees"; (3) Francis, who married and died in London; (4) William, who left no heir; (5) Hancock, founder of the "Ditchley line of Lees"; (6) Charles, founder of the "Cobbs Hall" line.

There is a silver cup at Oxford presented by John Lee, who gained his A. B. in 1662 at that university. It has an inscription, an odd mixture of English, Latin and the Indian tongue:

"COLL. REGI. OXON.
D. D. Johanis Lee Natus in Capohonasick
Wickacomoco in Virginia America Filius
Primogenitus Richardi Lee Chiliarchæ
Oriundi de Morton Regis in Agro Salopiensi.
1658."

Hancock Lee (fifth son) was member of the House of Burgesses in 1688, and Justice, 1699–1702. He married twice—Mary, daughter of Philip Kendall, member of the House of Burgesses, and Speaker of the House in 1666; and secondly, Sarah, daughter of Isaac Allerton, who came over in the *Mayflower*. He owned several estates besides Ditchley, in Northumberland. Bishop Meade, in "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," makes frequent mention of Hancock Lee. The parish in which he lived was called Lee Parish. He presented a communion cup—still used in old Wycomoco church, inscribed "Ex Dono Hancock Lee to ye Parish of Lee. 1711." His descendants married into the Armistead, Eustace, Steptoe, Conway, Gilmour, Ball, Willis, Lloyd, and other distinguished families of Virginia. His line is known as the Ditchley line of Lees.

Charles Lee, youngest son of Richard, the immigrant, was born, 1656, at Cobbs Hall, where he lived, died and was buried. He married Elizabeth Medstand, of Lancaster. Charles Lee was Justice for Northumberland, 1687–99. His descendants intermarried with the family of Lee, and into the Jones and Howson families.

II.—RICHARD LEE, JR.

Born 1647; Died 1714.

Richard Lee, after the death of his brother John, became the heir-at-law of his father, Richard Lee, the immigrant. He was educated at Oxford, and probably studied law at the inns of London. His grandson wrote of him: "He was so clever that some great men offered to promote him to the highest dignities of the Church if his Father would let him stay in England; but this offer was refused. The old Gentleman was determined to fix all his children in Virginia. Richard spent almost all his life in study, and usually wrote his notes in Greek, Hebrew, or Latin, so that he neither diminished nor improved his paternal estate. He was of the Council of Virginia, and also other offices of honor and profit, though they yielded little to him."

He was member of the King's Council and member of the House of Burgesses, and also "Naval Officer and Receiver of

Virginia Dutys for the river Potomac." His devotion to the House of Stuart caused him, in 1691, to refuse to take the prescribed oaths, and he was dropped from the Council. His scruples of conscience were, however, overcome at a later period, and he was restored to his seat. He lived in the stirring times of Bacon's Rebellion, which he opposed with all his soul and strength. Falling into the rebels' hands, he was "Imprisoned by Bacon above seaven weeks together at

FAC-SIMILE OF THE COMMISSION OF HENRY LEE (III.) AS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF THE WESTMORELAND COUNTY MILITIA – 1737.

least 100 miles from his owne home whereby hee received great Prejudice in his health by hard usage, and very greatly in his whole Estate by his absence."

Patents for vast tracts of land in Virginia were at this period granted to favorites of the king. This occasioned great discontent in the colony, as it forced the land owners to pay tribute to these favorites instead of to the crown. Thomas, sixth Lord of Fairfax, having married a daughter of Lord Culpeper, acquired by letters patent a

principality in the Northern Neck, and with him Richard Lee "made a Composition for his owne Land. This broke the Ice," says Beverley, "and severall were induced to follow soe great an Example."

Governor Spotswood described Richard Lee as "a gentleman of as fair a character as any in the country for his exact justice, honesty and unexceptional loyalty, serving the Government with great integrity and sufficiency."

He married Lœtitia, the eldest daughter of Henry Corbin. Their tombstone is still to be seen at Mt. Pleasant, and bears the following inscription (in Latin), almost obliterated by the wintry frosts of one hundred and eighty years.

"Here lieth the body of Richard Lee, esqr., born in Virginia, son of Richard Lee, gentleman, descended of an ancient family of Morton-Regis, in Shropshire. While he executed the office of Magistrate he was a zealous promoter of the public good. He was very skillful in the Greek and Latin languages and other parts of polite learning. He quietly resigned his soul to God, whom he always devoutly worshipped, on the 12th day of March, in the year 1774, in the 68th year of his age. Near-by is interred the body of Lœtitia, his faithful wife, daughter of Henry Corbyn, Gentleman. A most affectionate mother, she was also distinguished by piety toward God, charity to the poor, and kindness to all. She died on the sixth day of October, 1706, in the 49th year of her age."

An inventory of the household effects of Richard Lee mentions "Richard Lee's picture, frame and curtain, G. Corbin's picture, the Quakers picture, T. Corbin's picture, six large spoons squirrel-marked, and a library including the best Roman, Greek and French authors, volumes of sermons, treatises on history, law, religion, medicine, botany, agriculture, etc."

Richard and Lœtitia Lee had seven children.

I. John—Married Lettice —— no son mentioned in will.

II. Richard— Married Matilda Silk in London, where he died. His children returned to Virginia and married into the families of Turberville and Corbin.

III. Philip Lee married: 1st, Sarah Brooke; 2d, Elizabeth Sewall. He was a member of the Council in Maryland. His children married into the families of Fendall, Bowie, Sprigg, Treat, Wardropp, Thompson, Sims, Clark, Rogers, Smith, Phœnix and Chambers.

IV. Francis left no male heirs.

V. Thomas, the fifth son of Richard and Lœtitia Lee, was the great-grandfather, in the maternal line, of Robert E. Lee. He was born at Mt. Pleasant, 1690; died at Stratford. "Although he had only a common Virginia Education," writes his son, "yet having strong natural parts, long after he was a man he learned the Languages without any assistance but his own genius, and became an adept in Greek and Latin. Being a younger Brother, with many children, his Paternal Estate was very small," but "by industry and parts he acquired a considerable fortune."

On the recall of Sir William Gooch, Thomas Lee became president and commander-in-chief of the colony, and after serving in this capacity for some time the king appointed him governor. He is often spoken of as the first Virginian who was ever made governor by royal appointment. He died in 1750 before his commission reached him.

He built the historic seat known as "Stratford," which he called after his English estate of "Stratford," an estate which had yielded eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, and which he had sold. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born at Stratford, and there General Robert E. Lee first saw the light. It is not far from the banks of the Potomac, nor from Mt. Vernon. Thomas Lee was buried at Pope's Creek church, the church in which George Washington was baptized. In the early days his family and the Lees worshiped at this church.

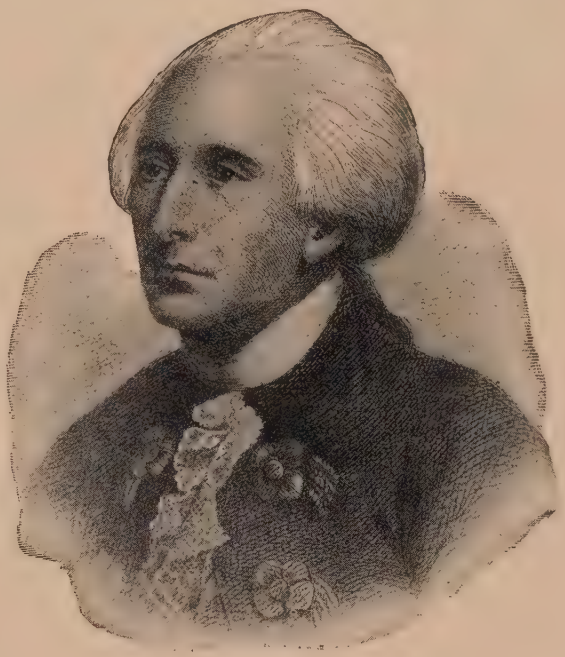
It is said that Queen Caroline, hearing that Thomas Lee's house had been destroyed by fire, sent him a present which enabled him to rebuild Stratford. Dr. Jenings Lee thinks if she gave him this "bountiful present out of her own privy purse" it must have been between 1727 and 1737, as she became queen in the former year and died in the latter.

She could hardly have made this present before she was queen, for the "privy purse" of a Princess of Wales has not, usually, been an ample one. The old mansion at "Stratford," where General Robert E. Lee and some of his ancestors were born, was certainly built later than 1729—for the Maryland *Gazette* of February and March, 1729, contains the following: "Last night Col: Lee's fine house in Virginia was burnt, his office, barns and out-houses, his plate, cash (to the sum of £10,000), papers and everything entirely lost." "Some time before his house was burnt a considerable quantity of valuable plate was stolen—viz: Two Caudle Cups, three pints each, one Chocolate Pot, one Coffee Pot, one Tea-Pot, three Castors, Four Salts, a plate with the Corbin Arms, Pint Tumbler ditto Arms, Four Candlesticks, one or Two Pint Cans, a Funel for Quart Bottles no Arms on it, A pair of Snuffers and Stand etc. This plate has on it the Coat-of-Arms or Crest belonging to the name of Lee, viz: Fess Cheque between eight billets, Four and Four. The Crest is a Squirrel sitting upon end eating an Acorn off the branch of a Tree proper.

"N. B. The Governor of Virginia has published a Reward of 50 Pounds and a Pardon to any one of the accomplices who will discover the rest (except the person who set fire to the house)."

"Stratford House," says Dr. Jenings Lee, "with its solid walls and massive, rough-hewn timbers, seems rather to represent strength and solidity than elegance or comfort. Its large rooms, with numerous doors and windows, heated only by the large open fire-places, would to-day scarcely be considered habitable. The house, like many of the Virginia houses, was built in the shape of the letter H; a large hall, some twenty-five by thirty feet, serving as the connecting link between the wings. These wings are about thirty feet wide by sixty deep. The house contains some eighteen large rooms, exclusive of the hall. The view given here represents the rear. The small stairway leads up to the rear door of the hall-room. The room to the right, as one faces the picture, is the bed-room in which tradition says that Richard Henry Lee and his brothers were born; also General Robert E. Lee. The ceiling is

very high, dome-shaped; the walls are paneled in oak, with book-cases set in them; back and front are doors leading into the garden, flanked on either side by windows, as shown in the illustration. Outside at the four corners of the house are four out-houses, used as storehouses, office, kitchen and such like purposes. At the corner of the house to the right of the picture given, and about sixty feet away, was the kitchen, with its fireplace twelve feet wide. Lying on the grass, there is to-day a large cannon-ball which tradition says was once fired at the house by an English war-ship. In recent years it has served the more useful purpose of a hitching block for horses."



Arthur Lee

In proportion and strength this mansion is a fair representative of the best Virginia houses built in the eighteenth century, but the manor houses on James River differ from it in style. The window seats in the walls were often three or more feet wide. The kitchens were always a great distance away, because that source of comfort, the black cook, had so many satellites revolving around her and drawing sustenance, light and warmth from her centre, that it was absolutely necessary to give her elbow room. The satellites, however, had their uses. At dinner time each one with shining face, robed in a great apron to supplement various trouser deficiencies, and bearing covered dishes, formed a solemn procession

back and forth to the dining room. There the frosty eye of the gray-haired butler awed them into perfect decorum; and in the kitchen the vigorous arm of the cook kept them well within bounds, along with the hounds, and, like them, devouring with hopeful eyes the delicious viands in preparation.

Thomas Lee Shippen, a grandson of Thomas Lee, visited Stratford in 1790, and thus recorded his impressions: "Stratford, the seat of my forefathers, is a place of which too much cannot be said; whether you consider the venerable magnificence of its buildings, the happy disposition of its grounds, or the extent and variety of its prospects. Stratford, whose delightful shades formed the comfort and retirement of my wise and philosophical grandfather" (Thomas Lee), "with what mixture of awe and pious gratification did I explore and admire your beauties! What a delightful occupation did it afford me, sitting on one of the sofas of the great hall, to trace the family resemblance, for four generations, of my mother's forefathers! Their pictures, drawn by the most eminent artists of England, and in large gilt frames, adorn one of the most spacious and beautiful halls I have ever seen. There is something truly noble in my grandfather's picture. He is dressed in a large wig, flowing over his shoulders (probably his official wig as President of the Council), and in a loose gown of crimson satin, richly ornamented. A blend of goodness and greatness; a sweet, yet penetrating eye; a finely marked set of features, and a heavenly countenance."

Thomas Lee acquired a large estate. In his will he requests that he may be buried as nearly as possible to his "Dearest Wife and Mother," and concludes by saying: "Having observed much indecent mirth at Funerals, I desire that Last Piece of Human Vanity be Omitted and that attended only by some of those friends and Relations that are near my Body may be silently interred with only the Church Ceremony, and that a Funeral Sermon for Instruction to the living be Preached at the Parish Church near Stratford on any other Day."

His wishes were respected. One slab (in perfect condition at this day) covered the grave at Stratford of Thomas Lee and Hannah

(Ludwell) Lee, his wife. His eldest son erected a monument to the memory of his parents at the lower church of Washington Parish, but their bodies lie side by side at "Stratford."

The wife of Thomas Lee was the granddaughter of Colonel Philip Ludwell, of Greenspring, James City County, an associate of the Council. Philip Ludwell was an enthusiastic loyalist, and bitter opponent of Nathaniel Bacon in his leadership of the rebellion against the rule of Lord Berkeley. He filled offices of honor in 1689, and was later made governor of the Carolinas, where he distinguished himself by hanging the pirates that infested the coast. His son Philip married Hannah, the daughter of Benjamin Harrison, of Surry, Va. Mrs. Thomas Lee was their second daughter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—THE LAST PORTRAIT FROM LIFE (MOUNT VERNON, 1796).—FROM THE ORIGINAL PASTEL BY SHARPLESS, IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

It has been said that Westmoreland County is distinguished above all other counties in Virginia as having been the birthplace of genius. No Virginian could boast so many distinguished sons as Thomas Lee. Of them General Washington wrote, in 1777: "I know of no county that can produce a family all distinguished as clever men as our Lees."

Matilda, the first wife of General Henry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee, was the daughter of the eldest son, Philip Ludwell Lee. Richard Henry Lee was the second son. He moved on June 10, 1776, that "these colonies are, and of a right ought to be free and independent States"; and, with his brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, signed the Declaration of Independence. But for the illness of his wife, which called him home, he might have written it in place of Thomas Jefferson. "His services to the cause of the colony were great, and their struggle for independence was sustained by his tongue and pen. He was a great orator, an accomplished scholar, a learned debater and a renowned statesman." He was General Robert E. Lee's great-uncle—General Lee being, through his mother, grandson of Philip Ludwell Lee, and great-grandson of Thomas and Hannah Lee.

Another of this distinguished band of brothers was Arthur, who took his M. D. at the University of Edinburgh. He was Minister to France, in conjunction with Benjamin Franklin, in 1776, and represented the colony in the Assembly and in Congress in 1781 and in 1785. But I cannot begin to give even a brief sketch of the lives of these accomplished brothers—Philip Ludwell, Thomas Ludwell, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, William and Arthur—names which are the synonyms of patriotism, elegance, culture and high character. Of them President John Adams wrote in 1819 to Richard Bland Lee: "Modesty and delicacy have restrained you from doing justice to your own name—that band of brothers, intrepid and unchangeable, who, like the Greeks at Thermopylæ, stood in the gap in the defence of their country, from the first glimmering of the Revolution in the horizon, through all its rising light, to its perfect day." This noble band of brothers were the sons of Thomas and Hannah Lee.

III.—HENRY LEE.

Henry, brother of Thomas Lee, and son of Richard and Lœtitia (Corbin) Lee, and also ancestor of Robert E. Lee, was born about 1691, lived at "Lee Hall," on the Potomac, and died 1747. He took no part, it appears, in public affairs. He married Mary Bland, and

they had four children—John, Richard, Henry and Lœtitia, who married Colonel William Ball, of Lancaster. John married Mrs. Ball. He was member of the House of Burgesses. Richard, when sixty years old, married sixteen-year-old Sally Poythress. He also was member of the House of Burgesses, of the conventions of 1775–76, the House of Delegates, and naval officer of the port of South Potomac. Henry, ancestor of General Robert E. Lee, was the only other son.

PORTRAIT (PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART) OF MRS. NANCY LEE, DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HENRY LEE AND [MRS.] ANNE GASKINS [PINCKARD], AND WIFE OF JUDGE CHARLES LEE, ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNDER WASHINGTON AND ADAMS, BROTHER OF "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY" LEE, ETC.

Epitaph on her tombstone, written by her brother Francis Lightfoot Lee: "Here are deposited the remains of Ann Lee, daughter of Richard Henry Lee and wife of Charles Lee. She died 9th of Sept., 1804, aged 33 years. This stone is not erected in memory of her piety and virtue, for they are registered in heaven: nor of the qualities by which she was adorned, distinguished or endeared, for of these, they who knew her have a more lasting memorial in their sorrow for her death. But it is to remind the reader that neither youth nor beauty nor any excellence of heart or mind can rescue from the grave, for the entombed possessed them all."

By Henry Lee's marriage with Mary Bland, very distinguished families are included in the ancestry of General Lee. Mary Bland was the daughter of Richard Bland, of Jordans, and Elizabeth, daughter of William Randolph, of "Turkey Island," James River, the immigrant ancestor of the distinguished family of that name.

Richard Bland filled many offices of trust in the colony—was burgess for forty years, member of conventions of 1775-76, of the

Continental Congress, and the committee in the convention of 1776 that reported the famous Bill of Rights. His father was Richard Bland, son of Theodorick Bland, of "Westover," descended from an ancient family in Westmoreland, England. His great-grandfather was Richard Bennett, colonial governor in 1652. Richard Bland's mother was Elizabeth Randolph, daughter of William Randolph, of "Turkey Island," and Mary Isham, his wife. William Randolph was burgess and King's Councilman, a man of great wealth and influence, and progenitor of the Randolph family, of Thomas Jefferson, and Chief Justice Marshall. He descended, says Randall, from the Earls Murray—nay, from royalty itself. Mary Isham came from a long and noble line in England—through the De Vere, Greene and Dayton families, including several chief justices, the Earls of Oxford and Lords of Adington Magna; Saher de Quincy, Magna Charta Baron; and back to the Dukes of Normandy, Longue Epée and Sanspeur, Hugh Capet, of France, and the Saxon kings. England has known no grander family than that of De Vere. Hard pressed in one of the battles of the crusade, a De Vere saw in a vision a star fall from heaven and alight upon his shield. Ever after they bore a lone star only, and never was its lustre dimmed!

IV.—HENRY LEE.

The last of the line of General Lee's ancestors which I am to record was Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee, son of Henry Lee and Mary Bland. He was the father of Light-Horse Harry and grandfather of Robert E. Lee. He was burgess for many years, member of the conventions of 1774-75-76, and in the State Senate 1780. "His standing," says Mr. Grigsby, "was of the first, before and after the Revolution."

He was born probably at "Lee Hall," Westmoreland, in 1729. He lived at "Leesylvania," in Prince William County. He married Lucy Grymes, one of the four young ladies to whom tradition has given the honor of being Washington's "Lowland Beauty." She was the daughter of Rev. Charles Grymes, who belonged to an

influential family in Middlesex. Her mother was Frances Jenings, daughter of Edmund Jenings and Frances Corbin, his wife.

Henry and Lucy Grymes Lee had eight children, who became by marriage connected with the families of Fendall, Jones, Page, Moore, Spotswood and Ap-Catesby Jones.

Henry Lee, as we have seen, filled a high place in the esteem of his contemporaries. Of his wife, the Lowland Beauty, we only learn that she was less brilliant than her sisters of the Lee family —who were not, however, Lowland Beauties! Indeed, both her husband and herself seem to have suffered by falling below the standard expected of the Lees. It is declared that they "were both of rather limited intellectual calibre;" and that when Light-Horse Harry Lee—the soldier, orator and writer—was asked, in reference to that circumstance, how *he* came to be so clever? he replied, "Two negatives make an affirmative."

Henry Lee's will, dated the 10th of August, 1787, declares his own belief, at least, in his "perfect mind and memory." Like his fathers, he piously recommends his soul to God, "in Humble Hopes of his mercy through mediation and interception of the Blessed Lord and Saviour." A few extracts from his letters may be interesting, as they were written in the early days of the Revolution, in which his son "Light-Horse Harry" so distinguished himself:

"LEESYLVANIA, *1 April, 1775*.—I have just returned from our convention at Richmond Town on James River, where 118 Delegates of the People met and unanimously approved of the General Congress and thanked their Delegates. The same Delegates were appointed to represent this Colony in Continental Congress on the 10th of May next at Philadelphia."

"*May 15th, 1775*.—The People in the Country have already taken up arms and have Compelled Lord Dunmore to pay £350 sterling for a Quantity of Powder that he Privately in the night removed out of the magazine on board the *Foye*, Capt: Montague. Ten thousand riffle men are now well trained and are ready to take the field at an Hour's warning. The Die is now cast, and a blow having been struct near Boston, in w^ch^ encounter the King's troops were beaten with a loss of 150 men, besides many wounded, and the Country People only lost 40 men. The Inhabitants have all left Boston, and that Place is now surrounded by

20,000 Provencials, and 10,000 Connecticut troops are marched to New-York; also 1,500 riffle men from Fred^k County in Maryland under Col. Cressip Jr: to Prevent any troops landing."

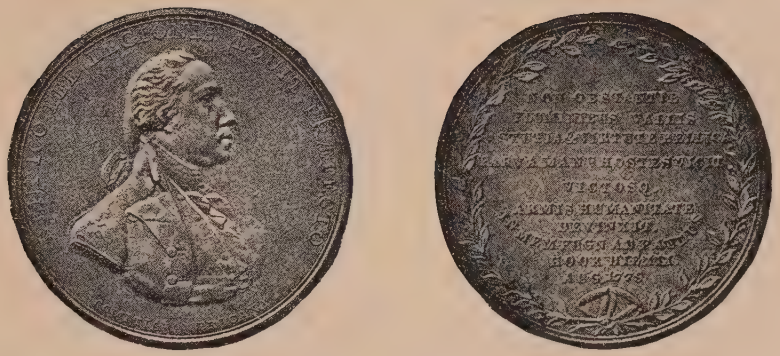
"LEESYLVANIA, *1st March, 1775*.—The Gentlemen are training themselves thro' the Continent every week and have raised Companys who muster two days every week and Emulate to Excell each other in y^e manual manœuvers and Evolutions as practised by the King of Prussia's Troops, for we are determined on Preserving our Libertys if necessary at the Expense of our Blood, being resolved not to survive slavery."

And now to the father of our Lee, of the eye of the world and of all hearts: Henry Lee, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry and Lucy (Grymes) Lee, was twice married; first in the spring of 1782, to his cousin Matilda, daughter of Philip Ludwell and Elizabeth Steptoe Lee, of "Stratford." (Of this issue Major Henry Lee, albeit erratic, was an accomplished and able man.) Secondly, June 18, 1793, to Anne Hill, daughter of Charles Carter, of "Shirley," and Anne Butler Moore (a descendant of Governor Alexander Spotswood) his second wife. Of their issue Robert Edward Lee was the seventh child.

Of the forebears of General Lee his Carter lineage is best known through that most beloved Bishop Meade (of the Protestant Episcopal Church, ever-devoted and of self unthoughtful, and who was also of the lineage) in his account of the useful and beneficent life of Robert (known from his broad landed possessions as "King") Carter.

Representatives of the Grymes family had constantly held acceptably positions, the most honoring in the Colony, and the name Philip Ludwell was derived from descent from Philip Ludwell, Secretary of the Colony, and for a time Governor of North Carolina, who was the third husband of Lady Frances, widow of Sir William Berkeley—although she had no children by the leal and uncompromising representative of the King.

And so, with the bugles of the Revolution in our ears, we close this partial record of the ancestors of General Robert E. Lee, and the times in which they lived.



FAC-SIMILE OF GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO GENERAL HENRY LEE BY CONGRESS, 1779.

"LIGHT-HORSE HARRY."
(1756-1818.)

A Brief Review of the Life and Letters of Major-General Henry Lee, Father of General Robert E. Lee.

"... General Henry Lee, if not the foremost man of all the world of his age and rank, was certainly the second of no man, if, during seven years of service, in numberless situations requiring talents, bravery and prompt execution, the commission of no fault or the neglect of no duty, entitled him to such an appellation."—*Vindication of John Banks, of Virginia.*

Against the stormy background of the Revolution and the first Presidential term of Washington, there stands out in vivid relief, both in the military and civil annals of the United States, the figure of the dashing dragoon and splendid orator, the chosen of Patrick Henry and the beloved of Washington; classic scholar and impassioned patriot, brilliant scion of a long-distinguished race, governor of his native State and perfect type of the Virginia gentleman, rearing his sons in religion, morality and learning, solicitous above all that they should be taught to ride, shoot and tell the truth—the figure of General Henry Lee, the "Light-Horse Harry" of his soldier contemporaries, the father of General Robert E. Lee.

The family history and birth of this illustrious American have been recounted in detail in the preceding and initial paper. It may be well to recapitulate a little here, however, in view of the not infrequent confounding of General Henry Lee, the subject of this present paper, with Richard Henry Lee, the well-known statesman,

the "Cicero of the American Revolution," who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Richard Henry Lee's father, Thomas, and Henry Lee's grandfather, Henry (third of the name), were brothers. Consequently, Richard Henry Lee was a first cousin of "Light-Horse Harry's" father. Another important point which it is proper here to emphasize and insist upon being borne in mind, is this: the General Charles Lee, of Washington's army, whose ignoble record at the battle of Monmouth is familiar to all students of history, was an Englishman by birth and training, and not at all of the lineage of the Lee family of Virginia.

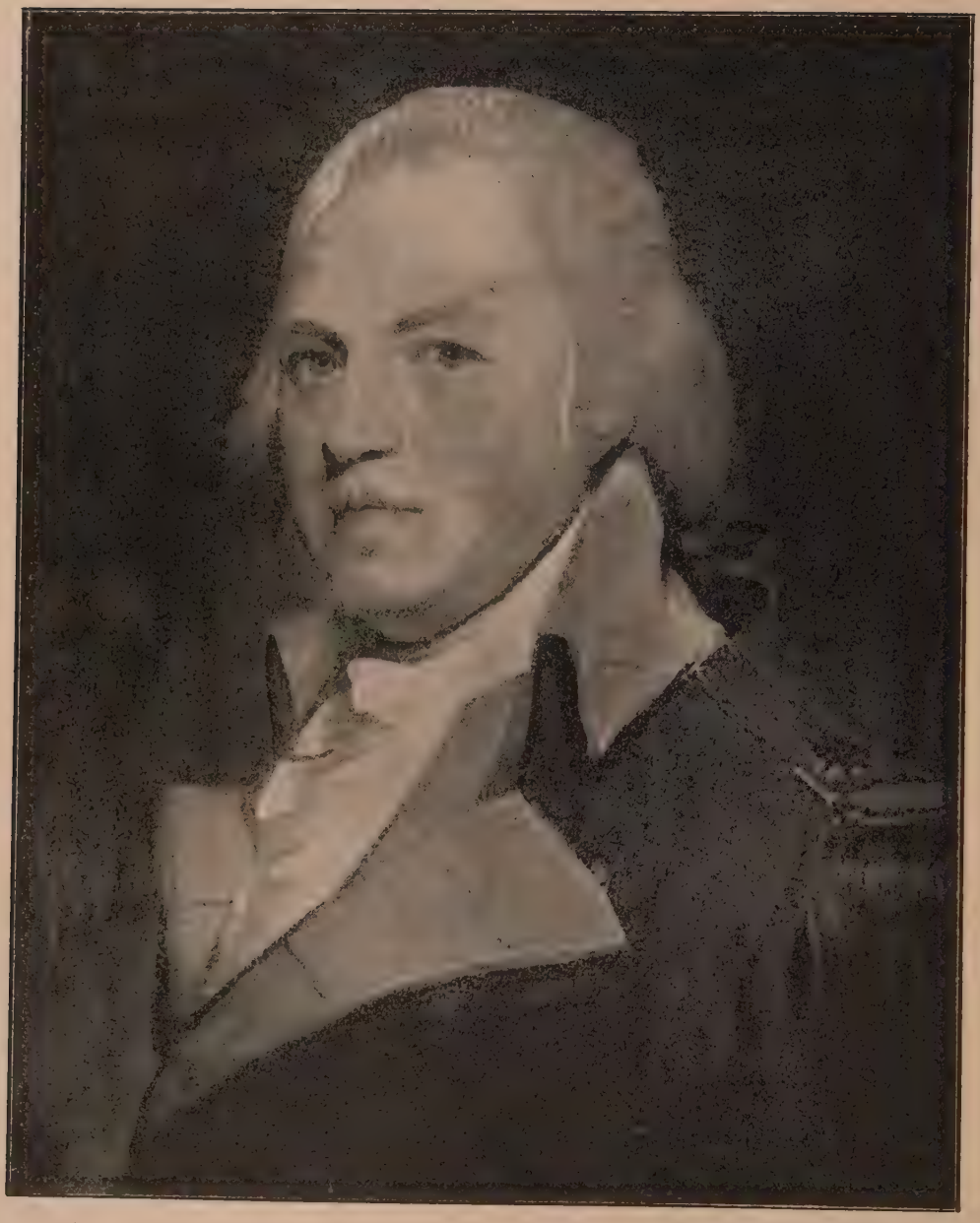
Henry, the second child and eldest son of Henry Lee (IV.) and Lucy Grymes, his wife, was born at "Leesylvania," his father's home, near Dumfries, in Prince William County, Virginia, on the 29th of January, 1756. After receiving the usual rudimentary education at home Henry was sent to Princeton College. Dr. William Shippen wrote to R. H. Lee, in 1770: "Your cousin, Henry Lee, is in college and will be one of the first fellows in this country. He is more than strict in his morality, has fine genius and is diligent. Charles is in the grammar school, but Dr. Witherspoon expects much from his genius and application." (Dr. Witherspoon was then the president of Princeton College.) Leaving college upon his graduation, in 1773, Henry was for some time employed in looking after the private affairs of his father, who was absent from home engaged in negotiating a treaty with some Indian tribes on behalf of the colony of Virginia. The next year he was intending to embark for England to pursue the study of the law under the care of Bishop Porteus, of London; but the dark shadows of war were already threatening, and changed the prospective lawyer into an actual soldier. His later career seems to have proven him well qualified for the profession of the law, in which it is probable that, had he thus devoted himself, he would have made for himself a reputation of no mean proportion.

Henry Lee was foremost among those who took an active part in organizing and drilling the militia of Virginia; in consequence, he was appointed, in 1776, by Patrick Henry, then Governor of

the State, a captain of one of the companies of cavalry in the Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel Theodorick Bland. Lee soon distinguished himself by his thorough discipline of his troopers, as well as by the care and attention given to their horses and equipment. He wrote his colonel, under date of 13th of April, 1777: ". . . How happy would I be, if it was possible for my men to be furnished with caps and boots prior to my appearance at headquarters! You know, dear colonel, that, justly, an officer's reputation depends not only on the discipline, but appearance of his men. Could the articles mentioned be allowed my troop their appearance into Morris [Morristown] would secure me from the imputation of carelessness as their captain, and I have vanity enough to hope would assist in procuring some little credit to the colonel and regiment. Pardon my solicitations on any head respecting the condition of my troop; my sole object is the credit of the regiment."

At the time this letter was written Colonel Bland's regiment had joined the army under Washington, and Lee was about to make his first appearance "at headquarters." His appearance must have been such as he desired, or his subsequent behavior in active service must have been successful, for he appears to have won the esteem and affection of Washington very early in the war. It is certain that he was frequently employed by his commander on confidential missions and in hazardous expeditions. "He was favorably noticed by Washington throughout the war," wrote Irving. At one time the general wrote to Lee: ". . . You may in future or while on your present command mark your letters *private*." This to an officer only twenty-three years old surely indicated confidence and esteem. In fact, his extreme youth seems to have been the sole reason why due rank was not awarded his military merit. He was too youthful to be elevated over the heads of men much his senior in years, though probably inferior in military talent.

This letter attests the kind feeling of appreciation in which Lee was held by his great chief: "My dear Lee: Although I have



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY LEE ("LIGHT-HORSE HARRY"), FATHER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

(Photograph, by Miley, from the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, in possession of General G. W. Custis Lee.)

given you my thanks in the general orders of this day, for the late instance of your gallant behavior, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to repeat them again in this manner. I needed no fresh proofs of your merit to bear you in remembrance. I waited only for the proper time and season to show it; those, I hope, are not far off. I shall also think of and will reward the merit of Lindsay, when an opening presents, as far as I can consistently; and I shall not forget the corporal, whom you have recommended to my notice. Offer my sincere thanks to the whole of your gallant party, and assure them that no one felt pleasure more sensibly, or rejoiced more sincerely for your and their escape, than your affectionate," etc.

The skirmish referred to by Washington was an attempt on the part of the British to capture Lee. They attached sufficient importance to making him their prisoner to send a troop of two hundred horse to secretly surround his headquarters, when they had ascertained he was near their lines and accompanied by only ten men. The Americans manned the windows of the house and succeeded in beating off their assailants. Lee reported: "The contest was very warm; the British dragoons trusting to their vast superiority in number, attempted to force their way into the house. In this they were baffled by the bravery of my men. After having left two killed and four wounded they desisted and sheered off."

The skill and daring of Lee soon won such favor in the eyes of his chief that Washington urged Congress to give him the command of an independent corps for scouting and foraging. In a letter to the President of Congress, he wrote: "Captain Lee, of the Light Dragoons, and the officers under his command, having uniformly distinguished themselves by a conduct of exemplary zeal, prudence and bravery, I took occasion, on a late signal instance of it, to express the high sense I entertained of their merit, and to assure him that it should not fail of being properly noticed. I was induced to give this assurance from a conviction that it is the wish of Congress to give every encouragement to merit, and that they would cheerfully embrace so favorable an opportunity of

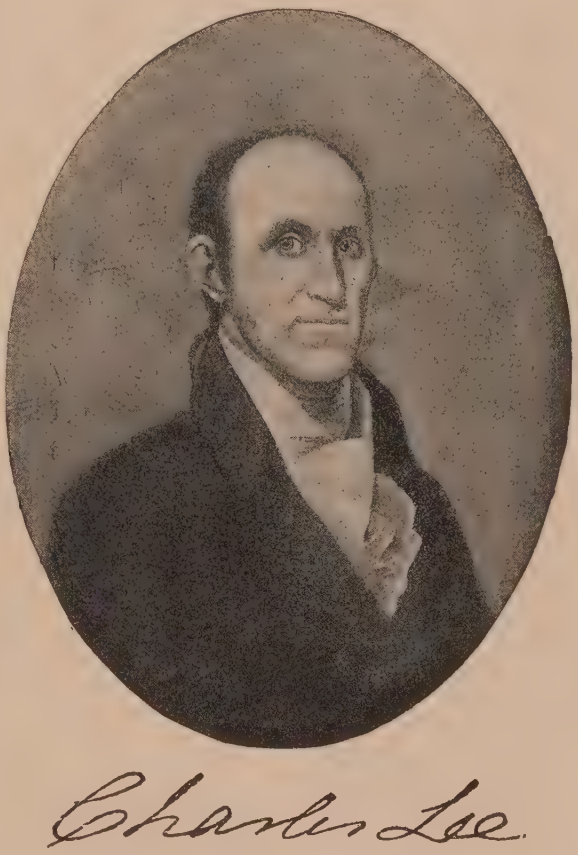
manifesting this disposition. I had it in contemplation at the time, in case no other method more eligible could be adopted, to make an offer of a place in my family. I have consulted the committee of Congress upon the subject, and we are mutually of the opinion that giving Captain Lee the command of two troops of horse on the proposed establishment, with the rank of major, to act as an independent corps, would be a mode of rewarding him very advantageous to the service. Captain Lee's genius particularly adapts him to a command of this nature, and it will be the most agreeable to him of any station in which he could be placed."

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

(From a contemporary portrait presented by him to Washington, and now in possession of General G. W. Custis Lee.)

Shortly after this Lee was given the command of three companies each of cavalry and of infantry, to operate as an independent corps. By the attention he gave to the discipline of his men and the care of their horses, he kept his

troopers so well mounted and so effective that they were able to move with great rapidity and daring. In consequence of their dash and bravery in scouting and foraging they acquired quite a reputation, and he, the sobriquet of "Light-Horse Harry," a name which has ever clung to him. On the 19th of July, 1779, at the head of three hundred men, Lee surprised and captured Paulus Hook, N. J., securing some one hundred and sixty prisoners, and retreated with the loss of only two killed and three wounded. For "his prudence, address and bravery" on this and other occasions, Congress voted the following resolutions: By the act of 7th of April, 1778, it was "Resolved, whereas Captain Henry Lee, of the Light Dragoons, by the whole tenor of his conduct during the last campaign, has proved himself a brave and prudent officer, rendered essential service to his country, and acquired to himself and the corps he commanded distinguished honor, and it being the determination of Congress to reward merit, Resolved, that Captain Henry Lee be promoted to the rank of Major Commandant; that he be empowered to augment his present corps by enlistment of two corps of horse to act as a separate corps."



JUDGE CHARLES LEE, OF VIRGINIA.

By the act of 24th September, 1779, it was "Resolved, that the

thanks of Congress be given to Major Lee for the remarkable prudence, address and bravery displayed in the attack on the enemy's fort and works at Paulus Hook, and that they approve the humanity shown in circumstances prompting to severity, as honorable to the arms of the United States and correspondent to the noble principles on which they were assumed, and that a gold medal, emblematic of this affair, be struck under the direction of the Board of Treasury, and presented to Major Lee."

After serving for three years in the campaigns of the northern army, Lee was ordered south to join General Greene, with whom he served until his final retirement from the army after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Greene commended him by declaring that "no man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit."

When it is remembered that Lee served there with such soldiers as Morgan, Marion, Pickens, Sumter, and other gallant officers, the full extent of this praise will be appreciated. About October, 1780, Congress proposed to reorganize the army somewhat, and among the changes considered was the placing of Lee's corps in one of the regular regiments. Washington opposed this change and wrote to the President of Congress: " . . . Major Lee has rendered such distinguished services, possesses so many talents for commanding a corps of this nature, and deserves so much credit for the perfection in which he has kept his corps, as well as for the handsome exploits he has performed, that it would be a loss to the service and a discouragement to merit to reduce him, and I do not see how he can be introduced into one of the regiments in a manner satisfactory to himself, and which will enable him to be equally useful, without giving too much disgust to the whole line of cavalry." This protest had due effect, and Lee retained the command of his partisan corps, being also advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In writing to John Matthews, a member of Congress from South Carolina, Washington was even more complimentary to Lee. Under date of 23d of October, he wrote: ". . . Lee's corps will go to the southward. I believe it will be found very useful. The corps itself is an excellent one and the officer at the head of it *has great resources of genius.*"

Colonel Charles Cornwallis Chesney, of the English army, in an article on General Robert E. Lee, speaks thus of his father: "From the very first he displayed military talent of a high order, and became before long the most noted leader of his army for dashing enterprise in separate command. A special gold medal was awarded him by Congress for his capture of the fort at Paulus Hook, and in 1781 he was sent to join the forces under General Greene in the South, there matched against Cornwallis. That Greene failed,on the whole, in his encounter is well-known. He was in fact in a position of inferiority until Cornwallis left the South for Petersburg and the Richmond peninsula. . . . Greene, however, though defeated, never ceased to hold his own stoutly against Cornwallis for the time, and afterward recovered the Carolinas fully for Congress. His successes were due in great part to the talents and energy of his young cavalry commander. General Henry Lee had a worthy opponent in Colonel Tarleton, a cavalry officer of no mean merit in light warfare. But the republican cavalier established his superiority very fully in the series of skirmishes that ensued. And although, in his own 'Memoir of the War,' he had the modesty to attribute his successes over Tarleton to his superiority in horse flesh, readers of his interesting work may discern for themselves that his own skill

MRS. CHARLES LEE.

and judgment were the prime causes of the advantage, and will be disposed to agree to the full with General Greene, who wrote in his personal thanks, 'No man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit with yourself,' an expression of strong meaning coming from a plain, blunt soldier of honest character. And this praise was fully confirmed by Washington's own words of love and thanks, in a letter of later date, written long enough after to show how strong in that great man's mind was the memory of the services of 'Light-Horse Harry,' as Lee was familiarly called."

Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis, Lee resigned from the army, upon which occasion General Greene wrote him: "I have beheld with extreme anxiety for some time past a growing discontent in your mind, and have not been without my apprehensions that your complaints originated more in distress than in ruin of your constitution. Whatever may be the source of your wounds I wish it was in my power to heal them. . . . From our earliest acquaintance I had a partiality for you, which progressively grew into friendship. I was under no obligation to you until I came into this country, and yet I believe you will do me the justice to say I never wanted inclination to serve you. Here I have been under the greatest obligations—obligations I can never cancel. . . . I am far from agreeing with you in the opinion that the public will never do you justice. I believe few officers, either in Europe or America, are held in so high a point of estimation as you are. Substantial service is what constitutes lasting reputation; and your reports of this campaign are the best panegyric that can be given of your action. . . . It is true there are a few of your countrymen who, from ignorance and malice, are disposed to do injustice to your conduct, but it is out of their power to injure you. Indeed, you are ignorant of your own weight and influence, otherwise you would despise their spleen and malice. . . . Everybody knows I have the highest opinion of you as an officer, and you know I love you as a friend; whatever may be your determination, to retire or to continue in service, my affection will accompany you." In a parting letter Greene adds (12th of February, 1782): "You are going home and you will get married, but you

cannot cease to be a soldier; should the war rage here I shall call for you in a few months, unless I should find your inclination opposed to my wishes."

General Charles Lee once said of him, that "Major Lee seemed to have come out of his mother's womb a soldier." Marshall, the early historian of Washington, has written: "The continued labors and exertions of all were highly meritorious, but the successful activity of one corps will attract particular attention. The legion, from its structure, was peculiarly adapted to the partisan warfare of the Southern States, and, by being detached against weaker posts of the enemy, had opportunities for displaying with advantage all the energies it possessed. In that extensive sweep which it made from the Santee to Augusta, which employed from the 15th of April to the 8th of June, this corps, acting in conjunction first with Marion, afterward with Pickens, and sometimes alone, had constituted the principal force which carried five British posts and made upward of 1100 prisoners."

Mr. G. W. Parke Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," has declared that, "No officer in the American army could have been better fitted than Lee for the command of a partisan corps: for in the surprise of posts, in gaining intelligence, of distracting and discomfiting your enemy, without bringing him to a general action, and all the strategy which belongs to the partisan warfare, few officers in any service have been more distinguished than the subject of our memoir. The legion of Lee, under the untiring labors of its active, talented commander, became one of the most efficient corps in the American army. The horsemen were principally recruited in the Southern and Middle States—countries proverbial for furnishing skillful riders; while the horses, under the inspection of the Virginian commander, were superior in bone and figure, and could many of them have boasted a lineal descent from the Godolphin Arabian.

"Among Lee's officers were the good and gallant names of Eggleston, Rudolph, Armstrong, O'Neil, and the surviving honored veterans, Allen M'Lane of Delaware and Harrison of Virginia. The arrival of the legion in the South was hailed as most auspicious to

the success of our arms in that quarter; indeed, so fine a corps of horse and foot, so well disciplined, and in such gallant array, was rarely to be seen in those our days of desolation. The partisan legion did good service in the campaigns of the Carolinas, and the commander won his way to the esteem and confidence of Greene, the *well-beloved of Washington*, as he had previously done to the esteem and confidence of the great chief himself; and, as a justice to the great military sagacity of Lee, let it be remembered that he was mainly instrumental in advising Greene to that *return to the Carolinas* which eventuated in the decisive and glorious combat of Eutaw, and the virtual liberation of the South. With the close of the campaign of 1781 ended the military services of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. He retired on furlough to Virginia, and was happily present at the surrender of his old adversary, the formidable Cornwallis, 19th of October. Lee married shortly afterward, and settled in the county of Westmoreland, but was permitted by his grateful and admiring countrymen, for a short time only, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, being successively chosen to the State Legislature, the convention for ratifying the Constitution, the gubernatorial chair and the Congress of the United States."

During all his services in these legislative bodies Henry Lee was an ardent federalist, ably supporting Madison and others in their efforts for securing the ratification of the Constitution by the Virginia Convention. In taking this position he was an antagonist of his cousin, Richard Henry Lee, yet the latter considered his services so valuable to the State that he was anxious for him to be in the Virginia Assembly. Under date of 14th of July, 1787, R. H. Lee wrote his brother, Arthur: "I do really consider it a thing of consequence to the public interest that Colonel H. Lee, of Stratford, should be in our next Assembly, and therefore wish you would exert yourself with the old squire [Richard Lee] to get his resignation, or disqualification rather, so that his nephew may get early into the House of Delegates. I know it is like persuading a man to sign his own death warrant, but upon my word the state of public affairs renders the sacrifice of place and vanity necessary."

Henry Lee was Governor of Virginia for three years. While in this office Washington appointed him to command the troops ordered out to suppress the "Whisky Rebellion," which occurred in Western Pennsylvania, in 1794; he succeeded in quelling the rebellion without bloodshed. On the 19th of July, 1798, he was appointed a major-general in the army and was honorably discharged on the 15th of June, 1800. Being a member of Congress in 1799, when the news of the death of Washington was received by Congress he drew up a series of resolutions, formally announcing that event, which were presented in his absence by his colleague, John Marshall; in these resolutions occur those ever memorable words: "*First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.*" Thereupon Congress resolved that "the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives be desired to request one of the members of Congress to perform and deliver" an oration. Henry Lee was selected to pay this tribute on behalf of Congress to the great Washington, and the oration was delivered before Congress on the 26th of December, 1799, at the "German Lutheran Church, in Fourth Street, above Arch, Philadelphia, the largest in the city."

Of this oration, Mr. Custis has written as one who had heard it: "With the advantages of a classical education, General Lee possessed taste and distinguished powers of eloquence; and was selected, on the demise of Washington, to deliver the oration in the funeral solemnities decreed by Congress in honor of the Pater Patriæ. The oration having been but imperfectly committed to memory, from the very short time in which it was composed, somewhat impaired its effect upon the auditory; but as a composition it has only to be read to be admired, for the purity and elegance of its language and the powerful appeal it makes to the hearts of its readers; and we will venture to affirm that it will rank among the most celebrated performances of those highly distinguished men who mounted the rostrum on that imposing occasion of national mourning." Mr. Custis adds: "In one particular Lee may be said to have excelled his illustrious contemporaries, Marshall, Madison, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris and Ames.

It was in a surprising quickness of talent, a genius sudden, dazzling, and always at command, with an eloquence which seemed to flow unbidden. Seated at a convivial board when the death of Patrick Henry was announced, Lee called for a scrap of paper, and in a few moments produced a striking and beautiful eulogium upon the Demosthenes of modern liberty.

"Lee's powers of conversation were also fascinating in the extreme, possessing those rare and admirable qualities which seize and hold captive his hearers, delighting while they instruct. That Lee was a man of letters, a scholar who had ripened under a truly classical sun, we have only to turn to his work on the Southern war, where he was, indeed, the *Magna pars fui* of all which he relates—a work which well deserves to be ranked with the commentaries of the famed master of the Roman world, who, like our Lee, was equally renowned with the pen as the sword. But there is a line, a single line, in the works of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another. 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen,'* will last while language lasts. What a sublime eulogium is pronounced in that noble line! So few words, and yet how illustrative are they of the vast and matchless character of Washington! They are words which will descend with the memory of the hero they are meant to honor, to the veneration of remotest posterity, and be graven on colossal statues of the Pater Patriæ in some future age.

"The attachment of Lee to Washington was like that of Hamilton, pure and enthusiastic—like that of the chivalric Laurens, devotional. It was in the praise of his 'hero, his friend, and his country's preserver' that the splendid talents of Lee were often elicited, with a force and grandeur of eloquence wholly his own. The fame and memory of his chief was the fondly-cherished passion to which he clung amid the wreck of his fortunes—the hope which gave warmth to his heart when all else around him seemed cold

* In the *resolutions* presented to Congress, Lee used the phrase "fellow-citizens;" but in his *oration* he used "fellow-countrymen."

and desolate. But shall the biographer's task be complete, when the faults of his subject are not to be taken into account? Of faults, perhaps the subject of our memoir had many; yet how admirable is the maxim handed down to us from the ancients, 'De mortuis nil, nisi bonum.' Let the faults of Lee be buried in his distant grave—let the turf of oblivion close over the failings of him whose early devotion to liberty, in liberty's battles—whose eloquence in her senates and historical memoirs of her times of trial, shed a lustre on his country in the young days of the Republic; and when Americans of some future date shall search amid the records of their early history for the lives of illustrious men who flourished in the age of Washington, high on a brilliant scroll will they find inscribed Henry Lee, a son of Virginia—a patriot, soldier and historian of the Revolution, and orator and statesman of the Republic."

In 1801 Henry Lee retired permanently from public life, hoping to spend the remainder of his days in the peaceful quiet of a Virginia farm life. "With his congressional career ended the better days of this highly gifted man. An unhappy rage for speculation caused him to embark upon that treacherous stream which gently, and almost imperceptibly at first, but with sure and fearful rapidity at last, hurries its victims to the vortex of destruction. It was indeed lamentable to behold the venerable Morris and Lee, patriots, who in the senates of liberty and on her battlefields had done the State such service, instead of enjoying a calm and happy evening of life, to be languishing in prison and in exile—for Lee, after long struggling with adversity, finally, as will be seen, sought in a foreign land a refuge from his many ills, where, becoming broken in health, he returned home to die.

In reviewing the life of the father of Robert E. Lee, it is of peculiar interest and significance to note the opinions and sentiments as to State loyalty which were sacredly held by the soldier of the Revolution, and transmitted to his great son. In 1798–99, Henry Lee, as a representative of the County of Westmoreland in the General Assembly, participated in the debate upon Mr. Madison's

famous resolutions of that date. In Lee's opinion, the laws of the United States then under discussion were unconstitutional, and if they were, Virginia had a right to object; "but," he exclaimed, "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." In 1792, replying to a letter from Mr. Madison asking him if he would relinquish his office of Governor of Virginia and accept command of an army to be organized for the protection of the western frontier, General Lee writes: "Were I called upon by the President to command the next campaign, my respect for him would induce me to disregard every trifling obstruction which might oppose my acceptance of the office, such as my own repose, the care of my children and the happiness I enjoy in attention to their welfare, and in the execution of the duties of my present station. As a citizen, I should feel myself bound to obey the will of my country in taking any part her interests may demand from me. Therefore I am, upon this occasion, in favor of obedience to any claim which may be made on me. Yet I should require some essential stipulations—only to secure a favorable issue to the campaign. . . . One objection I should only have (the above conditions being acceded to), and that is, the abandoning of my native county, to whose goodness I am so much indebted; no consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or faithlessness to this Commonwealth." Do we not hear an echo of these words, seventy years later, in the response of Robert E. Lee, when, called upon to choose between serving under the flag of the United States or obeying the will of Virginia, he drew his sword in defence of the mother State?

In 1812, when war was declared with England, General Henry Lee was living in Alexandria, for the benefit of his children's education. He was offered, and promptly accepted, a major-general's commission in the army. Before entering upon his duties he visited Baltimore on business, and stopped at the house of Mr. Hanson, the editor of the *Federal Republican*. Mr. Hanson was at that time in violent disfavor with the war party, on account of what would

now be called the anti-Jingo spirit of his editorial articles, and his house was attacked by a mob on the very night of General Lee's visit. The general made common cause with his friend, and in actively resisting the assaults of the excited mob, received such serious injuries as came near proving immediately fatal, and ultimately caused his death. He was compelled to make a voyage to the West Indies, seeking restoration of his shattered health. On his way home he landed at Cumberland Island, on the coast of Georgia, the home of his old commander and friend, General Greene, where he died on the 25th of March, 1818, and was buried. A war vessel happening to be anchored near by, her captain and crew assisted at his funeral, and paid the last military honors to the dead soldier. As has been said: "Fortune seems to have conducted him at the close of his life almost to the tomb of Greene; and his bones may now repose by the side of those of his beloved chief; friends in war, united in death, and partners in a never-dying fame."

General Henry Lee was always an ardent admirer of Washington, and never lost an opportunity of expressing his veneration for that great man. In his last illness "a surgical operation was proposed, as offering some hope of prolonging his life; but he replied that the eminent surgeon to whose skill and care, during his sojourn in the West Indies, he was so much indebted, had disapproved a resort to the proposed operation. The surgeon in attendance still urging it, the patient put an end to the discussion by saying: 'My dear sir, were the great Washington alive and here, and joining you in advocating it, I would still resist.'"

Mr. Irving has said that Henry Lee was always a favorite with Washington, and was very often favorably noticed by him. And Lee, on his part, seems to have looked up to Washington rather as a friend or older brother than as his military chief. In his letters he appears to have asked for advice upon any private business or public topic that interested him, and to have expressed his feelings and opinions upon current affairs with much freedom. Mr. Irving says further: "Colonel Henry Lee, who used to be a favored guest

at Mount Vernon, does not seem to have been much under the influence of that 'reverential awe' which Washington is said to have inspired, if we may judge from the following anecdote:

"Washington one day at table mentioned his being in want of carriage horses, and asked Lee if he knew where he could get a pair.

"'I have a fine pair, general,' replied Lee; 'but you cannot get them.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because you will never pay more than half price for anything, and I must have full price for my horses.'

"The bantering reply set Mrs. Washington laughing, and her parrot, perched beside her, joined in the laugh. The general took this familiar assault upon his dignity in great good part.

"'Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow,' said he; 'see, that bird is laughing at you.'"

The following letter of sympathy from General Washington to Henry Lee was evidently written in response to the news of the deaths of his (first) wife and son; indeed, on the original were endorsed these words by Lee himself, "The deaths of my wife and son:"

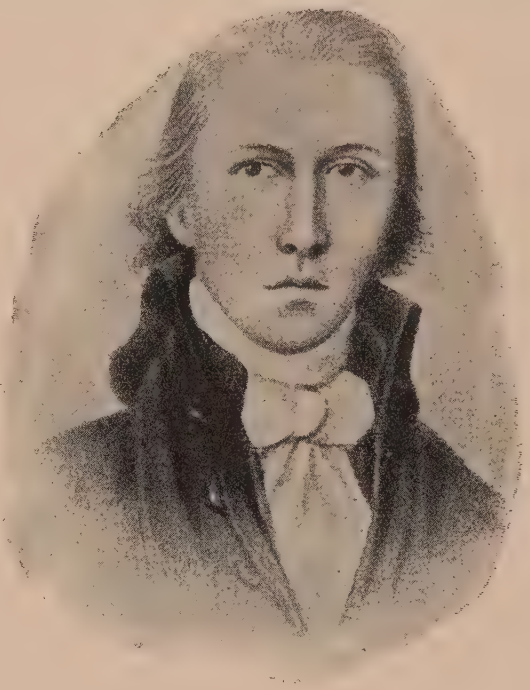
"New York, *August 27th, 1790.*

"My dear Sir: I have been duly favored with the receipt of your obliging letter dated the 12th of June last. I am also indebted to you for a long letter written to me in the course of last year and should have had the pleasure sooner to express my acknowledgments for the tender interest you take on account of my health and administration, but such is the multiplicity of my avocations, and so great the pressure of public business as to leave me no leisure for the agreeable duty of answering private letters from my friends—and although I shall at all times be happy to hear from them, yet I shall be but an unprofitable correspondent, as it will not be in my power to make those returns which under other circumstances I should have real pleasure in doing.

"It is unnecessary to assure you of the interest I take in whatever nearly concerns you. I therefore very sincerely condole with you on your late and great losses; but as the ways of Providence are as inscrutable as just, it becomes the children of it to submit with resignation and fortitude to its decrees as far as the feelings of humanity will allow, and your good sense will, I am persuaded, enable you to do this. Mrs. Washington joins me in these sentiments, and with great esteem and regard, I am, my dear sir," etc.

Henry Lee was twice married: first, in the spring of 1782, to his cousin Matilda, daughter of Philip Ludwell and Elizabeth (Steptoe) Lee, of Stratford; she died about May, 1790, having had four children. Of these, Nathaniel Greene died in early infancy, and Philip Ludwell when about seven years old; the other two, a daughter and son, survived.

After his first wife's death Henry Lee had seriously considered the idea of going to France, where, as he wrote Washington when consulting him upon the step, a major-general's commission awaited him. Washington would give no direct advice, but discouraged the idea, saying he himself would not think of taking such a step, "because it would appear a boundless ocean I was about to embark on, from whence no land is seen. . . . Those in whose hands the government [of France] is intrusted are ready to tear each other to pieces, and will more than probably prove the worst foes the country has." This project was given up, whether through the influence of Washington or from the objection of Mr. Carter, or both, is not known. Mr. Carter would not consent to a union with his daughter until assured that the French project was abandoned. He wrote, under the date of the 20th of May, 1793: "The only objection we ever had to your connection with our beloved daughter is now



Edmund J. Lee

entirely done away. You have declared upon your honor that you have relinquished all thoughts of going to France, and we rest satisfied with that assurance. As we certainly know that you have obtained her consent, you shall have that of her parents most cordially, to be joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, whenever she pleases; and as it is determined on, by the approbation and sincere affection of all friends, as well as of the parties immediately concerned, we think the sooner it takes place the better." On hearing of this marriage, Washington writes to Lee: " . . . As we are told that you have exchanged the rugged and dangerous field of Mars for the soft and pleasurable bed of Venice, I do in this, as I shall in every thing you may pursue like unto it, good and laudable, wish you all imaginable success and happiness."

Henry Lee married, secondly, on the 18th of June, 1793, Anne Hill, daughter of Charles Carter, of " Shirley," and Anne Butler Moore, his second wife. Mrs. Lee was born in 1773, and died in 1829; they had six children, the record of their ages given here is from Mrs. Lee's Family Bible: Algernon Sidney, born 2d of April, 1795; died the 9th of August, 1796. Charles Carter. Anne Kinloch, born the 19th of June, 1800; died at Baltimore on the 20th of February, 1864; she married, in 1825, Judge William Louis Marshall. Sydney Smith. Robert Edward. Catharine Mildred, born the 27th of February, 1811, at Alexandria; died at Paris, France, in 1856; she married, in 1831, Edward Vernon Childe.

The letters which General Henry Lee wrote from the West Indies to his son Carter have been declared by the latter to furnish " the best history of the close of our father's life." General Robert E. Lee, in the life of his father prefacing his edition (1869) of the latter's " Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," gives in full the principal of " these letters of love and wisdom," a few extracts from which may appropriately be reproduced here. In the first, dated Port-au-Prince, St. Domingo, 26th of June, 1816, the father writes: " My dear Carter: I have just heard by a letter from Henry that you are fixed at the University of Cambridge, the seminary of my choice. You will there have not only excellent

examples to encourage your love and practice of virtue, the only real good in life, but ample scope to pursue learning to its bottom, thereby fitting yourself to be useful to your country and to be an ornament to your friends. You know, my dear son, the deep and affectionate interest I have taken in you from the first moment of your existence, and your kind, amiable disposition will never cease enjoying and amplifying your father's happiness to the best of your ability. You will do this by preferring the practice of virtue to all other things; you know my abhorrence of lying, and you have been often told by me that it led to every vice and cancelled every tendency to virtue. Never forget this truth, and disdain this mean and infamous practice. Epaminondas, the great Theban who defended his country when environed by powerful foes, and was the most virtuous man of his age, so abhorred lying that he would never tell one even in jest. Imitate this great man and you may equal him in goodness, infinitely to be preferred to his greatness. I am too sick to continue this discussion, though I begin to hope I may live to see you, your dear mother, and our other sweet offspring."

THEODORIC LEE.

From Turk's Island, on his voyage to New Providence, he writes (8th of August, 1816): "Having this moment an opportunity to send to New York, I use it to repeat my love and prayers for his health and advancement in the acquisition of knowledge from its

foundation, not on the surface. This last turns man into a puppy, and the first fits him for the highest utility and most lasting pleasure. I requested you to write monthly to me, giving to me with clearness and brevity a narrative of your studies, recreations, and your relish for the occupations which employ you in and out of college. Never mind your style; but write your first impressions quickly, clearly and honestly. Style will come in due time, as will maturity of judgment. Above all things earthly, even love to the best of mothers and your ever-devoted father, I entreat you to cherish truth and abhor deception. Dwell on the virtues, and imitate as far as lies in your power, the great and good men whom history presents to our view.

" ' Minerva ! Let such examples teach thee to beware,
Against Great God thou utter aught profane ;
And if, perchance, in riches or in power
Thou shinest superior, be not insolent ;
For, know, a day sufficeth to exalt
Or to depress the state of mortal man.
The wise and good are by our God beloved,
But those who practice evil he abhors.'

"You have my favorite precept, instilled from your infancy by my lips, morning, noon and night, in my familiar talks with you, here presented to your mind in the purity and elegance of the Grecian tragedian [Sophocles]. You never, I trust, will forget to make it the cardinal rule of your life. It will, at least, arrest any tendency to imitate the low, degrading usage, too common, of swearing in conversation, especially with your inferiors. My miserable state of health improves by occasional voyaging in this fine climate, with the sage guidance of a superior physician to whom I am now returning."

"Caicos, 30th September, 1816.—I have been detained three months on my way to my Spanish doctor in Nassau, the chief town of Providence, where I hope to be partially restored or to die in the attempt; why, then, will you not give me the delight of reading your letters! Write, I entreat you, your thoughts just as they come, and in the order and fashion in which they arise. . . . Important as it is to understand nature in its range and bearing, it is

more so to be prepared for usefulness and to render ourselves pleasing by understanding well the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong, to investigate thoroughly the history of mankind, and to be familiar with those examples which show loveliness of truth, and demonstrate the reasonableness of our opinions by past events. Providence and justice manifest their excellence at all times and in all places; we are called to moralize daily, but we seldom turn to geometry; with intellectual nature we have constant intercourse, but speculations upon matter are rare, and when much at leisure, we know little of the skill of our acquaintance in astronomy, though we daily see him, but his integrity, his benevolence, his truth and prudence instantly appear. Read, therefore, the best poets, the best orators and the best historians; as from them you draw principles of moral truth, axioms of prudence, and material for conversation. This was the opinion of the great Socrates. He labored in Athens to turn philosophy from the study of nature to the study of life. He justly thought man's great business was to learn how to do good, and to avoid evil. Be a steady, ardent disciple of Socrates; and regard virtue, whose temple is built upon truth, as the chief good. I would rather see you unlearned and unnoticed, if virtuous in practice as well as theory, than to see you the equal in glory to the great Washington; but

MRS. S. PHILLIPS LEE.

virtue and wisdom are not opponents; they are friends and coalesce in a few characters such as his. A foolish notion often springs up with young men as they enter life, namely, that the opinion of the world is not to be regarded; whereas, it is the true criterion, generally speaking, of all things that terminate in human life. To despise its sentence, if possible, is not just; and if just, is not possible. So think now, and be confirmed as you advance. Tell me about my dear Smith and Robert: their genius, temper, their disposition to learn, their diligence, and perseverance in doing what is assigned to them. Tell me the whole truth; and be virtuous, which will render you happy."

The following, dated 9 February, 1817, is a Washington's Birthday letter: "My beloved Carter's letter of July 25th came to hand, not on the birthday of the great and good Washington, but in his birth month, and infused into his father's heart an overflow of delight, in defiance of the torturing pains of disease. Always dear to me, always the source of delicious anticipations, I see, from your first performance, ample evidence that my fond hopes will not be disappointed. Go on in the road of truth to the temple of virtue, where dwell her handmaids, modesty, temperance, benevolence, fortitude and justice. Fame in arms, or art, however conspicuous, is naught, unless bottomed on virtue. Think, therefore, of fame only as the appendage to virtue; and be virtuous, though poor, humble and scorned. Remember how often I have prayed you to imitate Epaminondas in his regard for truth, if you cannot aspire to follow him in his trail of true glory. He is my favorite Grecian; and next to him Aristides, whom you place as second to Alcibiades. To bring the reasoning home to you, your dearest mother is singularly pious from love to Almighty God and love of virtue, which are synonymous; not from fear of hell—a low, base influence. Your dear mother recalls to my mind our dear Anne, Smith, Robert, and my unknown. You ought to have said something of them all, their growth, their health, their amusements, their occupations, their progress in literature, their tempers as they open, and last, not least, their love and devotion to their good

mamma. . . . I cannot answer your query concerning Washington's charger (whether he was shot in his old age, as is said to be customary in England, or as some asserted Washington did with his war horse), nor withhold my admiration for your tender regard for useful animals, with gratitude to those from whom we have derived services. You know I am almost an Egyptian in my love for the cow and ox; yet after their daily service through life, after the third year, I always fatten, kill and eat them. The subject which you touch has been decided rather from feeling than judgment; we will discuss it when we meet. Your panegyric on Shakespeare is all just, but when you read the Athenian, Sophocles, you will find his superior, at least his equal, in all the requisites of tragedy.

"Eloquence is our first gift in civic walks, nor is it without great advantage in war. To be eloquent you must understand thoroughly your subject; out of the abundance of knowledge the tongue uttereth just ideas; voice, gesticulation, manner may be acquired with care, but knowledge cannot be acquired but by labor, and that by night as well as by day. In every distinguished character nature gives the turn and scope; art and study polish and spread. . . . Tell me in your reply what are your expenses *in toto*, designating every item and the sum it demands. Tell me your diversions, amusements and bodily exercises; whether at ball, long bullets, etc. The climate of Cambridge is much colder than that of your native country. How does it agree with you? Pray guard against cold; it is the stepping stone to other diseases; I repeat my entreaty to save yourself from its injuries, and I pray you also to cherish your health by temperance and exercise. It is hard to say whether too much eating or too much drinking most undermines the constitution; you are addicted to neither, and will, I am sure, take care to grow up free from both. Cleanliness of person is not only comely to all beholders, but is indispensable to sanctity of body. Trained by your best of mothers to value it, you will never lose sight of it. To be plain and neat in dress conforms to good sense and is emblematic of a right mind. Many

lads, who avoid the practices mentioned, fall into another habit which hurts only themselves and which certainly stupefies the senses—immoderate sleeping. You know how I love my children; and how dear Smith is to me. Give me a true description of his person, mind, temper and habits. Tell me of Anne; has she grown tall? And how is my last in looks and understanding? *Robert was always good*, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother. Does he strengthen his native tendency?"

From Nassau, 19 April, 1817: "I find your mind is charmed with eloquence, and I infer that the bar is the theatre selected for its display. The rank of men, as established by the concurrent judgment of ages, stands thus: heroes, legislators, orators and poets. The most useful and, in my opinion, the most honorable is the legislator, which so far from being incompatible with the profession, of law is congenial to it. Generally, mankind admire most the hero; of all, the most useless, except when the safety of a nation demands his saving arm. Confessedly, Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal stand on the summit, in the days of Greece and Rome. Much as the two first will be admired for their magnanimous conduct, and loved for their mental excellency, the correct mind can never applaud the object for which they wasted human life, and will ever mingle with its admiration, execrations bitter and degrading. Hannibal, whom I am inclined to consider the first soldier of the three, and whom I believe to be the equal of the other two in all the qualities which endear individuals to those around them, had a justifiable cause of war against the Romans. Their enmity to Carthage was known; and his father, as well as himself, and all other enlightened and honest Carthaginians, long before his crossing the Alps, had been convinced by past events that the safety of Carthage hung upon the humbling of Rome, which this prince of soldiers would have completely effected, had not Hanno's envy and malice, supported by his faction in the Senate, crossed and stunted all Hannibal's plans and means. It has ever been a cause of regret with me that the history of this superior man has never reached us.

We know him only from the records of his enemies; and these, notwithstanding Roman hatred and prejudice, leave him first of antiquity in cabinet and field. Polybius, being a Grecian, may be considered impartial; but his personal intimacy and almost dependence on Scipio Africanus may justly beget suspicion that he did not display candor on the virtues and exploits of Hannibal. Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, the second King of Rome, attract universal admiration as legislators; and how can Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal be compared with them in the promotion of human good —the only way in which man can, however humbly, imitate Almighty God and merit our love. Greece, before the grand military exploit of taking Troy, was, like the northern nations of Europe of that day, barbarous; but after their expedition against the Trojans their advance was rapid to the high reputation which they preserved until their subjugation by the Macedonians. Petty states, always fighting with each other, with Persia, or Philip, or Alexander, they nevertheless rose to the summit of improvement in the arts of peace and war; emphatically demonstrating that the constant exercise of the mind, struggling to maintain freedom and independence of the state, brings forth that superb display of genius which attains in a little time the highest rank in literature and the arts. This is not exemplified by Greece alone, for the same result was produced by the perpetual wars among the small states of Italy, until Rome succeeded in conquering all. In England, too, we find the same cause producing the same effect. During the civil wars, when the mind was in constant excitement, genius was resplendent, especially in enjoying the tranquillity of peace, which is always the case. Refer to the history of Charles I., the Protector, and Charles II.; again to James, and to the Revolution, which was achieved by his expulsion, and the elevation of William and Mary, when British liberty, always the first object of our British ancestors, was fully established. The extraordinary philosopher, Roger Bacon, a friar, flourished long before this period, having been born in 1214; but Francis, Lord Bacon, a man of singular mental powers, died not long before Charles' accession to

the throne, he was followed by Harvey, who was succeeded by Boyle, after whom came Sir Isaac Newton. In poetry Milton, Jonson, Waller, Denham, Otway and Dryden adorned the above-mentioned period. In our own day we have experienced the display of genius during the convulsions of France, begun for the purpose of ameliorating the political condition of the country; in which laudable work the virtuous Louis XVI. embarked with truth and zeal. Even our own country never exhibited such a display of genius before or since as she did during her eight years' war. It may therefore be considered as a truth demonstrated by the history of man, that a continuous and ardent excitement of the mind, especially in regaining lost or defending menaced rights, places man in that train of mind and body which brings forth the greatest display of genius; especially after the storm has subsided, and the mind, reposing with security in the sweets of tranquillity, meditates without fear."

"Nassau, June 18, 1817.—My dear Carter will receive this additional letter, though I never expected to write again from hence; this is, too, the day of the month when your dear mother became my wife, and it is not so hot in this tropical region as it was then at Shirley, though situated in the temperate zone. Since that happy day, marked only by the union of two humble lovers, it has become conspicuous as the day that our war with Great Britain was declared in Washington; and the one that sealed the doom of Bonaparte on the field of Waterloo. The British general, rising *gradatim* from his first blow struck in Portugal, climbed on that day to the summit of fame and became distinguished by the first of titles, 'Deliverer of the civilized world.' Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar, among the ancients; Marlborough, Eugene, Turenne and Frederick, among the moderns—opened their arms to receive him as a brother in glory. I scarcely believe that Hannibal and Frederick would claim him as theirs especially. There is a similitude in the leading circumstances of my three heroes: the first contended against Rome, the greatest nation then on earth; Frederick against Austria, in that day like Rome; and Wellington against France, the colossal power in late

days. The first and last fought, too, at the head of troops, partly their own countrymen and partly Spaniards; Frederick may be said to have commanded Prussians only, an advantage never to be doubted in war. Frederick and Wellington succeeded completely in their objects; Hannibal was lost because the Senator Hanno, great in influence in Carthage, withheld, more or less, supplies of men, money and munitions; preferring the gratification of his personal hatred to the prosperity of his country, which in the issue became ruined. The first two resembled each other in two points of character replete with weight in all affairs of man, viz., foresight and economy; Wellington certainly equals them in the first, and, for aught I know, may in the last. Both are essential to perfection, and the last is indispensable; as without it the first power penetrated must be crushed in its efforts for want of means, which the last affords in a constant adequate current. This admirable habit grows out of reflection and love of personal independence, and happy the youth, whether in high or low condition, who clings to it as his palladium. Frederick, whose character I so much admire, was remarkable for his frugality, or rather economy and assiduity. I wish to hold him up to your imitation. . . . He rose at four; went to bed at ten; was temperate in all things; he knew everything to be done; and saw everything done in due season. He was liberal in his gifts to the deserving, but he measured them by his fiscal ability and his fiscal wants; thus he never wanted money, never missed the opportunity of advancing his nation's prosperity because the means were not ready. He had early habituated himself to keep his wants within his means, and this habit became confirmed as he grew up, and adhered to him until his death. You may acquire the same; and in your little affairs, alike important to you as his great affairs were to him, it will be sure to produce the same effects. That it should begin at once, I learn by letters from your dear mother, is indispensable, as your expenses transcend your allowance. Do think seriously and constantly on this subject. Write to me frankly, and you shall hear from me in the spirit of love and desire to gratify all requisite claims."

"Nassau, 3 September, 1817.—My Dear Carter: I wrote a few days since to the care of Mr. Goddard, to tell you that my only chance of getting to the United States is in a vessel destined for Savannah, to sail in ten or fifteen days. I conclude to embrace the opportunity, *malgré* season and distance from home. Relieved much from my long torture of pain, my mind is refreshed, and I can calmly meet difficulty. You must write from Boston, under cover to Mr. Joseph Thorne, merchant, in Savannah; and detail to me your expenses, and the sum necessary to defray them. . . . Avoid debt, the sink of mental power and the subversion of independence, which draws into debasement even virtue, in appearance certainly, if not in reality. '*A man ought not only to be virtuous in reality, but he must also always appear so;*' thus said to me the great Washington. I have the following books for you, to be sent only when I have a sure conveyance: 'Newton's Principia,' 3 vols.; 'Asiatic Researches,' 5 vols., and 'Quintius Curtius,' the historian of Alexander Magnus; valuable all of them, and will I trust be prized by you, not because they come from me, but for their own superior worth. I hope and beg you will read well and speak better the French language. . . . Begin with a grammar, a dictionary, and two hours per day will give you the reading; a French family's acquaintance will give you the speaking. Farewell, my ever dear son."

As we have seen, General Lee determined, after spending nearly five years in the West Indies in vain hope of the restoration of his health, to return to Virginia; and, in January, 1818, took passage from Nassau in a homeward bound New England schooner. From the outset of the voyage, however, he grew rapidly worse. On nearing the United States coast, feeling that he could never reach his native State alive, he requested the captain of the vessel to land him at Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia. Here was the site of "Dungeness," the beautiful estate of his old commander and friend, General Nathaniel Greene, and the residence of the latter's married daughter, Mrs. James Shaw. The dying soldier was lovingly received at "Dungeness," and most tenderly cared for during the two months of his lingering agony. A characteristic

A SECTION OF JEFFERSON'S MAP OF VIRGINIA.

anecdote of this period survives. General Lee's sufferings were so great as to overcome at times his habitual amiability and self-control, and he would impetuously order everybody out of the room. Finally, "Mom Sarah," an old and esteemed negro servant who had been Mrs. Greene's favorite maid, was deputed to wait upon him. The first time she entered his room it was at an unpropitious moment. He ordered her out, and emphasized the peremptoriness of his order by hurling a boot at her head. Mom Sarah was astonished at such treatment, and promptly picked up the boot and hurled it back. The old warrior smiled grimly in the midst of his pain and anger, and from that moment to the day of his death would permit no one else to do him special service.

He died on the following 25th of March, and was buried at "Dungeness" with military and naval honors. Henry Lee and Nathaniel Greene, who in life rode boot to boot at the head of the army, sleep not far apart in their graves beneath the oaks, magnolias and myrtles on that fair island of the southern sea. The inscription upon Lee's gravestone is: "Sacred to the Memory of General Henry Lee, of Virginia. Obit March 25, 1818, Ætat 63." Forty years afterward the Legislature of Virginia passed resolutions providing for the transfer of the remains to Richmond, and the erection there of a suitable monument; but the outbreak of the Civil War prevented the accomplishment of this purpose. General Robert E. Lee several times visited his father's grave—the last time accompanied by his daughter Agnes, in the spring of the closing year of his life (1870), when he wrote to Mrs. Lee at home: "We visited Cumberland Island, and Agnes decorated my father's grave with beautiful fresh flowers. I presume it is the last time I shall be able to pay it my tribute of respect. The cemetery is unharmed and the graves are in good order, though the house of "Dungeness" has been burned and the island devastated."

Of General Henry Lee's four children by his first marriage, the first two sons died in childhood; the third son, Henry, was graduated at William and Mary College, served with credit in the war of 1812, was appointed by President Jackson Consul to Algiers in 1829,

wrote a life of Napoleon and other works, and died in Paris in 1837; the daughter married Bernard Carter, a brother of her stepmother. The children by his second marriage were, as previously mentioned: Algernon Sydney (who died at the age of eighteen months), Charles Carter, Sydney Smith and Robert Edward; and two daughters, Anne and Mildred. Charles Carter Lee was born at Stratford in 1798, died in 1871, and was buried at his home, "Windsor Forest," in Powhatan County. Carter Lee entered Harvard College in 1816, and was graduated second in his class in 1819. He possessed a mind of a very superior order, had a thorough classical education, a most retentive memory, and a keen wit. Being an omniverous reader, and a brilliant conversationalist, his society was most entertaining, and in consequence he was greatly sought after at all social gatherings. He was a lawyer by profession and practiced first at Washington City, then in Floyd County, Va., next in Mississippi, where he resided for several years; later he removed to Hardy County, and finally settled in Powhatan. Some verses of his, known as the "Virginia Georgics," written for the "Hole and Corner Club of Powhatan," were published by the club in 1858.

Sydney Smith Lee was born in 1802, and died in 1869. He was graduated at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and served with distinction in the United States navy for more than thirty years. He was promoted commander in 1850. In 1861 he resigned (was not "dismissed," as the official record has it, since no officer of the army or navy can be dismissed except upon the proper judgment of a court martial), to enter the service of the Confederate States. During the Mexican War Sydney Smith met his brother Robert at Vera Cruz. In a letter home the future general told of his brother's work in placing a battery in position, and added: "The first day this battery opened Smith served one of the guns. I had constructed the battery, and was there to direct its fire. No matter where I turned, my eyes reverted to him, and I stood by his gun whenever I was not wanted elsewhere. Oh! I felt awfully, and am at a loss what I should have done had he been cut down before me. I thank God that he was saved. He preserved his

usual cheerfulness, and I could see his white teeth through all the smoke and din of the fire. I had placed three thirty-two and three sixty-eight-pound guns in position. . . . Their fire was terrific, and the shells thrown from our battery were constant and regular discharges, so beautiful in their flight and so destructive in their fall. It was awful! My heart bled for the inhabitants. The soldiers I did not care so much for, but it was terrible to think of the women and children. . . . I heard from Smith to-day; he is quite well and recovered from his fatigue."

The younger daughter, Mildred, married Edward Vernon Childe, of Massachusetts, who removed to and lived in Paris, where she died. Their eldest son, Edward Lee Childe, wrote a life in French of his uncle, Robert E. Lee.

The elder daughter, Anne, married Judge William Marshall, who took sides with the Union when the war broke out; and their only son, educated at West Point, remained in the army of the United States. Of course the wife's sympathies during the struggle were bound to be with her husband and child. Yet, tortured with conflicting emotions, while joining with her husband in the hope that the Federal armies would gain victories, she would in the end annihilate all her previous expressions by shaking her head and saying: "But, after all, they can't whip Robert!" *

* "General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1894.

A GLIMPSE OF "DUNGENESS."

A Famous Southern Homestead and the Burial Place of "Light-Horse Harry Lee."

By Frederick A. Ober.

Pathetic picture: a Revolutionary hero, self-exiled, solitary; an American Ulysses, wandering for years in the West Indies, and returning to his native land only to die. This was the fate of "Light-Horse Harry Lee," Washington's best-beloved, who pronounced that most terse and glowing panegyric: "First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of his Fellow-Countrymen."

From Santo Domingo to the Bahamas, through that historic chain of islands made memorable by the discoveries of Columbus, and resting awhile at Nassau, General Henry Lee vainly pursued that *ignis-fatuus* of returning health and strength. At last, perceiving the futility of longer battling against the fates, he took passage in a vessel for the United States. In the month of January, 1818, a small schooner might have been seen skirting the eastern coast of Florida. It entered the inlet between the northernmost point of Florida and Cumberland, the southernmost island of Georgia, and, bearing up into the inland creek, left at the wharf a feeble, decrepit old man. A youth was playing beneath the live-oaks at the landing—Phineas Miller Nightingale, a grandson of the famous General Greene, the "Washington of the South." Calling him and learning his name, General Lee despatched him to his aunt, Mrs. Shaw, who then resided there, with the news of his arrival. "Tell her that the old friend and companion of General Greene has come to die in the arms of his daughter." This brief, pathetic message brought a carriage to the landing, and the aged general was taken to the mansion-house, where everything was

done for him that love and kindness could suggest. He lingered here, suffering intensely, for about two months, and then passed away, and was interred in the family cemetery, beneath the olive trees of "Dungeness."

It is a tradition of the family that the general's luggage, at the time of his arrival, consisted only of a small hair-covered trunk, studded with brass-headed nails. A thorough soldier, he traveled lightly equipped. It was a strange freak of fortune that brought to this spot one who was so intimately associated with its former owner, and inseparably linked in death the names of Greene and Lee, two of the ablest commanders of the Revolutionary War in the South.

A VIEW OF DUNGENESS.

It was immediately after the conclusion of the peace that General Greene obtained possession of the southern end of Cumberland Island, and designed here a retreat for the latter years of his life. He planned the house which was later constructed, lined out the avenues through the primitive forests of live-oak, and took a great interest in the work begun here; but which he was not destined to see consummated. He died in 1786, the very year in which the foundation walls of the mansion-house were laid.

Cumberland has an interesting history. It is a tradition that the Indian name was "Missoe," or beautiful island, but that it was

changed at the request of the chieftain in possession at the time of Oglethorpe's arrival, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland. The Englishman was so pleased at this evidence of good-will that he caused a hunting-lodge to be erected here and named it "Dungeness," after his country-seat of that name, on the Cape of Dungeness, County of Kent. From that time until the breaking out of the war, says the old record, "it was owned successively by peers of the British realm."

GRAVE OF "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY" DUNGENESS.

The island is eighteen miles in length, and from half a mile to three miles in breadth. It was mainly covered with forest; its live-oaks were celebrated for their great size and antiquity; and it is an interesting bit of history that the timbers of that gallant frigate, the *Constitution* (Old Ironsides), were obtained here, many of the stumps being visible twenty years ago. As the forests of Cumberland swarmed with deer, bear and 'possum, with innumerable raccoon prowling along

the immense marshes filled with delicious oysters, the island was the favorite place of abode of the Indians. After them, the slave population was enamored of its delightful climate, and the abundance of land and maritime supplies. The owners of "Dnugeness," after the war, could get rid of these slaves only by destroying their cabins and setting them incontinently adrift.

Cumberland was the scene of some sanguinary conflicts between General Oglethorpe and the Spaniards in 1742, one of the battle grounds being known to-day as "Bloody Marsh," and the remains of old Fort William existed as late as the beginning of this century. It was visited in 1770 by that famous naturalist, William Bartram, the father of American botany, and in 1786 became the property of the Greenes.

The general selected the site of "Dungeness," the mansion, which was erected upon one of those great mounds of shells, so common along our southern coasts, the product of Aboriginal industry. Its crown was leveled and terraced, and a building four stories in height was reared, containing four chimneys, sixteen fireplaces and twenty rooms above the first floor. The foundation walls were six feet in thickness, four feet thick above the ground and composed of a concrete of shells, lime and broken stone, locally known as "tabby." They became as hard and durable as rock itself, and, if the house had not unfortunately been destroyed by fire at the close of the late war, would be standing yet. The second story above the garden terrace contained the principal rooms; a wide hall ran through the centre. The room in the southeast corner was the drawing-room, immediately above which was the chamber occupied by General Lee during the period of his stay, and where he died.

Surrounding the mansion and enclosed within a wall of concrete, was a garden of twelve acres filled with flowers and fruits, many of them semi-tropical, such as orange, guava, citron, pomegranate, date and sago palm, clove, olive and myriads of rose trees. Near the garden and on a little tongue of land jutting out into the marsh was a grove of live-oaks hung with long, gray moss. This spot was called the park, and was a favorite resort of the dwellers in this

insular paradise in afternoon and evening. Near the park, at the time of the writer's visits, twenty years ago, was an immense clump of bamboo, said to have sprung from a single stalk brought here by General Lee on his arrival from the West Indies.

In front of the mansion stretched the vast salt marshes toward the inlet and the northern coast of Florida. Back of it the forest of oak, cedar and pine, through which, at one time, ran great avenues miles in length. The "Grand Avenue," running midway the island, once extended to High Point, eighteen miles away, with lateral roads to beach and bay. And then the beach of Cumberland, fully twenty miles in length, smooth and hard as a floor, three hundred feet in width, lying between the sand dunes and the foaming surf. While the forest once was alive with deer and the marshes with snipe and water birds, the ocean beach furnishes finest fishing. The sand dunes are dotted with grasses, like the "pampas," the feathery fox-tail and the sea-oats, while a barrier of Spanish bayonet intervenes between the beach and dunes, bearing its pyramids of snowy blossoms in the early spring.

ROADWAY TO THE OLD MANSION.

One is tempted to wander far along this sounding beach among the wind-hollowed dunes with their wealth of plants and shells; amid the forest with its moss-hung oaks covering several thousand

acres. But enough has been described to show that it was no ordinary estate that General Greene left to his wife and daughter when he died.

The family lived there many years, removing to "Dungeness" soon after the general's death. In the division of properties, "Dungeness" fell to Mrs. Shaw, his youngest daughter, who, dying childless, bequeathed it to her nephew, Phineas Miller Nightingale, whose wife was a daughter of Rufus King, one time governor of New York. The Nightingales lived there until the breaking out of the late war, maintaining an establishment celebrated even in times noted for profuse hospitality. After the war the abandoned house was set on fire by some negro refugees, and for years its ruins alone testified to the home which was once established here.

East of the garden, between it and the ocean beach, is the olive grove, the first trees of which were imported from Italy nearly one hundred years ago. In the southern corner of the olive grove, the trees overhanging it and surrounding it, is the family burial ground. Here we shall read the last memorial of that famous general who came here in his old age to die. Three tombs and three headstones indicate (at the time of General Robert E. Lee's last visit) at least six of the graves with which this quiet plot was filled. In one of them rests the widow of General Greene, as the inscription on the marble tells us: "In memory of Catharine Miller, widow of the late Major-General Nathaniel Greene, Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolutionary Army in the Southern Department in 1783, who died September 2d, 1814, aged 59 years. She possessed great talents and exalted virtues."

Phineas Miller, a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College, had been engaged by General Greene as tutor for his son; he managed his estates after the general's death and later married his widow.

He was at one time associated with Eli Whitney in the making and marketing of the cotton gin, and it is recorded that this, one of the greatest inventions of the eighteenth century, was perfected, if it did not have its inception, at "Dungeness," where Whitney was staying as a guest of the Millers.

Close to Mrs. Miller's tomb is that of her daughter, with this inscription: "Louisa C. Shaw, relict of James Shaw, Esq., and youngest daughter of Major General Nathaniel Greene, of the Army of the Revolution. Died at Dungeness, Georgia, April 24th, 1831, aged forty-five years."

And last of this group of marbles with distinguished names engraved theron, another stone: "SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. HENRY LEE, OF VIRGINIA. OBIT 25 MARCH, 1818, ÆTAT 63."

To this sacred spot, in after years, General R. E. Lee made several pilgrimages, once, at least, with his daughter; and it was he who placed the stone, with its simple inscription, at the grave.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, ON THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON, D. C.

Here Robert E. Lee was married to Mary Custis, June 30, 1831, and resided until the beginning of the Civil War, in April, 1861. The estate of Arlington is now a national cemetery; and the mansion, held by the United States Government, is unoccupied.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE:

His Birth, Childhood, Youth, Marriage—Life and Career to the Year 1859.

In November, 1865, General Robert E. Lee wrote from Lexington, Va., to an inquiring friend, the following letter: "My dear Sir: I received by the last mail your letter of the 13th inst., inquiring into my family history. I am a poor genealogist, and my family records have been destroyed, or are beyond my reach. But, as you 'insist' on my furnishing the information asked for, and desire it for your 'own private use,' I will endeavor to give you a general account. I am the youngest son of Henry Lee, of the Revolutionary War, who commanded Lee's Legion under General Greene in the Southern Department of the United States; and was born at Stratford, on the Potomac, Westmoreland County, Virginia, the 19th of January, 1807. My mother was Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Mr. Charles Carter, of Shirley, on James River. My father was twice married—first to Miss Lee and then to Miss Carter. 'Major Henry Lee,' of the War of 1812, of whom you inquire, was the only son of the first marriage, and consequently my half-brother. 'Charles Carter Lee,' of whom you also ask, and Sydney Smith Lee, are my full brothers. I had two sisters, Mrs. Anne R. Marshall and Mrs. C. Mildred Childe, neither of whom is living. The first left one son, Colonel Louis H. Marshall, of the United States Army, and the second a son and daughter, who reside in Europe. 'General Fitzhugh Lee' is the eldest son of my second brother, Sydney Smith Lee, who has five other sons. My eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, has also six children, the eldest of whom, George, is about eighteen years old. I have three sons, Custis, William H. Fitzhugh and Robert; and three daughters, Mary, Agnes and Mildred. My father died in 1818, my mother in 1829. My grandfather was Henry Lee, of Stafford County,

Virginia; my great-grandfather, Henry Lee, son of Richard Lee, who first came from England to America, and from whom the Southern Lees are descended. Richard Henry, Arthur, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, of the Revolution, were cousins of my father. 'John Fitzgerald Lee,' whom you mention, is the grandson of Richard Henry Lee. I believe I have answered all your questions, and must now express the pleasure I feel in learning that your ancestors were fellow-soldiers with mine in the great war of the Revolution. This hereditary bond of amity has caused me, at the risk of being tedious, to make to you the foregoing family narrative. I am also led by the same and other feelings to grieve with you at the death of your brave nephews who fell in the recent war. May their loss be sanctified to you and to their country! Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE."

MARTHA DANDRIDGE [CUSTIS] WASHINGTON.

It is evident from the above, and is indeed a well-known fact, that General Lee did not much occupy himself with the long and splendid line both of paternal and maternal ancestry upon which he might have looked back. The paternal side of this ancestry has been recounted in the preceding pages. The maternal side is not less

illustrious, for Anne Hill Carter, of Shirley, second wife of "Light-Horse Harry," and mother of Robert E. Lee, was an aristocrat of the bluest Virginia blood. She was a daughter of Anne Moore, and a great-granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, who fought with Marlborough at Blenheim, came to Virginia as colonial governor in 1710, and whose descent is traced in a direct line from King Robert the Bruce, of Scotland. A Virginia lady, prominently connected by marriage with the Lees, writes: "If General Lee owed his greatness to his father's blood, he owed his goodness to his mother's; for through many generations the Carters have been noted for purity and nobility of character."

MARTHA CUSTIS (MRS. WASHINGTON'S ONLY DAUGHTER).
From a miniature owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

As we have already seen, Robert Edward Lee was born at historic old Stratford, which estate had come into the possession of his father, General Henry Lee, by his first marriage. In 1811, however, when Robert was four years old, "Light-Horse Harry" removed to Alexandria for the benefit of his children's education. The family lived at first on Cameron Street, near the old Christ Church, then for a time on Orinoco Street, and finally in the house known as the parsonage. The father went to the West Indies for his health, remained there five years, and died in 1818, when young Robert was in his twelfth year. "Robert, who was always good," the dying general had written, "will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother." And this tender confidence in mother and son

was amply justified, from the first to the last. We are told, on intimate authority, that "from his excellent mother the boy learned at this early age to practice self-denial and self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns"—virtues which he retained unalterably throughout his life.

MARTHA CUSTIS, MRS. WASHINGTON'S DAUGHTER BY HER FIRST MARRIAGE, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

From a small portrait in oil, on copper—owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

This good mother was a great invalid; one of his sisters was delicate, and many years absent in Philadelphia, under the care of physicians. The oldest son, Carter, was at Cambridge; Sydney Smith in the navy, and the other sister too young to be of much aid in household matters. So Robert was the housekeeper, carried the keys, attended to the marketing, managed all of the outdoor business, and took care of his mother's horses. At the hour when the other school boys went to play he hurried home to order his mother's drive, and would there be seen carrying her in his arms to the carriage, and arranging her cushions with the gentleness of an experienced nurse. One of his relatives, who was often the companion of these drives, still lives. She tells us of the exertions he would make on these occasions to entertain and amuse his mother, assuring her, with the gravity of an old man, that unless she was cheerful the drive would not benefit her. When she complained of cold or "draughts" he would pull from his pocket a

great jack-knife and newspapers, and make her laugh with his efforts to improvise curtains, and shut out the intrusive wind which whistled through the crevices of the old family coach. When he left her to go to West Point his mother was heard to say: "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." Years after, when he came home from West Point, he found one of the chief actors of his childhood's drama—his mother's old coachman, "Nat"—ill and threatened with consumption. He immediately took him to the milder climate of Georgia, nursed him with the tenderness of a son, and secured him the best medical advice. But the springtime saw the faithful old servant laid in the grave by the hands of his kind young master.

JOHN CUSTIS, MRS. WASHINGTON'S SON, AS A CHILD.

From the original, by Price, owned by General G. W Custis Lee.

General Lee used to say that he was very fond of hunting when a boy; that he would sometimes follow the hounds on foot all day. This will account for his well-developed form, and for that wonderful strength which was never known to fail him in all the fatigues and privations of his after life.

In his latter years, when General Lee was in Alexandria, one of the old neighbors found him gazing wistfully over the palings of the garden in which he used to play. "I am looking," said he, "to see if the old snowball trees are still here. I should have been sorry to miss them."

One of his friends gives a remarkable incident (related in Miss Emily V. Mason's "Popular Life of General Lee") to show the influence which, even at this early day, his simple dignity and high sense of right exercised upon all who came in contact with him, the old as well as the young. Being invited during a vacation to visit a friend of his family, who lived in the gay, rollicking style, then but too common in old Virginia, he found in his host one of the grand old gentlemen of that day, with every fascination of mind and manner, who, though not of dissipated habits, led a life which the sterner sense of the boy could not approve. The old man shrunk before the unspoken rebuke of the youthful hero. Coming to his bedside the night before his departure, he lamented the idle and useless life into which he had fallen, excusing himself upon the score of loneliness, and the sorrow which weighed upon him in the loss of those most dear. In the most impressive manner he besought his young guest to be warned by his example, prayed him to cherish the good habits he had already acquired, and promised to listen to his entreaties that he would

COLONEL DANIEL PARKE (AIDE TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH). HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER, FRANCES, WAS MARRIED TO THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS.

From the original painting (much defaced) owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

change his own life, and thereby secure more entirely his respect and affection.

General Lee's recollections of his childhood home were always as vivid as they were tender and pleasant. To a young lady who made a sketch of his birthplace he wrote: "I have just received from Richmond the two photographic copies of your painting of Stratford. Your picture vividly recalls scenes of my earliest recollections and happiest days. Though unseen for years, every feature of the house is familiar to me."

MAJOR G. W. PARKE CUSTIS, MRS. WASHINGTON'S GRANDSON, AND FATHER OF MRS. ROBERT E. LEE.

From a miniature painted for and presented to General Lafayette, and after his death returned to Mrs. Mary Custis Lee.

His first teacher was Mr. W. B. Leary, an Irish gentleman, who seems to have been a fine scholar and an excellent teacher. There always existed a warm friendship between Mr. Leary and his distinguished pupil. After the close of the war he came to Lexington on a special visit to General Lee; and during his southern tour, the spring before his death, he came a long way to see him, and they had a most pleasant interview. Just after his visit to Lexington, the general wrote his old teacher: "Your visit has recalled to me years long since passed, when I was under your tuition and received daily your instruction. In parting from you I beg to express the gratitude I have felt all my life for the affectionate fidelity which characterized your teaching and conduct toward me. I pray that the evening of your days may be blessed with peace and tranquillity, and that a merciful God may guide

and protect you to the end. Should any of my friends, wherever your lot may be cast, desire to know your qualifications as a teacher, I hope you will refer them to me; for of them I can speak knowingly and from experience."

Under Mr. Leary's instruction he acquired that knowledge of the classics and fondness for them which surprised some of his friends who knew only of his military education.

JOHN CUSTIS, MRS. WASHINGTON'S SON AND AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Washington had four children by her first marriage; but the first two, Daniel and Fanny, died in infancy. This portrait is from a miniature owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

As soon as it was decided that he should go to West Point, he was sent to the school of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, who was for so many years a famous teacher in Alexandria, in order to perfect himself in mathematics. This gentleman, although espousing the Federal cause during the war, always spoke in enthusiastic terms of his painstaking, successful pupil.

Mr. Hallowell has left this memorandum: "Robert E. Lee entered my school in Alexandria, Va., in the winter of 1824–25, to study mathematics, preparatory to his going to West Point. He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind time at his studies, never failed in a single recitation, was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a neatness and finish to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate, and although he well

knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for the next, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed. The same traits he exhibited at my school he carried with him to West Point, where, I have been told, he never received a mark of demerit, and graduated at the head of his class."

NELLY CUSTIS, GRANDDAUGHTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

From the original pastel portrait, by Sharpless, now owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

General Lee entered West Point in 1825, and was graduated second (not first, as frequently stated) in his class, in 1829. "He had now," writes another famous West Pointer of the Lee family, "four years of hard study, vigorous drill, and was absorbing strategy and tactics to be useful to him in after years. His excellent habits and close attention to all duties did not desert him; he received no demerits; was a cadet officer in his class, and during his last year held the post of honor in the aspirations of cadet life—the adjutancy of the corps. He graduated second in a class of forty-six, and was commissioned second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. It is interesting to notice that his eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, also entered the Military Academy twenty-one years after his father, was also the cadet adjutant, graduated first in his class, and was assigned to the Engineer Corps. During his whole course at West Point Robert was a model cadet. His clothes looked nice and

new, his cross-belts, collar and summer trousers were as white as the driven snow mounting guard upon the mountain top, and his brass breast and waist plates were mirrors to reflect the image of the inspector. He conscientiously performed his tours of guard duty, whether the non-commissioned officer of the guard was approaching his post or sleeping in his quarters. He never 'ran the sentinel post,' did not go off the limits to the Benny Havens of his day, or put 'dummies' in his bed to deceive the officer in charge as he made his inspection after taps, and at the parades stood steady in line. It was a pleasure for the inspecting officer to look down the barrel of his gun, it was so bright and clean, and its stock was rubbed so as to almost resemble polished mahogany." *

Soon after his graduation he was summoned to the bedside of his mother, whom he nursed with the tenderest devotion—administering all of her medicine and nourishment with his own hands, and faithfully watching her waning strength—until her summons came, and he was deprived of the affectionate counsel of that one to whom he was accustomed to say he "owed everything." Much has been written of what the world owes to "Mary, the mother of Washington;" but it owes scarcely less to "Anne, the mother of Lee."

Lieutenant Lee, in 1831, two years after his graduation, married Mary Anne Randolph Custis, the only daughter of George Washington Parke Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh, his wife. Mary Custis was born at Arlington the 1st of October, 1808, and died at her home in Lexington the 5th of November, 1873.

Of Robert Lee's marriage, his nephew, General Fitzhugh Lee, says: "He was in love from boyhood. Fate brought him to the feet of one who, by birth, education, position and family tradition, was best suited to be his life companion. . . . They had known each other when she was a child at Arlington and he a young boy in Alexandria, some eight miles away. It is said she met and admired him when he came back to Alexandria on a furlough from the Military Academy. It was the first time anyone in that vicinity had seen him in his cadet uniform. He was handsomer than ever;

* "General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee, p. 23.

straight, erect, symmetrical in form, with a finely shaped head on a pair of broad shoulders. He was then twenty years old, and a fine specimen of a West Point cadet on leave of absence. The impressions produced were of an enduring nature, and the officer, upon graduation, followed up the advantage gained by the attractive cadet. G. W. P. Custis was the adopted son of Washington and the grandson of Mrs. Washington. Lee was, therefore, to marry a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and was a fortunate man, not so much, perhaps, from these ties, but because of the great qualities of head and heart possessed by Mary Custis, his affianced bride. It is difficult to say whether she was more lovely on that memorable June evening, when the Rev. Mr. Keith asked her, 'Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?' or after many years had passed, and she was seated in her large arm-chair in Richmond, almost unable to move from chronic rheumatism, but busily engaged in knitting socks for the sockless Confederate soldiers. The public notice of the marriage was short: 'Married, 30th June, 1831, at Arlington House, by the Rev. Mr. Keith, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, of the United States Corps of

MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS, NÉE CUSTIS (GRANDDAUGHTER OF MRS. WASHINGTON).

Engineers, to Miss Mary A. R. Custis, only daughter of G. W. P. Custis, Esq.' Beautiful old Arlington was in all her glory that night. The stately mansion never held a happier assemblage. 'Its broad portico and widespread wings held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guests. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comforts with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the patriots and heroes, and with illustrations and relics of the great Revolution and of the Father of his Country. Without and within history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvas as soft as a dream of peace.'"

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, GRANDSON OF MRS. WASHINGTON, AND FATHER OF MRS. ROBERT E. LEE.
From a miniature owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

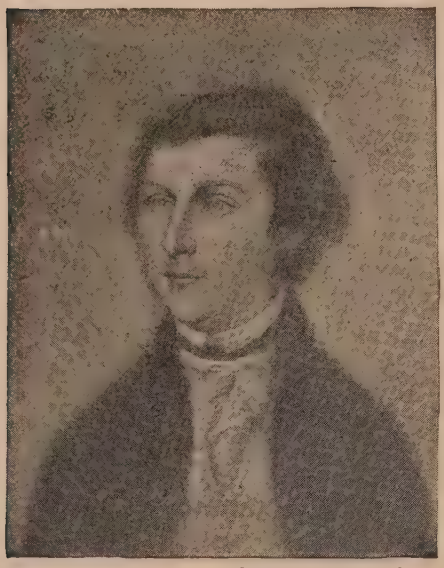
The bridal attendants, on this occasion, consisted of: first, Miss Catharine Mason and Lieutenant Sydney Smith Lee; second, Miss Mary Goldsborough and Lieutenant Thomas Kennedy; third, Miss Marietta Turner and Lieutenant Chambers; fourth, Miss Angela Lewis and Mr. Tillman; fifth, Miss Julia Calvert and Lieutenant Prentiss; sixth, Miss Britannia Peter and Lieutenant Thomas Turner. This wedding occurred before the fashion of "wedding trips" came into vogue; the festivities of the evening were concluded by a handsome supper, and were continued until the evening of the following Monday (the wedding took place on Thursday).

Thus, with his marriage, began Robert Lee's residence at "Arlington," which historic mansion was for thirty happy years his home, and where all his children were born. This marriage also added a family tie to the many associations connecting the names of Washington and Lee. The birthplace of George Washington,

on Pope's Creek, and "Stratford," the cradle of the Lees, are both in Westmoreland County, and but a short distance apart, on the right bank of the Potomac River, some twenty miles below the present National Capital. Washington's married life was passed at "Mt. Vernon," Lee's at "Arlington;" and dignified old Alexandria was the town of both. The Washington plate, pictures and family portraits from "Mt. Vernon" were handed down to the possession and care of Mary Custis Lee at "Arlington," and such of them as were saved from the looting of that place during the war remain to-day in the possession of her children. These relics include the precious portraits—some of them more defaced through the vicissitudes of later years than from a century or more preceding. In this connection, a brief sketch of the Custis family in Virginia, as set down in the elaborate genealogical work of Dr. Edmund Jenings Lee, may be appropriately inserted here.

John Custis, of Irish birth, came from Rotterdam to Virginia, and settled in Northampton County as early as 1640. He left six sons: Thomas, of Baltimore, Ireland; Edward, of London; Robert, of Rotterdam; John, William and Joseph, of Virginia. His son John was sheriff of Northampton in 1664, and "was an active, enterprising man, engaged in making salt on one of the islands; was foremost in all civil and ecclesiastical matters; was appointed, in 1676, during Bacon's rebellion, a major-general; was a true royalist; a law-and-order man; a great favorite of Lord Arlington in the time of Charles II.; he was twice married; his second wife was a daughter of Colonel Edmund Scarborough. He died at an advanced age, after having been full of labors through life." This John Custis was one of the vestry of Hungar's Parish, and "presented sets of heavy silver Communion service to both churches, upper and lower, of Northampton; and when the lower church was built, in 1680, near which was his residence, he promised to give the builder one hogshead of tobacco, or its equivalent, and thirty gallons of cider to put up for him the first pew (the best, I suppose) in the church." . . . "He had only one son, whom he named John. This John Custis had numerous children, whose descendants, together with

those of his uncle, William Custis, have filled the Eastern Shore with the name. His son John, being the fourth of the name, after being educated in England, received from his grandfather the Arlington estate. He was the John Custis who removed to Williamsburg and married the daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke and was the father of the Daniel Parke Custis who married Martha Dandridge. His tomb is at Arlington House, in Northampton, and the inscription is one of the curiosities of the Eastern Shore. It is plainly to be seen from it that he was not very happy in his matrimonial relations; for it says that he only lived seven years—those seven which he had spent as a bachelor at Arlington. His wife, it is to be feared, was too much like her brother and unlike her father." (Bishop Meade's "Old Churches, Families," etc.)



G. W. P. CUSTIS.
From a portrait in oil, by Price, owned by General G. W. Custis Lee.

The will of the "Honourable John Custis, Esq., of the City of Williamsburg and County of James City in the Colony of Virginia" (dated the 14th November, 1749, proved at London on 19th November, 1753), desired his executor to lay out £100 for a handsome tombstone of the best durable marble, "very decent and handsome to lay over my body, engraved on the tombstone my coat of arms, which are three parrots, and my will is that the following inscription may also be handsomely engraved on the said stone, vizt:

"'Under this Marble Stone lyes the Body of the Honourable John Custis Esquire of the City of Williamsburg and parish of Bruton, formerly of Hungar's Parish on the Eastern Shoar of Virginia and County of Northampton the place of his Nativity, Aged —[71] years and yet lived but seven years which was the space

of time he kept a Batchelors House at Arlington on the Eastern Shoar of Virginia. This Inscription put on this Stone by his own possitive Orders.' "

To insure faithful observance of his orders regarding his burial and the subsequent care of the tomb, he added: "And if my heir should ingratefully or obstinately refuse or neglect to comply with what relates to my Burial in every particular then I bar and cut him off from any part of my estate." He also left to "his dear friend Thomas Lee Esquire, if living at my death, £200 to buy him any one thing he has a mind to remember me." His son, Daniel Parke Custis, was named as sole legatee and executor.

MARY RANDOLPH CUSTIS, GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON, AND WIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

From the original painting, by permission of General G. W. Custis Lee.

"The following letter of young Custis to his intended bride, written a few months before their marriage, in which, according to the custom of the time, he calls her his 'Fidelia,' is a fair specimen of passionate love letters in the old colonial days. Its tone is quite different from that which characterizes the inscription upon his tomb, in which he so pointedly, though indirectly, affirms that his life, while he lived with his 'Fidelia,' was so unhappy that he considered it a blank in his existence:

"'Williamsburg, 4th February, 1705. May angels guard my dearest Fidelia and deliver her safe to my arms at our next meeting; and sure they won't refuse their protection to a creature so pure and charming, it would be easy for them to mistake her for

one of themselves. If you could but believe how entirely you possess the empire of my heart, you would easily credit me, when I tell you, that I can neither think nor so much as dream of any other subject than the enchanting Fidelia. You will do me wrong if you suspect that there ever was a man created that loved with more tenderness and sincerity than I do, and I should do you wrong if I could imagine that there ever was a nymph that deserved it better than you. Take this for granted, and then fancy how uneasy I am like to be under the unhappiness of your absence. Figure to yourself what tumults there will arise in my blood, what a fluttering of the spirits, what a disorder of the pulse, what passionate wishes, what absence of thought, and what crowding of sighs, and then imagine how unfit I shall be for

ROBERT E. LEE, LIEUTENANT OF ENGINEERS, AT THE DATE OF HIS MARRIAGE (1831).

From the original painting, by permission of General G. W. Custis Lee.

business; but returning to the dear cause of my uneasiness; O the torture of six months' expectation! If it must be so long and necessity will till then interpose betwixt you and my inclinations, I must submit, though it be as unwilling as pride submits to superior virtue or envy to superior success. Pray think of me, and believe that Veramour is entirely and eternally yours.'" ("Recollections of Washington," by G. W. P. Custis.)

"Fidelia" was Frances, eldest daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, whom he married in 1706. Mrs. Custis died after a short time of small-pox, leaving two children, a son, and a daughter. The father, "the Hon. Daniel Parke, whose name stands first, in 1674, on the list of the vestry of Bruton church, at Williamsburg, was from the county of Surrey, England. A tablet to his memory was placed in the first church at Williamsburg, and afterward transferred to the second. He appears to have been a man of worth and distinction. He married a Miss Evelyn. . . . It could be wished that the record of Daniel Parke, his son, whose name is also on the vestry book, were as worthy of notice. He was indeed more notorious than his father, but for other reasons." ("Old Churches, Families," etc.)

Colonel Parke, the elder, was Secretary of the Colonial Council; he died in 1679, and was buried at Williamsburg. The son, here referred to by Bishop Meade, was born in York County, Virginia; he married Jane, daughter of Governor Philip Ludwell by his first wife, Lucy, daughter of Robert Higginson (and widow successively of Major Lewis Burwell and Colonel William Bernard). This Daniel Parke, it is said, had a very violent temper and was of licentious habits, so much so that he was compelled to leave Virginia and settle in England; later, he was appointed an aide upon the staff of Marlborough and had the honor of conveying to London the news of the victory of Blenheim. Queen Anne rewarded him by the present of her miniature set with diamonds—which decoration appears on his breast in the contemporary portrait herewith reproduced (page 148). Through influence at Court, he was appointed governor of the Leeward Islands; while gallantly defending himself from a mob

there, he lost his life, 7th of December, 1710. He left two daughters; Frances married, as stated, John Custis; the other daughter, Lucy, married Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, and, curiously enough, she, too, died of small-pox, her death occurring at London, in 1716.

John and Frances (Parke) Custis had two children; the son, Daniel Parke Custis, "was born at 'Queene's Creek,' according to a record in the family Bible at Arlington, on the 15th of October, 1711. There is also a record there that 'Governor Spotswood, the Honourable William Byrd, Esqr., and Mrs. Hannah Ludwell, were godfathers and godmothers.'" In 1749, Daniel Parke Custis married the beautiful Martha Dandridge, daughter of John Dandridge, of New Kent County, and died in 1757, leaving four children—Daniel Parke, Francis Parke, John Parke and Martha Parke Custis. The two eldest died while young; Martha died at Mt. Vernon on the 19th of June, 1773. Mrs. Custis married George Washington on the 6th of January, 1759; she was born in May, 1732, and died, at Mt. Vernon, the 22d of May, 1802.

John Parke Custis was, therefore, the only child of this marriage to leave issue. He was born at the "White House," on the Pamunkey River, in New Kent County, in 1753; died at Eltham, the residence of his maternal uncle, Burwell Bassett, on the 5th of November, 1781. He had married, on the 3d of February, 1774, Eleanor, the second daughter of Benedict Calvert, of "Mt. Airy," Prince George's County, Md., a son of Charles Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore, and great-grandson of Benedict Calvert, fourth Lord Baltimore, who married, in 1698, Lady Charlotte Fitzroy, daughter of Edward Henry Lee, first Earl of Litchfield.* The young couple lived for some time at Mt. Vernon, and then moved to Abingdon, on the Potomac, a short distance above Alexandria, where their three older children were born. It is said that Eleanor Calvert was only sixteen at the time of her marriage; nor was the husband much older, having not yet reached his twentieth year. On the 3d of April, 1773, General

*Sir Edward Henry Lee, of Ditchley, was created Earl of Litchfield in 1674; he was descended from the Lees of "Quarrendon," and was not, so far as known, in any way related to the Lees of Shropshire, from whom those of Virginia are descended.

Washington wrote to Mr. Calvert, entering a protest against the union of the young people: "My son-in-law and ward, Mr. Custis, has, as I have been informed, paid his addresses to your second daughter, and, having made some progress in her affections, has solicited her in marriage. How far a union of this sort may be agreeable to you, you can best tell; but I should think myself wanting in candor, were I not to confess that Miss Nelly's amiable qualities are acknowledged on all hands, and that an alliance with your family will be pleasing to his. This acknowledgment being made, you must permit me to add, sir, that at this, or in any short time, his youth, inexperience and unripened education are, and will be, insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage. . . . It may be expected of me, perhaps, to say something of property; but to descend to particulars, at this time, may seem premature. In general, therefore, I shall inform you that Mr. Custis's estate consists of about fifteen thousand acres of land, a good part adjoining the city of Williamsburg, and none of it forty miles from that place; several lots in the said city; between two and three hundred negroes; and about eight or ten thousand pounds upon bond, and in the hands of his merchants. This estate he now holds, independent of his mother's dower, which will be an addition to it at her death; and, upon the whole, it is such an estate as you will readily acknowledge ought to entitle him to a handsome portion with a wife."

In spite of Washington's protest the young couple had their way, and were married the next year. Their union was very brief, for Mr. Custis died in 1781, leaving four young children. His widow remarried, taking for her second husband Dr. David Stuart, and died the 28th of April, 1811, having had seven children by her second husband. Mr. Custis's children were: Elizabeth Parke, born the 21st of August 1776; she married a Mr. Law. Martha Parke, born the 31st of December, 1777; married early in life Mr. Thomas Peter. Eleanor Parke, born the 21st of March, 1779. "Nelly Custis," as she has always been known, was a great beauty, and much of a favorite with her stepfather. She married on 22d of February, 1799, Lawrence Lewis, a favorite nephew of the general's,

being a son of Fielding Lewis and Elizabeth Washington. Their fourth child was George Washington Parke Custis, who was born at "Mt. Airy" on the 30th of April, 1781, six months before the death of his father. General Washington, immediately on hearing of the death of the father, said: "I adopt the two younger children as my own," and "Mt. Vernon" was thereafter their home. Mr. Custis has always been known as "the child of Mt. Vernon," and it has been said that his "grandmamma always spoiled" him. After the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802, Mr. Custis moved to "Arlington," opposite Washington, which mansion he built and named after the older Custis mansion in Northampton County, on the Eastern Shore. He married, in 1806, Mary Lee, daughter of Colonel William and Anne (Randolph) Fitzhugh, of "Chatham," and had four children, only one of whom survived infancy. This daughter, Mary Anne Randolph Custis, married Robert E. Lee, as stated. Mrs. Custis was born the 22d of April, 1788, and died the 23d of April, 1853. Mr. Custis died the 10th of October, 1857, "known and honored by his fellow-countrymen. His departure awakened profound regret." They were buried in a beautiful grove near the Arlington House, where their remains still rest. Of Mrs. Custis, everyone who knew her has spoken in the highest terms. Bishop Meade wrote: "But I must not lay down my pen, though my heart bleed at its further use, without the tribute of affection, of gratitude and reverence to one who was to me as a sister, mother and faithful monitor. Mrs. Mary Custis, of "Arlington," the wife of Mr. Washington Custis, the grandson of Mrs. General Washington, was the daughter of Mr. William Fitzhugh, of "Chatham." Scarcely is there a lady in our land more honored than she was, and none more loved and esteemed. For good sense, prudence, sincerity, benevolence, unaffected piety, disinterested zeal in every good work, deep humility and retiring modesty, I never knew her superior."

For many years Mr. Custis dispensed a generous hospitality at "Arlington," his visitors being very numerous, consisting of the most distinguished Europeans and Americans of his time. The mansion at "Arlington" was stored with the most precious relics of the

"Pater Patriæ," some of which are yet in the possession of the family, but many of them were stolen from the house in the early days of the late Civil War. The few relics that were overlooked by individual depredators were seized by government officials as the rightful spoils of war, and are still exhibited in the National Museum at Washington, labeled "Taken from Arlington." "Probably Washington hardly anticipated," remarks the author of "Lee of Virginia," "that the time would ever come when the government he had done so much to establish would 'take' the heirlooms he had bequeathed to his adopted son. On this subject General Lee wrote to a member of Congress, under date of 12th of February, 1869: 'Mrs. Lee has determined to act upon your suggestion, and apply to President Johnson for such of the relics from Arlington as are in the Patent Office. From what I have learned, a great many things formerly belonging to General Washington, bequeathed to her by her father, in the shape of books, furniture, camp equipage, etc., were carried away by individuals, and are now scattered over the land. I hope the possessors appreciate them, and may imitate the example of their original owner, whose conduct must at times be brought to their recollection by these silent monitors. In this way they will accomplish good to the country.' Later, when Mrs. Lee's application had been refused, and styled by a committee of Congress as 'an insult to the loyal people of the United States,' the general wrote: 'Had I conceived the view taken by Congress I would have endeavored to have dissuaded Mrs. Lee from applying for them. It may be a question with some whether the retention of these articles is more "an insult," in the language of the Committee on Public Buildings, "to the loyal people of the United States" than their restoration; but of this I am willing that they should be the judge; and, since Congress has decided to keep them, she must submit.'"

The children of Robert Lee and Mary Custis were seven in number, as follows: George Washington Custis, born September 16, 1832; Mary Custis; William Henry Fitzhugh, born May 31, 1837, died October 15, 1891; Annie Carter, born June 18, 1839, died

October 20, 1862; Eleanor Agnes, born 1842, died October 15, 1873; Robert Edward, born October 27, 1843; Mildred Childe.

General Lee always loved children, and they loved him with that responsive, discerning and trustful affection which is the never-failing prerogative of ardent, youthful hearts. The whole story of his life is thickly gemmed with instances and anecdotes of this charming sympathy with childhood in general; while the many missives, by turns playful, affectionate, earnest and helpful-wise, which he wrote at various times to his own sons and daughters can only be compared to those "letters of love and wisdom" which constitute so lasting a memorial of his own illustrious father. Dr. J. William Jones, of Lexington, Va., who was an army chaplain with General Lee during the war, and who, in 1875, published a volume of invaluable "Personal Reminiscences," gives the following beautifully characteristic incident: Lee, accompanied by one of his little sons, was one day walking out in the snow, at Arlington. The boy lagged behind, and, looking over his shoulder, the father saw him imitating his every movement, with head and shoulders erect, and stepping exactly in his own footprints. "When I saw this," related General Lee, years afterward, "I said to myself: It behooves me to walk very straight, when this little fellow is already following in my tracks."

The letters from which extracts are to follow in this present chapter were written within the period of 1837–57, the first of which two decades embraces the Mexican war, the only important event of historical significance marking General Lee's career during the first fifty years of his life. The years following his marriage, in 1831, up to the time specified, may be briefly outlined. For four years Lieutenant Lee, as assistant engineer at Hampton Roads, was occupied upon the defensive works of the harbor which, at a later period, it was his destiny to attack. From there he was ordered to Washington; and, seven years from his graduation at West Point, he was promoted to a captaincy. In 1835 he was made assistant astronomer of the commission surveying the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan. In 1837 he was sent to St. Louis to look after

the levees and general improvement of the Mississippi River channel, which duty he performed with a distinction foreshadowing the future great engineer of the defence of Richmond, and with the unfailing eye of genius for "positions" on the fields of war. Finally, in the important work of coast and harbor defence, Captain Lee was stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York Bay, from which position General Winfield Scott summoned him, at the outbreak of the Mexican war, to an important position upon his personal staff. Meanwhile, Captain Lee had become, in 1844, a member of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy, and, in 1845, a member of the Board of Engineers. When General Scott began the siege of Vera Cruz, he drew upon the War Department for the most capable engineers the service could afford, engaging in this branch, besides Lee, such officers as Totten, J. L. Smith, Beauregard, McClellan, Foster, Tower, Stevens, G. W. Smith and others subsequently famous. The well-known admiration of Scott for Lee dates from this period, and the former's autobiography, where it touches the Mexican war, mentions "Captain Lee, of the Engineers," in almost every report, and everywhere with warm commendation. He appears to have summoned this young officer to the important councils of war, and alludes particularly to that held at Vera Cruz—so serious an affair that "a deathbed discussion could hardly have been more solemn." After Cerro Gordo, Scott writes, in his official report of the battle: "I am compelled to

ROBERT E. LEE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SECOND CAVALRY, 1855.

make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was again indefatigable during these operations, in reconnoissance as daring, as laborious, and of the utmost value." After Chapultepec: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders for me (September 13), until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries."

MARTHA DANDRIDGE [CUSTIS] WASHINGTON.

These records amply confirm the statement of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, that he "had heard General Scott more than once say that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee." General Fitz Lee remarks, in this connection: "An examination of his career in Mexico will show that the flanks of the hostile army were his favorite points of reconnoissance. If they could be successfully turned, victory would save human life; a reference to his campaigns when he afterward became an army commander, will show that the flanks of his enemy were still objects of his greatest attention."

For these services Lee received steady promotion. For meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo, he was made brevet-major; for the same at Contreras and Churubusco, brevet-lieutenant-colonel; and after Chapultepec he received the additional brevet of colonel. At

the same time many young subordinate officers were winning their spurs, fighting under a common flag with the same zeal and valor that subsequently distinguished them when divided against one another. Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, then twenty-five years old, was with General Zachary Taylor at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey; and with Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. There, too, were George Gordon Meade, George B. McClellan, Irvin McDowell, George H. Thomas, Joseph Hooker, John Sedgwick, Gideon J. Pillow, Ambrose E. Burnside and Winfield Scott Hancock. Among the future Confederate generals we find Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, John B. Magruder, James Longstreet, Richard S. Ewell, Ambrose P. Hill and Jubal Early.

MRS. ROBERT E. LEE,—ARLINGTON, 1857.

Chaplain Jones, in his volume of personal reminiscences, illustrates General Lee's firmness and perseverance in carrying out his purposes, by two incidents of the Mexican campaign, both related by the general himself, though, of course, with a very different bearing from that in which they serve here.

Not very long before the battle of Buena Vista, General Wool was in doubt as to the movements of the enemy, and found it very difficult to get reliable information. One evening he received the most positive assurances that Santa Anna, with an immense army, had crossed the mountain and was encamped only twenty miles off.

Captain R. E. Lee happened to be present, and at once volunteered to ascertain the truth of the report. His offer was gladly accepted, and he was directed to secure a guide, take a company of cavalry, which would meet him at the outer picket-line, and proceed at once on the scout. Securing, after a good deal of difficulty, a young Mexican who knew the country, Captain Lee quietly showed him his pistols, and told him to expect their contents if he played false. By some means he missed the picket post, and consequently his cavalry escort, and found himself, before he was aware of it, some miles beyond the American lines with no company but his guide. To go back might make it too late to accomplish the scout during the night, and he determined to dash on. When within five miles of the point at which the enemy were reported, he discovered by the moonlight that the road was filled with tracks of mules and wagons, and, though he could see no artillery tracks, he concluded that they had been obliterated by the others, and that these were certainly the traces of a large force that had been sent forward to forage, or to reconnoitre, and had now returned to the main army. Most officers, even the most daring, would have returned upon these evidences of the truth of the first information that had been received; but Captain Lee determined to go on until he came to the enemy's picket posts. To his surprise, he did not encounter any pickets, and had concluded that he had somehow missed them as he had his own, and had gotten unawares within the Mexican lines, when this opinion was confirmed by coming in sight of large camp fires on a hillside, not far in front of him. His guide, who had been for some time very much alarmed, now begged piteously that he would go back, saying that there was a stream of water just at that point, and he knew that it was Santa Anna's whole army, and that to go on would be certain capture and death. But Captain Lee determined to have a still nearer view, and, allowing the guide to await him at this point, he galloped forward. As he came nearer, he saw what seemed to be a large number of white tents gleaming in the moonlight; and, encountering no pickets, he rode through the little town, and down to the banks of the stream, on the opposite

side of which he heard loud talking and the usual noise incident to a large camp. Here he discovered that his "white tents" were an immense *flock of sheep*, and that the supposed army was simply a large train of wagons and a herd of cattle, mules, etc., being driven to market. Conversing with the teamsters and drovers, he ascertained that Santa Anna had not crossed the mountains; and galloped back to relieve his guide, and still more his friends at head-quarters, who were having the most serious apprehensions concerning his safety. "But," said General Lee, "the most delighted man to see me was the old Mexican, the father of my guide, with whom I had been last seen by any of our people, and whom General Wool had arrested and proposed to hang if I was not forthcoming." Notwithstanding he had ridden forty miles that night, he only rested three hours before taking a body of cavalry with which he penetrated far beyond the point to which he had before gone, and ascertained definitely the position, force, etc., of the enemy. Soon after this he joined General Scott, and entered upon that brilliant career which illustrated every step of the progress of the American army in its march to the City of Mexico.

At the siege of Vera Cruz, Captain Lee was ordered to throw up such works as were necessary to protect a battery which was to be manned by the sailors of a certain man-of-war, and to use these gallant tars in constructing the work. The time being short, the young engineer pushed on the work very rapidly, and the sons of Neptune began to complain loudly. "They did not enlist to dig dirt, and they did not like to be put under a 'land-lubber,' anyhow." At last the captain of the frigate, a thorough specimen of a United States naval officer in the palmy days of the service, came to Captain Lee and remonstrated, and then protested against the "outrage" of putting his men to digging dirt. "The boys don't want any dirt to hide behind," said the brave old tar, with deep earnestness and not a few expletives; "they only want to *get at the enemy;* and after you have finished your banks we will not stay behind them, we will get up on top, where we can have a fair fight." Captain Lee quietly showed his orders, assured the old salt that he meant

to carry them out, and pushed on the work, amid curses both loud and deep.

Just about the time the work was completed, the Mexicans opened upon that point a heavy fire, and these gallant sons of the sea were glad enough to take refuge behind their despised "bank of dirt," feeling very much like the ragged Confederate who said one day, as the bullets flew thick against a pit which he had dug the night before, "I don't begrudge now nary cupful of dirt I put on this bank!" Not long afterward the gallant captain, who, by the way, was something of a character, met Captain Lee, and, feeling that some apology was due him, said: "Well! I reckon you were right. I suppose the dirt *did* save some of my boys from being killed or wounded. But I knew that we would have no use for dirt-banks on ship-board; that there, what we want is clear decks and an open sea. And the fact is, captain, I don't like this land-fighting, anyway—*it ain't clean!*"

When the Mexican war ended, Lee returned to his former duties in the Engineer Corps of the U. S. A., and was placed in charge of the works, then in process of construction, at Fort Carroll, near Baltimore. In 1852 he was made Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he spent the next three years improving the drill, discipline and studies of the embryo army officers.

In 1855 Robert Lee was called for the first time to command soldiers—his duties hitherto had been those of military engineer, astronomer or staff-officer. The Act of Congress directing that two new cavalry regiments should be raised excited an ardent desire in the officers of the army to receive appointments in them, and they became the *corps a'élite* of the army. Lee was transferred from his place of engineer to the post of lieutenant-colonel in the Second Cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was the colonel in command. The headquarters of the Second Cavalry were established at Louisville, Ky., where Lieutenant-Colonel Lee took command in April, 1855. Subsequently he was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri. In the latter part of the following year, 1856, the

ROBERT E. LEE AT THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

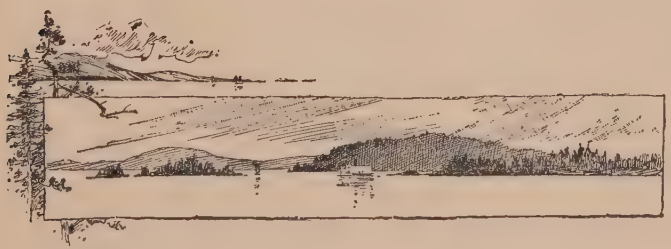
regiment, under the command of Colonel Johnston, was transferred to western Texas, for frontier duty, and remained there for some years. Lee does not again emerge into public notice until 1859. The excerpts from his letters, which here follow, are sufficiently explained by their dates, in conjunction with the foregoing.

Under date of October 16, 1837, he thus writes from St. Louis to his wife: "The improved condition of the children, which you mention, was a source of great comfort to me; and as I suppose, by this time, you have all returned to Arlington, you will be able to put them under a proper restraint, which you were probably obliged to relax while visiting among strangers, and which that indulgence will probably render more essential. Our dear little boy seems to have among his friends the reputation of being hard to manage—a distinction not at all desirable, as it indicates self-will and obstinacy. Perhaps these are qualities which he really possesses, and he may have a better right to them than I am willing to acknowledge; but it is our duty, if possible, to counteract them and assist him to bring them under his control. I pray God to watch over and direct our efforts in guarding our dear little son, that we may bring him up in the way he should go. . . . Oh, what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children! Nothing can compensate me for that; still I must remain here, ready to perform what little service I can, and hope for the best."

While on his way to the West, two years later, he wrote Mrs. Lee: "After leaving Staunton I got on very well, but did not reach Guyandotte till Sunday afternoon, where, before alighting from the stage, I espied a boat descending the river, in which I took passage to Cincinnati. . . . You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary."

After his brilliant career in Mexico, he returned to the States, and found his chief joy in the bosom of his family. His stay at West Point as its superintendent was pleasant on account of the opportunity it afforded him of seeing more of his family, and his only regret at being ordered in February, 1856, to the rough service

of the frontier seems to have been the fact that he would thus be far distant from his loved ones. The following is a pleasing insight into his feelings as he thought of home in his far-off field of duty: "Fort Brown, Texas, December, 1856. . . . The time is approaching, dear M——, when I trust that many of you will be assembled around the family hearth of dear 'Arlington' to celebrate another Christmas. Though absent, my heart will be in the midst of you. I shall enjoy in imagination and memory all that is going on." Then, at the close of a letter from Fort Brown, December 27, 1856, he wrote: "I hope you all had a joyous Christmas at 'Arlington,' and that it may be long and often repeated. I thought of you and wished to be with you. Mine was gratefully but silently passed. I endeavored to find some presents for the children in the garrison, and succeeded better than I anticipated. . . . Tell M—— I found a beautiful Dutch doll for little Emma, one of those crying babies that can open and shut their eyes; for two others, handsome French teapots to match their cups. Then, with knives and books, I satisfied the boys. After this, went to church; then, by previous invitation, Major Thomas and I dined with the clergyman, Mr. Passmore, on roast turkey and plum pudding. God bless you all!"



GENERAL LEE IN WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST, 1861.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Events of the Years 1859-'62—Beginning of the Secession War—Lee's Resignation from the United States Army—Appointment to the Command of the Confederate Army of Virginia—West Virginia Campaign—Southern Coast Defences—Defence of Richmond.

". . . Holding the converse with a conviction as firm as an article of religious faith, I see too clearly to admit of denial that minds of the highest order of intellect, and hearts of the purest integrity of purpose, have been brought to different conclusions."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *in a Debate upon States rights under the Constitution.*

By a singular chance, it befell that the last important duty performed by Colonel Robert E. Lee as an officer in the Army of the United States, was in connection with a dramatic event which might be called the *lever de rideau* of the Civil War. This event was none other than the John Brown "raid" at Harper's Ferry. Brown struck his blow for the liberation of the negro slaves on Sunday, the 16th of October, 1859. At that moment Colonel Lee was in Washington—or, rather, at Arlington—having come home on a furlough from Texas in order to settle up the estate of his deceased father-in-law, John Parke Custis, who had made him his sole executor. Upon receipt of the startling news of the "insurrection" at Harper's Ferry, the Secretary of War cast about hurriedly for a competent and experienced officer to stamp out the revolt and regain possession of the United States Arsenal, which had been captured by John Brown's men. Colonel Lee was naturally the first choice for this hazardous undertaking; and, receiving his orders, with a battalion of marines from the Navy Yard and the regular troops from Fortress Monroe placed at his service, he proceeded promptly to the scene of trouble. Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, of the First Cavalry, accompanied him as aide-de-camp. Arriving at Harper's

Ferry they found John Brown and his band, with a number of citizens captured and held as hostages, besieged in the fire-engine house attached to the arsenal, and holding at bay the local militia. The scene that followed is shown in the accompanying illustration, from the original contemporary sketch by Mr. A. Berghaus. The account given by a special correspondent says: "When preparations had been completed by Colonel Lee for assaulting the insurgents in the engine-house where they had taken shelter, Lieutenant Stuart, aid to Colonel Lee, proceeded with a flag of truce to consult on the terms of surrender. Brown proposed that he and his men should be permitted to leave with their arms, etc., and carry their prisoners, Messrs. Washington, Dangerfield, Mills and others, as far as the second lock in the canal, where he would release the prisoners; after which, if the troops chose to attack him, he would be ready to fight. This was his ultimatum. Lieutenant Stuart responded that an unconditional surrender would be demanded, in which case Brown and his men would be protected until the President of the United States could be heard from. This being declined the marines were ordered up, and bravely did their duty." They battered down the doors of the engine-house, captured John Brown and his followers, and sent them to Charlestown, where they were tried, condemned and executed in the month of December following.

COL. ROBERT E. LEE IN 1859.
From a daguerreotype.

Colonel Lee's views upon slavery, then and always, were the same held by representative Virginians and thoughtful Southern men generally, since Washington and Jefferson. These views are expressed clearly enough in a letter of his to Mrs. Lee, written from Fort Brown, Texas, in December, 1856—before the war-clouds had begun to gather. He says: "The steamer brought the President's message to Congress and the reports of the various heads of the departments,

UNITED STATES MARINES, UNDER COMMAND OF COLONEL ROBERT E. LEE, STORMING JOHN BROWN'S "FORT," AT HARPER'S FERRY, OCTOBER 16, 1859.

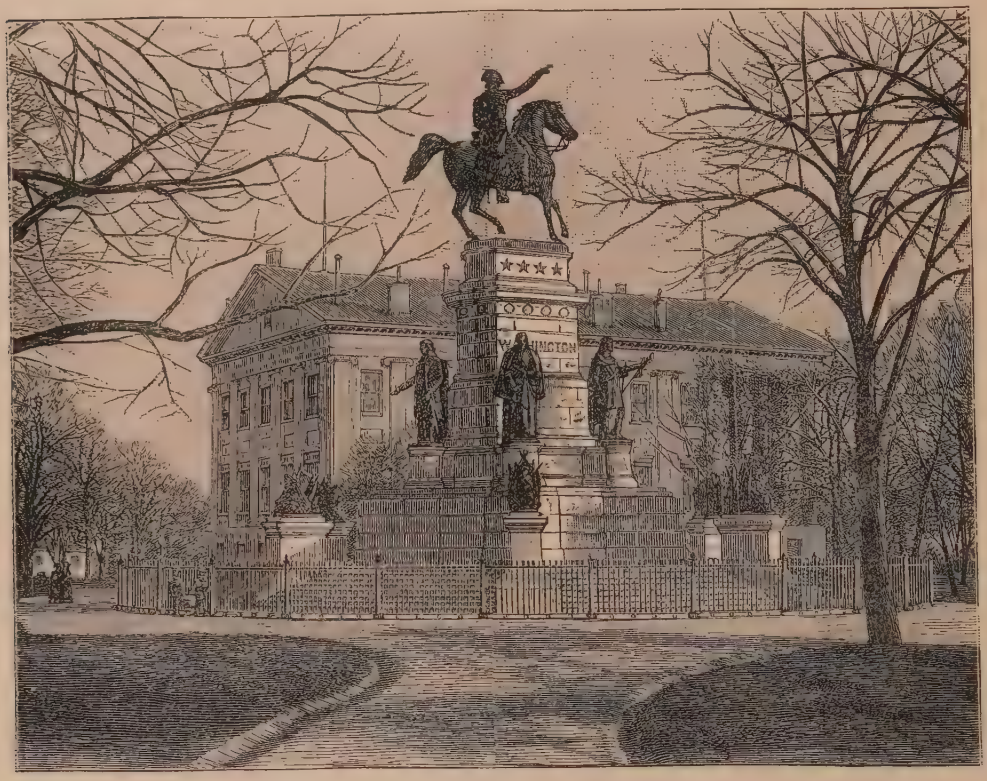
so that we are now assured that the Government is in operation and the Union in existence. Not that I had any fears to the contrary, but it is satisfactory always to have facts to go on; they restrain supposition and conjecture, confirm faith, and bring contentment. I was much pleased with the President's message and the report of the Secretary of War. The views of the President on the domestic institutions of the South are truthfully and faithfully expressed. In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it, however, a greater evil to the white than to the black race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are strongly for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race, and, I hope, will prepare and lead them to better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a wise and merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from a mild and

ROBERT E. LEE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF SECOND CAVALRY, FORT BROWN, TEXAS, 1860.

melting influence than the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of final abolition of slavery is onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are as but a single day; although the abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; and if he means well to the slave he must not create angry feelings in the master. That although he may not approve of the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will never be the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove their conduct. Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve the freedom of their opinion have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?"

CAPTAIN SYDNEY SMITH LEE, C. S. N.—(BROTHER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, AND FATHER OF GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.)

After the Harper's Ferry episode, Colonel Lee went back to his post in Texas, where he remained until called to Washington in February, 1861, there to be confronted with the great crisis of his life. The political volcano had burst, and the country seethed with contending passions. The hot strife of discussion raging on the floor of Congress was about to give place to the clash of arms on



THE CAPITOL AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.
From a photograph by Cook.

the battlefields of civil war. The election of Abraham Lincoln, the nominee of the Republican party, had determined the Gulf States to withdraw from the Union. South Carolina's secession, on the 20th of December, 1860, was immediately followed by that of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. In the early part of February, 1861, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, was

elected President of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, Ala. Fort Sumter was fired upon and surrendered to General Beauregard on April 13, 1861. The following day, April 14, President Lincoln proclaimed the Gulf States in rebellion, and called for troops to enforce the Federal authority. Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina joined the Confederacy; and finally, on the 17th of April, the Ordinance of Secession was passed by the Virginia Convention. The next day Robert Lee held his last and memorable interview with his old commander, General Winfield Scott.

COLONEL RICHARD HENRY LEE, C. S A. (NEPHEW OF "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY," AND FIRST COUSIN TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE).

Lee's summons to Washington, in February, had been for the sittings of a board of officers convened to revise the regulations of the army. On his journey north he had not failed to observe the signs indicating the inevitable conflict. He expressed his apprehensions to General Scott at their first interview, and said that in the event of a civil war his own position would become one of extreme delicacy. General Scott

endeavored to reassure him; and there does not appear to have been any further communication between these two officers until the commencement of actual hostilities, when Lee was informally tendered the command of the army of the United States in the field.

The mutual manly friendship and soldierly admiration subsisting between Lee and his veteran commander is a familiar matter of history, and has been already indicated in the present record. General Winfield Scott was himself a Virginian; but, after more than fifty years' continuous service in the United States Army, he did not feel that he could return to his mother State in the moment of her secession. His unalterable belief in Robert E. Lee he had never missed an opportunity of showing since the beginning of the Mexican War. He had said: "It is my deliberate conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, that if the occasion ever arises, Lee will win his place in the estimation of the whole world;" and, growing enthusiastic, he added: "I tell you, sir, Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity he will prove himself the great captain of history." On another occasion he exclaimed: "It would be better for every officer in the army, including myself, to die, than Robert Lee." Now, in the troublous time of dissension, Scott hoped to influence Lee to remain on the side of the Union; and he offered him what must have seemed an irresistible inducement, by recommending him as his (Scott's) own

W. H. FITZHUGH LEE, SECOND SON OF GENERAL LEE.

successor in chief command of the army. This magnificent offer, which undoubtedly was due to General Scott's influence with President Lincoln, was made to Lee through Mr. Francis Preston Blair. The following is General Lee's own account of the interview, in a letter written to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, under date of February 25, 1868: "I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of the President. After listening to his remarks I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott—told him of the proposition that had been made to me and my decision. Upon reflection, after returning home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States Army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott."

The letter to General Scott, accompanying Lee's formal resignation, was as follows:

"Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861. General: Since my interview with you on the eighteenth instant, I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time, more than a quarter of a century, I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration; and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful

recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. Save in the defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours, etc.

"To Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, Commanding U. S. Army."

On the same day, he wrote to his sister: "Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send a copy of my letter to General Scott, which accompanied my letter of resignation. I have no time for more. . . May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

"R. E. Lee."

In casting his lot with Virginia, Lee acted with full consciousness of the gravity of the crisis. He entertained no illusions, such as some on each side professed to hold, that the war would be brief and of little importance; nor did he believe that a civil war could be avoided. Writing to his wife from Richmond, under date of May 13, 1861, he warned her: "Do not put faith in rumors of adjustment. I see no prospect for it. It cannot be while the passions on both

sides are so infuriated. Make your plans for several years of war. At another time he said: "Both sides forget that we are all Americans, and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war."

To his wife he wrote, a little later: ". . . Tell Custis [his eldest son] he must consult his own judgment, reason and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example, if I have done wrong, let him do better. The present is a momentous question, which every man must settle for himself, and upon principle."

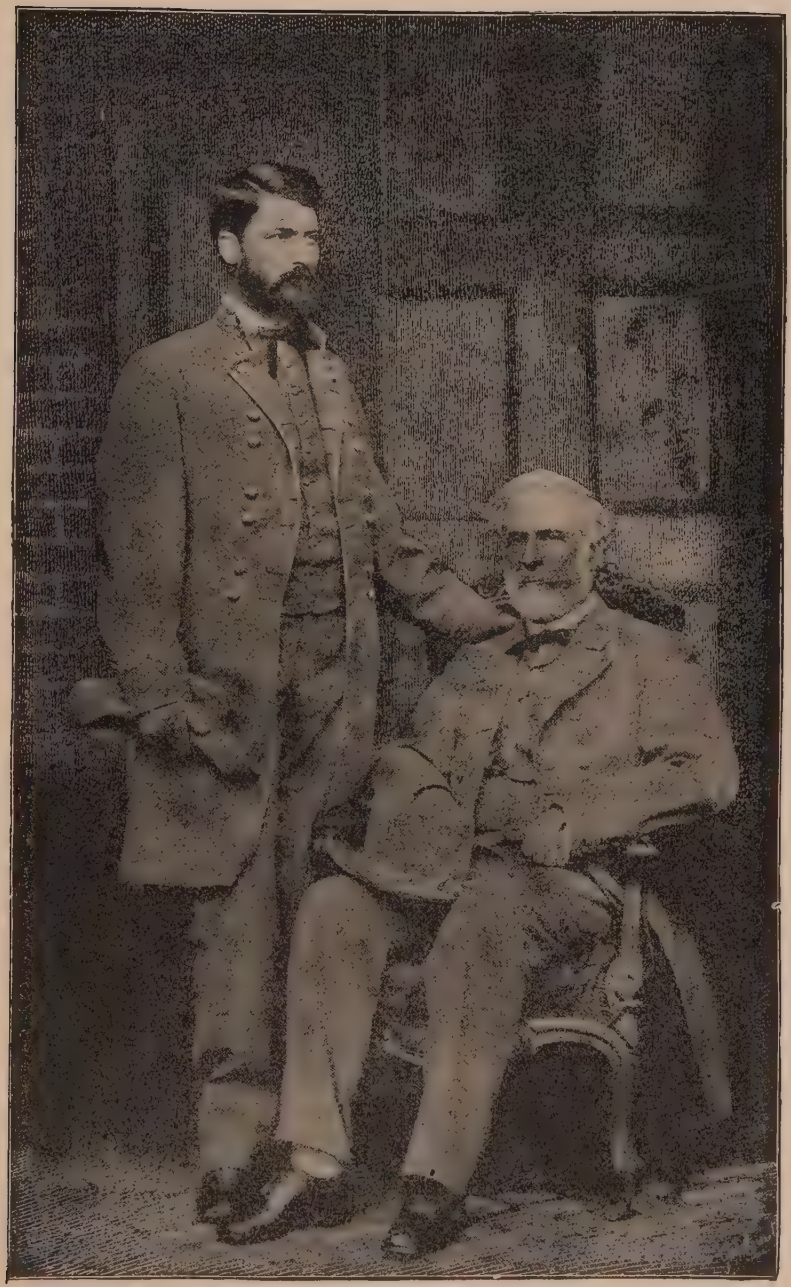
G. W. CUSTIS LEE, ELDEST SON OF GENERAL LEE.

That Lee himself acted "upon principle," of the most exalted order, no man ever questioned. Every consideration of self-interest, and doubtless not a few of personal conviction, to say nothing of personal sympathies, would have prompted him to remain in the Federal army. He was opposed to the policy of secession, and took no part in the debates which culminated in his State's adoption of that course. He was all his life an advocate of emancipation, and declared: "If I owned the four million slaves I would give them all for the Union." His calm and skilled judgment, his knowledge of the national military resources, must have shown him the prospective struggle of the Confederacy in the light of a forlorn hope from the outset. His own splendid estate of Arlington, with its precious associations and heirlooms, lay upon the very boundary-line of the strife,

to become the first spoils of the Federal army when it advanced into Virginia. None of these considerations weighed for a single moment against *duty*—"the sublimest word in our language," to quote his own undying phrase.

Robert Lee expected, by the acceptance of his resignation from the United States Army, to become a simple private citizen of Virginia. But this resignation was no sooner announced than Governor Letcher nominated him to the chief command of the Virginia forces on land and sea, which nomination the convention unanimously confirmed. On the 23d of April he was summoned before the convention, in the historic old Capitol at Richmond; and the venerable John Janney, presiding, welcomed him with an eloquent address.

"Major-General Lee," he said, "in the name of the people of our native State, here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we may almost yet hear the echoes of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers, and sages of bygone days, who have borne your name, and whose blood now flows in your veins. We met in the month of February last, charged with the solemn duty of protecting the rights, the honor and the interests of the people of this Commonwealth. We differed for a time as to the best means of accomplishing that object, but there never was, at any moment, a shade of difference among us as to the great object itself; and now, Virginia having taken her position, as far as the power of this convention extends, we stand animated by one impulse, governed by one desire and one determination, and that is, that she shall be defended, and that no spot of her soil shall be polluted by the foot of an invader. When the necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces all hearts and all eyes, by the impulse of an instinct which is a surer guide than reason itself, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the Father of his Country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last, though not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well, by your deeds, that her productive power was not yet exhausted. Sir, we watched with the most profound and intense



GENERAL LEE AND HIS ELDEST SON (G. W. CUSTIS LEE).

From a photograph by Brady, taken after the war. Permission of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee.

interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We read of the sanguinary conflicts and the blood-stained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our own banners. We knew of the unfading lustre that was shed upon the American arms by that campaign, and we know, also, what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and your military genius. Sir, one of the proudest recollections of my life will be the honor that I yesterday had of submitting to this body confirmation of the nomination, made by the Governor of this State, of you as commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of this Commonwealth. I rose to put the question, and when I asked if this body would advise and consent to that appointment, there rushed from the hearts to the tongues of all the members an affirmative response, which told with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of the feeling whence it emanated. I put the negative of the question, for form's sake, but there was an unbroken silence.

"Sir, we have, by this unanimous vote, expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, '*first in war.*' We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it may soon be said of you that you are '*first in peace*,' and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being '*first in the hearts of your countrymen.*'"

The president concluded by saying that Virginia on that day intrusted her spotless sword to Lee's keeping. Lee, whose heart must have thrilled to hear applied to himself the words in which his father had characterized the great Washington, responded as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the

service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

General Lee was now—in April, 1861—fifty-four years of age, ripe and vigorous in every faculty, and physically in the prime of his splendid manhood. Six feet tall, strong and supple, in perfect health, his moustache dark and heavy, and his hair as yet scarcely touched with the frosts that whitened it before the end of the war, a true West Pointer in military bearing, he presented to the eye the beau ideal of a soldier—"from spur to plume a star of tournament." He was of Spartan simplicity in his diet, rarely drank even a single glass of wine, and never at any time used tobacco in any form whatever. Here, indeed, was the form of Sir Lancelot illumined by the spirit of Sir Galahad,

"Whose strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD, C. S. A.
Photograph by Cook.

The words of Paul H. Hayne, the South's favorite poet, prefixed to a biographical work, afford a striking presentment of Lee at this period: "A scene witnessed by us at Fort Sumter, on a spring afternoon of 1861, comes vividly back to memory. Leaning against a great Columbiad which occupied an upper tier of the fortress, we were engaged in watching the sunset when voices and footsteps toward the right attracted our notice. Glancing round we saw approaching us the then commander of the fort, accompanied by several

of his captains and lieutenants; and, in the middle of the group, topping the tallest by half a head, was, perhaps, the most striking figure we had ever encountered, the figure of a man seemingly about fifty-six or fifty-eight years of age, erect as a poplar, yet lithe and graceful, with broad shoulders well thrown back, a fine, justly proportioned head posed in unconscious dignity, clear, deep, thoughtful eyes, and the quiet, dauntless step of one every inch the gentleman and soldier. Had some old English cathedral crypt or monumental stone in Westminster Abbey been smitten by a magician's wand and made to yield up its knightly tenant restored to his manly vigor, with a chivalric soul beaming from every feature, some grand old crusader or 'redcross' warrior who, believing in a sacred creed and espousing a glorious principle, looked upon mere life as nothing in the comparison, we thought that thus would he have appeared, unchanged in aught but costume and surroundings! And this superb soldier, the glamour of the antique days about him, was no other than Robert E. Lee, just commissioned by the President to travel southward and examine the condition of our coast fortifications and seaboard defences in general.

"Lee's claims to high descent having been made clear, this biography intends to narrate his experiences and portray his character, rather in private than in public life. All of us know him as a soldier, but in this little book alone do we meet the man divested, in great measure, of the trappings of office, the halo of command. We learn, for the first time, to know him intimately in his civil, social, and domestic relations—as the citizen, companion, friend, husband, father, the wise instructor of the young, and, in one comprehensive phrase, as the Christian gentleman. In all such relations he appears to have been perfect. We scarcely exaggerate in saying that, since the death of the last of the Evangelists, probably no mortal man has passed through life 'walking habitually nearer to his God,' in thought, conversation, worship, sublime simplicity of faith, in action whose watchword was duty, and devout contemplation, soothed by the spirit and promises of the Redeeming Christ. His virtues, like his religion, were of

large, simple, antique mould. His soul, mellowed, chastened, ennobled by suffering gravely yet nobly borne, had, as it were, 'a look southward, and was open to the beneficent noon of Nature' and Deity. He could no more have stooped to a meanness than he could voluntarily have committed moral suicide. A broad, unsophisticated, childlike, mediæval nature was his, infinitely uplifted, gloriously enlightened by modern culture, and all the graces and amenities of a true Christian discipleship. Take him all in all, and he stands, morally, alone. Conventional standards of comparison fail us here. We cast aside our petty rules, our ordinary methods of inference, our poor standard measurements of every-day character, our common judgments, too small by far to embrace a majestic personality like this."

General Lee's services to the Confederacy during the first year of the war, while great and valuable, were in the nature of what might be called "ungrateful" tasks; that is to say, they were comparatively obscure and undistinguished, so far as the chief officer's personal reputation was concerned. He organized the Virginia troops and put them in the field, thus contributing essentially to the first success of the Confederate arms, under Johnston and Beauregard, at Bull Run, or Manassas, on the 21st of July; he conducted the campaign in Western Virginia, which arrested the advance of General Rosecrans, though it failed to develop the military *éclat* necessary to satisfy public expectation; and he directed in person the coast defences in South Carolina and Georgia. After Bull Run, General Lee wrote from Richmond to his wife: "I wished to partake in the struggle, and am mortified at my absence. But the President thought it more important that I should be here. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped and taken part in a struggle for my home and neighborhood. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done. I leave to-morrow for the army in Western Virginia."

The indecisive movement in the mountain fastnesses of Western Virginia has been the subject of various comment. The official reports were probably burned in the conflagration at Richmond, and

the elaborate plans drawn up by Lee of his intended movement against General Reynolds, at Cheat Mountain, have likewise disap-

DELEGATES TO THE MONTGOMERY CONVENTION, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 4TH.

ALABAMA.—Robert H. Smith, Colin J. McRae, W. R. Chilton, David P. Lewis, Richard W. Walker, John Gill, S. F. Hale, Thomas Fearn, J. L. M. Curry.

FLORIDA.—Jackson Morton, J. Patton Anderson, James Powers.

GEORGIA.—Robert Toombs, Francis Barton, Martin Crawford, Judge Nesbitt, Benjamin Hill, Howell Cobb, Augustus R. Wright, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Augustus Keenan, A. H. Stephens.

LOUISIANA.—John Perkins, Jr., C. M. Conrad, Duncan F. Kenner, A. Declouet, E. Sparrow, Henry Marshall.

MISSISSIPPI.—Wiley P. Harris, W. S. Wilson, A. M. Clayton, Walter Brooke, W. S. Barry, J. T. Harrison, J. A. P. Campbell.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—T. J. Withers, R. B. Rhett, Jr., L. M. Keitt, W. W. Boyce, James Chestnut, Jr., R. W. Barnwell, C. G. Memminger.

Three commissioners from North Carolina, sent to "effect an honorable and amicable adjustment of all the difficulties that disturb the country, upon the basis of the Crittenden Resolutions," were admitted to seats in the convention.

"We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, invoking the favor of Almighty God, do hereby, in behalf of these States, ordain and establish this constitution for the provisional government of the same, to continue one year from the inauguration of the President, or until a permanent constitution or confederation between the said States shall be put in operation, whichsoever shall first occur."

The seventh section, first article, is as follows:

"The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the Slave-holding States of the United States, is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same."

"Article Second.—Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy."

Article fourth, of the third clause, of the second section, says:

"A slave in one State escaping to another, shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom said slave may belong, by the executive authority of the State in which such slave may be found; and in case of any abduction or forcible rescue, full compensation, including the value of the slave, and all costs and expenses, shall be made to the party by the State in which such abduction or rescue shall take place."

Article sixth, of the second clause, says:

"The government hereby instituted shall take immediate steps for the settlement of all matters between the States forming it, and their late confederates of the United States, in relation to the public property and public debt at the time of their withdrawal from them; these States hereby declaring it to be their wish and earnest desire to adjust every thing pertaining to the common property, common liabilities, and common obligations of that union, upon principles of right, justice, equity, and good faith."

The tariff clause provides that:—

"The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises for revenue necessary to pay the debts and carry on the government of the Confederacy, and all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederacy."

CONSTITUTION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, ADOPTED AT THE MONTGOMERY CONVENTION, FEBRUARY 8, 1861.

peared. The following brief summary is derived from a Confederate officer of high rank and character, whose statement is only second in

VIRGINIA.

"An Ordinance to repeal the Ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America by the State of Virginia, and to resume all the Rights and Powers granted under said Constitution.

"The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in convention on the 25th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, having declared that the powers granted under said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression, and the Federal Government having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the Southern Slaveholding States:

"Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in convention, on the 25th day of June, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby repealed and abrogated, that the union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State. And they do further declare that the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

"This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State, cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule to be hereafter enacted.

"Done in Convention, in the city of Richmond, on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

"JOHN L. EUBANK, *Secretary of Convention.*"

"An Ordinance for the Adoption of the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America.

"We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, in convention assembled, solemnly impressed by the perils which surround the Commonwealth, and appealing to the Searcher of Hearts for the rectitude of our intentions in assuming the great responsibility of this act, do, by this ordinance, adopt and ratify the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, ordained and established at Montgomery, Alabama, on the eighth day of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-one; provided that this ordinance shall cease to have any legal operation or effect, if the people of this Commonwealth, upon the vote directed to be taken on the ordinance of secession passed by this convention on the 17th day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, shall reject the same.

"*A true copy.* "JOHN L. EUBANK, *Secretary.*"

ORDINANCE OF SECESSION PASSED BY THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, AT RICHMOND, APRIL 17, 1861.

value to that of General Lee himself: "After General [Robert S.] Garnett's death, General Lee was sent by the President to ascertain what could be done in the trans-Alleghany region, and to endeavor to harmonize our movements, etc., in that part of the State. He was not ordered to take command of the troops, nor did he do so, during the whole time he was there. Soon after his arrival he came to the decided conclusion that that was not the line from which to make an offensive movement. The country, although not hostile, was not friendly; supplies could not be obtained; the enemy had possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from which, and the Ohio River as a base, he could operate with great advantage against us, and our only chance was to drive him from the railroad, take possession, and use it ourselves. We had not the means of doing this, and consequently could only try to hold as much country as possible, and occupy as large a force of the enemy as could be kept in front of us. The movement against Cheat Mountain, which failed, was undertaken with a view of causing the enemy to contract his lines, and enable us to unite the troops under Generals Jackson [of Georgia] and Loring. After the failure of this movement on our part, General Rosecrans, feeling secure, strengthened his lines in that part of the country, and went with a part of his forces to the Kanawha, driving our forces across the Gauley. General Lee then went to that line of operations, to endeavor to unite the troops under Generals Floyd and Wise, and stop the movements under Rosecrans. General Loring, with a part of his force from Valley Mountain, joined the forces at Sewell Mountain. Rosecrans's movement was stopped, and, the season for operations in that country being over, General Lee was ordered to Richmond, and soon afterward sent to South Carolina, to meet the movement of the enemy from Port Royal, etc. He remained in South Carolina until shortly before the commencement of the campaign before Richmond, in 1862."

While the official heads of the Confederacy, and the people of the South generally, did not waver in their appreciation of Lee's superior abilities, yet the West Virginia campaign was far from confirming his military reputation. General McClellan, who first

encountered his great antagonist there, was sending to Washington his Napoleonic announcements of victory. Southern newspapers grumbled, and some of the old country people for once went so far as to speak disrespectfully of "Granny Lee." The general would not have been human if he had not smarted a little under strictures which he knew were undeserved. But he never felt called to make excuses or claim vindication. The only expression that appears to have escaped him is found in a private letter written at the time, and which General Fitzhugh Lee quotes in his biography: "I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the expectations of the editors of papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactorily to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do, and would be happy to see them have full swing. General Floyd has three editors on his staff. I hope something will be done to please them."

BUILDING IN WHICH THE FIRST CONFEDERATE CONGRESS WAS HELD, AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

General Lee's second son, Major W. H. F. Lee, accompanied his father's command on the West Virginia expedition, and was with Colonel John A. Washington, the general's aide-de-camp, on reconnoissance, when the former was killed from an ambuscade. This reminds us that General Lee's three sons—not to mention other relations—all enlisted in the Confederate army at the first gun, and all won distinction in the war, on their own unaided merits. General Lee had a righteous horror of nepotism, and it was notorious that his own relatives were not allowed to get themselves promoted as rapidly as others. His youngest son, Robert, served as a private

in the ranks of the Rockbridge Artillery, sharing with his comrades of that crack corps all of their dangers, hardships, drudgery, and privations, when a hint from his father would have secured him promotion to some place of honor. The general told, with evident relish, that during the battle of Sharpsburg [Antietam] he became very uneasy about Robert—knowing that his battery had suffered severely, and not hearing anything from him. At last he made it convenient to ride up to the battery, which had just been relieved from a very perilous position where it had suffered fearful loss, and had his fears increased by not recognizing his son among the men. To the hearty greeting of the brave fellows he replied, "Well! you have done nobly to-day, but I shall be compelled to send you in again!" "Will you, general?" said a powder-begrimed youth whom he did not recognize, until he spoke, as his son Robert. "Well, boys! come on; the general says we must go in again, and you know he is in the habit of having his own way about such matters!" Thus the anxiety of the commander-in-chief was relieved, and his son went gayly to work at his gun and contributed his full share toward "keeping those people back."

Dr. J. W. Jones gives the following, from the lips of the distinguished officer who related it:

"When General —— was compelled by failing health to ask to be relieved from a certain important command, he went to Richmond to confer with President Davis as to his successor, and to endeavor to impress upon him the very great importance of the district, and of the commander being a man of fine abilities. Mr. Davis fully sympathized with his views, and, after reflection, said: 'I know of no better man for that position than General Custis Lee. To show you my estimate of his ability, I will say that, when some time ago I thought of sending General Robert Lee to command the Western army, I had determined that his son Custis should succeed him in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Now, I wish you to go up and see General Lee, tell him what I say, and ask him to order General Custis Lee to the command of that department. Tell him I will make his son major-

general, lieutenant-general, or, if need be, full general, so that he may rank any officer likely to be sent to that department.' General —— promptly sought Lee's headquarters, delivered Mr. Davis's message, and urged a compliance. But to all of his arguments and entreaties the old chieftain had but one reply: 'I am very much obliged to Mr. Davis for his high opinion of Custis Lee. I hope that, if he had the opportunity, he would prove himself in some measure worthy of that confidence. But he is an untried man in the field, and I cannot appoint him to that command. Very much against his wishes and my own, Mr. Davis has kept him on his personal staff, and he has had no opportunity to prove his ability to handle an army in the field. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I cannot pass by my tried officers and take for that important position a comparatively new man—especially when that man is my own son. Mr. Davis can make the assignment if he thinks proper—I shall certainly not do so.'"

Rev. T. V. Moore, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, related the following in his memorial sermon: "After the cartel for the exchange of prisoners during the war was suspended, one of his own sons was taken prisoner. A Federal officer of the same rank in Libby prison sent for me, and wished me to write to General Lee, begging him to obtain the consent of the Confederate authorities to his release, provided he could, as he felt sure would be the case, induce the United States authorities to send General Lee's son through the lines to effect this special exchange. In a few days a reply was received in which, with the lofty spirit of a Roman Brutus, he respectfully but firmly declined *to ask any favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest soldier in the army.* The officer, while disappointed, was yet so struck with the unselfish nobleness of the reply, that he begged the letter from me as a memento of General Lee, adding, with deep emphasis, 'Sir, I regard him as the greatest man now living.'"

It adds greatly to the force of the above incident to recall the fact that the son (W. H. F. Lee) was at home severely wounded, at the time he was captured; that his wife was lying at the point of

death, and actually died before his release (the Federal authorities refusing to allow Custis Lee to take the place of his brother, as he nobly offered to do), and that he was closely confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe, and threatened with death by hanging, in retaliation for alleged cruelty on the part of the Confederate authorities toward certain Federal prisoners.

Only those who know how devoted to his children General Lee was can appreciate the self-denial which he exercised when, under these circumstances, the tenderest feelings of the loving father were sacrificed to his sense of duty to his country.

Not long after his West Virginia campaign, he was recommending a certain officer for promotion, when a friend urged him not to do so, alleging that this officer was accustomed to speak very disparagingly and disrespectfully of General Lee. The quick reply was, "The question is not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think of him. I have a high opinion of this officer as a soldier, and shall most unquestionably recommend his promotion, and do all in my power to secure it."

The following letter of General Lee, written from Coosawhatchie, S. C., the 25th of December, 1861, explains itself:

"My Dear Daughter: Having distributed such poor Christmas gifts as I had to those around me, I have been looking for something for you. Trifles even are hard to get these war times, and you must not therefore expect more. I have sent you what I thought most useful in your separation from me, and hope it will be of some service. Though stigmatized as 'vile dross,' it has never been a drug with me. That you may never want for it, restrict your wants to your necessities. Yet how little will it purchase! But see how God provides for our pleasures in every way. To compensate for such 'trash' I send you some sweet violets, that I gathered for you this morning while covered with dense white frost, whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness, which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money. May God guard and preserve you for me, my dear daughter! Among the calamities of war,

the hardest to bear, perhaps, is the separation of families and friends. Yet all must be endured to accomplish our independence, and maintain our self-government. In my absence from you, I have thought of you very often, and regretted I could do nothing for your comfort. Your old home, if not destroyed by our enemies, has been so desecrated that I cannot bear to think of it. I should have preferred it to have been wiped from the earth, its beautiful hill sunk, and its sacred trees buried, rather than to have been degraded by the presence of those who revel in the ill they do for their own selfish purposes. You see what a poor sinner I am, and how unworthy to possess what has been given me; for that reason it has been taken away. I pray for a better spirit, and that the hearts of our enemies may be changed. In your homeless condition, I hope you make yourself contented and useful. Occupy yourself in aiding those more helpless than yourself. . . . Think always of your father."

Of "Arlington" and "Stratford," the two homes around which so many hallowed memories were grouped, he wrote his wife the same day: "I cannot let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of it being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last, and that we can preserve.* In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase

*It is but just to state here that General Irvin McDowell, commanding the Federal forces, with headquarters at Arlington, in May, 1861, wrote to Mrs. Lee, in answer to a letter received from her at that time, as follows: "With respect to the occupation of Arlington by the United States troops, I beg to say it has been done by my predecessor with every regard for the preservation of the place. I am here temporarily in camp on the grounds,

"Stratford." It is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us, that would inspire me with pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us our clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. Our rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or a restitution of the captives [Messrs. Mason and Slidell] must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us."

The months spent by General Lee in superintending the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia may be passed over as presenting nothing of interest to the purpose of these articles; and we come to the spring of 1862, when he returned to Richmond. It was at this time the venerable Bishop Meade, the head of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, lay at the point of death. When General Lee was informed of the fact he was deeply affected; for the good bishop was an old family friend, and had taught him his catechism when he was a boy, in Alexandria. On the day before the bishop's death, General Lee called to see him, and his name was announced. As soon as Bishop Meade heard it, he said, faintly, for his breathing had become much oppressed, and he spoke with great difficulty: "I must see him, if for only a few moments." General Lee was accordingly introduced, and approached the dying man, with evidences of great emotion in his countenance. Taking the thin hand in his own,

preferring this to sleeping in the house under the circumstances in which the painful state of the country places me with respect to these properties. I assure you it will be my earnest endeavor to have all things so ordered that on your return you will find things as little disturbed as possible. In this I have the hearty concurrence of the courteous, kind-hearted gentleman in the immediate command of the troops quartered here, and who lives in the lower part of the house to insure its being respected. Everything has been done as you desire with respect to your servants, and your wishes, so far as they have been known or could have been understood, have been complied with. When you desire to return, every facility will be given you for doing so. I trust, madam, you will not consider it an intrusion when I say I have the most sincere sympathy for your distress, and, so far as compatible with my duty, I shall always be ready to do whatever may alleviate it."—EDITOR.

he said: "How do you feel, bishop?" "Almost gone," replied Bishop Meade, in a voice so weak that it was almost inaudible; "but I wanted to see you once more." He paused for an instant, breathing heavily, and looking at Lee with deep feeling. "God bless you! God bless you, Robert!" he faltered out, "and fit you for your high and responsible duties. I can't call you 'general'—I must call you 'Robert;' I have heard you your catechism too often." General Lee pressed the feeble hand, and tears rolled down his cheeks. "Yes, bishop—very often," he said, in reply to the last words uttered by the bishop. A brief conversation followed, Bishop Meade making inquiries in reference to Mrs. Lee, who was his own relative, and other members of the family. "He also," says the clergyman who furnishes these particulars, "put some pertinent questions to General Lee about the state of public affairs and of the army, showing the most lively interest in the success of our cause." It now became necessary to terminate an interview which, in the feeble condition of the aged man, could not be prolonged. Much exhausted, and laboring under deep emotion, Bishop Meade shook the general by the hand, and said: "Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you! and give you wisdom for your important and arduous duties!" These were the last words uttered during the interview. General Lee pressed the dying man's hand, released it, stood for several minutes by the bedside motionless and in perfect silence, and then went out of the room. On the next morning Bishop Meade expired.

With General Lee's return to Richmond and assignment to duty there as commander-in-chief under the direction of the President of the Confederacy, had begun the intimate military association and personal friendship with Jefferson Davis, which never after wavered, on either side. The provisional President, having been inaugurated at Montgomery, came to Richmond with his Cabinet, in May, 1861, when the Virginia capital became the capital of the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was of about the same age as Lee, and had been graduated at West Point the year before him; served in the infantry, and later in the cavalry, of the United States Army; commanded a Mississippi regiment in the Mexican

war; and later, was a Representative in Congress, a United States Senator, and Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce. "The rôle assigned him in the tragedy of war," writes General Fitzhugh Lee,* "was a most difficult one to discharge, and in the eyes of his opponents he was 'the villain of the play.' When the red curtain of war rolled up from the American stage, to the world were revealed two presidential chairs. In one was seated Mr. Abraham Lincoln, in the other Mr. Jefferson Davis. These two chief magistrates were both born in Kentucky. One, when a small child, was carried by his parents to Mississippi; the other, when about eight years old, was taken to Indiana, and afterward to Illinois. Each absorbed the political theories of their respective States. Had Davis been carried to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi, in the war between the States Lincoln might have been carrying a Mississippi rifle, while Davis held aloft the star-spangled banner. Each represented, as powerful exponents, the constructions of the Constitution referred to the sword for decision, there being no common arbiter in such case. Mr. Davis's office had none of the elements of popularity. Upon it were showered the criticisms of the South, while at the North every finger, every pen, every gun was pointed at its occupant. . . . The deeds of a brave soldier, even if unsuccessful, excite the admiration of mankind. The civil ruler of the vanquished is not so fortunate when the power to sustain his government departs. Mr. Davis was not the demon of hate his enemies have painted. He did not thirst for the blood of his countrymen. His whole character has been misunderstood by the mass of the people who opposed his public views. His heart was tender as a woman's; he was brave as a lion, and true as the needle to the pole to his convictions; in disposition generous, in character courteous and chivalric. When his voice was heard for the last time in the Senate Chamber of the United States, it did not breathe hatred to sections of the country other than his own, but he spoke in affectionate terms of those with whom he had to conscientiously differ upon great questions. 'I am sure,' said he, 'that I feel no hostility to

* "General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee (D. Appleton & Co., New York), pp. 96, 97.

you Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot say in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such is the feeling, I am sure, of the people whom I represent and those whom you represent. For whatever offence I have given, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer my apology.'"

From the beginning of the war, there was, on the Confederate as on the Union side, the inevitable strife and contention of generals among themselves, and between the commanders in the field and the President and his executive officers at the capital. After Bull Run, Johnston and Beauregard had differences about sharing the honors of that surprising victory; but both generals, in their official reports of the battle, tried to throw upon President Davis the blame for their much-criticised failure to follow up the advantage gained, and pursue the routed Federal army into Washington. When the Confederate President nominated to the Senate five generals, to rank in the order named—Samuel Cooper, A. S. Johnston, R. E. Lee, J. E. Johnston and G. T. Beauregard—"Joe" Johnston entered a vehement protest, the correspondence of which is given in full in Mrs. Jefferson Davis's Memoir of her husband. Johnston claimed, in accordance with the promise that officers who resigned from the United States Army should hold the same relative rank to each other when commissioned in the new army of the Confederate States, that he ought now to be the senior ranking general, over the other four, because he had resigned a generalship, whereas Cooper, A. S. Johnston and Lee had been only colonels, and Beauregard a captain. President Davis characterized the language of General Johnston's protest as "insubordinate," and answered it by pointing out that up to a short time before the war, Joseph E. Johnston had been a lieutenant-colonel of the First Cavalry, U. S. A., and was ranked in that army by all the officers named, except Beauregard; but upon the death of General Jesup, the quartermaster-general, Johnston had been appointed (largely through the aid of Mr. Davis, who was then in the Senate) to fill the vacancy. The quartermaster-general had, indeed, the nominal rank of brigadier-general; but he was not

considered in the line of promotion or eligible to active work in the field, nor could he, according to law, command troops, unless by special assignment. Therefore, President Davis, in fixing the relative rank of the five Confederate generals, had gone back to their true "old rank," which placed Lee third on the list, and Joseph E. Johnston fourth. Johnston did not withdraw his protest, though he retained the command and rank assigned; and the personal relations between Mr. Davis and the general were still "strained" when the latter was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines [Fair Oaks], May 31, 1862.

General Lee seems to have shown a positive genius for keeping out of these and all other disputes, which raged around his now steadily rising head. He and Johnston had been classmates at West Point, and bosom comrades in Mexico. None knew better than himself Johnston's splendid qualities as a soldier; and, doubtless, he was sufficiently aware of his disputatious tendency to know what to avoid. General Scott had said of Johnston that he was "a great soldier, but unfortunate enough to get shot in nearly every engagement." The controversial trait was in full exercise at Richmond in the winter of 1861–62; and in the gallant soldiering that impended, the ill-luck of the general was to be no less severely exemplified.

By the latter part of March, 1862, General McClellan, in command of an army of one hundred thousand men, had landed on the Peninsula between the James and York Rivers, and after stubbornly contested engagements with the forces of General Johnston, advanced up the Peninsula—the Confederates slowly retiring. In the latter part of May, a portion of the Federal forces had crossed the Chickahominy, and confronted General Johnston defending Richmond.

While the South had been lulled to sleep, as it were, by the battle of Manassas, the North, greatly aroused at the disaster, had prepared to prosecute the war still more vigorously. The military resources of the South had been plainly underestimated. It was now obvious that the North had to fight with a dangerous adversary, and that the people of the South were entirely in earnest.

General McClellan, who had now been removed from his post of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and assigned to the command only of the army to operate against Richmond, landed his forces on the Peninsula, as we have said, and, after several actions of an obstinate description, advanced toward the Chickahominy, General Johnston, the Confederate commander, deliberately retiring. Johnston took up position behind this stream, and, toward the end of May, McClellan crossed a portion of his forces and confronted him before the Confederate capital.

DEAD IN THE TRENCHES.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION OF THE CONFEDERACY—RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN RICHMOND, VA.
(NOW OCCUPIED BY THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM).
Photograph by Cock.

THE "WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY."

President Davis and General Lee in Richmond.

By Mrs. Jefferson Davis.*

In July [1862] we moved to the "old Brockenbrough house," and began to feel somewhat more at home when walking through the old-fashioned terraced garden or the large airy rooms in the seclusion of family life.

The mansion stands on the brow of a steep and very high hill, that is sharply defined against the plain at its foot through which runs the Danville Railway, that leads to the heart of Virginia. On this plain, where the working class lived exclusively, the "Butcher Cats" laid in wait for, and were sworn to eternal enmity against, the "Hill Cats." These high contending parties had an hereditary hate which had impelled them for nearly a hundred years to fight, whenever close enough, with either stones or fists to strike. They were the children of the poor against the gentlemen's sons.

The house is very large, but the rooms are comparatively few, as some of them are over forty feet square. The ceilings are high, the windows wide, and the well-staircases turn in easy curves toward the airy rooms above. The Carrara marble mantels were the delight of our children. One was a special favorite with them, on which the whole pilaster was covered by two lovely figures of Hebe and Diana, one on either side in bold relief, which, with commendable taste, were not caryatides. The little boys, Jefferson and Joe, climbed up to the lips of these "pretty ladies" and showered kisses on them. The entablature was Apollo in his chariot, in basso relievo. Another was a charming conception of Cupid and Psyche, with Guido's Aurora for the entablature. A lady more in love with

*See "Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America: A Memoir." By his Wife. Belford Company, New York.

art than learned in pronouncing gazetteers, said, with pleasure shining through her eyes, "I do so love Cupid and Pish, sometimes I forget anyone is talking to me in gazing at them."

The tastes, and to some extent the occupations and habits, of a master of a house, if he, as in this case, assisted the architect in his design, are built in the brick and mortar, and like the maiden's blood in the great bell, they proclaim aloud sympathy or war with those whom it shelters. One felt here the pleasant sense of being in the house of a cultivated, liberal, fine gentleman, and that he had dwelt there in peaceful interchange of kind offices with his neighbors. The garden, planted in cherry, apple and pear trees, sloped in steep terraces down the hill to join the plain below. To this garden or pleasance came always in my mind's eye a lovely woman, seen only by the eye of faith, as she walked there in "maiden meditation." Every old Virginia gentleman of good social position who came to see us looked pensively out on the grounds and said, with a tone of tender regret, something like this: "This house was perfect when lovely Mary Brockenbrough used to walk there, singing among the flowers;" and then came a description of her light step, her dignified mien, her sweet voice, and the other graces which take hold of our hearts with a gentle touch and hold them with a grip of steel. At first it seemed odd, and we regretted our visitor's disappointment, but after a while Mary came to us, too, and remained the tutelar goddess of the garden. Her name became a household word. "Whether Mary would approve," was a question my husband playfully asked when he liked the arrangement of the drawing-rooms.

Mrs. James H. Grant lived in another fine old house next door to us, and with her we formed a lasting friendship, which was testified on her part by every neighborly attention that kind consideration could suggest. If Mr. Davis came riding up the street with General Lee and their staff officers clattering after them, Mrs. Grant heard them and sent some dainty which her housewifely care had prepared, or fruit from her farm on the outskirts of Richmond. If our children were ill she came full of hope and kind offices to

cheer us by her good sense and womanly tenderness. The very sight of her handsome face brought comfort to our hearts. She fed the hungry, visited the sick, clothed the naked, showed mercy to the wicked, and her goodness, like the city set upon the hill, "could not be hid." Her brothers, the Crenshaws, had great flouring mills near Richmond, and made a noble use of their surplus in their unostentatious Quaker fashion. When flour became scarce and so high-priced as to prohibit the use of it to the poor, they dispensed it with great alacrity to all who were in need. There were numbers who received it gratuitously and daily in small quantities from the mills. When a great fire consumed everything about them the mills were untouched, and we, who believed in a special Providence, thought they were saved through the righteousness of their owners.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

On my first introduction to the ladies of Richmond I was impressed by the simplicity and sincerity of their manners, their beauty, and the absence of the gloze acquired by association in the merely "fashionable society." They felt the dignity attached to personally conducting their households in the best and most economical manner, cared little for fashionable small-talk, but were full of enthusiasm for their own people, and considered wisely and answered clearly any

practical question which would tend to promote the good of their families or their country.

I was impressed by a certain offishness in their manner toward strangers; they seemed to feel that an inundation of people perhaps of doubtful standards, and, at best, of different methods, had poured over the city, and they reserved their judgment and confidence, while they proffered a large hospitality. It was the manner usually found in English society toward strangers, no matter how well introduced—a wary welcome. In the more southern and less thickly settled part of our country, we had frontier hospitality because it was a necessity of the case. In Virginia, where the distances were not so great, and the candidates for entertainment were more numerous, it was of necessity more restricted.

We were fortunate in finding several old friends in Richmond—the Harrisons, of "Brandon," and the handsome daughters of Mr. Thomas Ritchie, who had been for many years dear and valued friends. During our stay there we made other friends, who, if I never have the good fortune to meet them again, will remain to me a blessed memory. As I revert to the heroic, sincere, Christian women of that self-sacrificing community, it is impossible to specify those who excelled in all that makes a woman's children praise her in the gates and rise up and call her blessed; and this tribute is paid to them out of a heart full of tender reminiscences of the years we dwelt with them in mutual labor, sympathy, confidence and affection. They clothed and cared for their own households, sewed for the soldiers, made our battle flags, and sent their dearest and only bread-winners to give their lives for them. They fed the hungry, cared for the orphans, deprived themselves of every wonted luxury to give it to the soldiers, and were, amid their deprivations, so cheerful as to animate even the men with hope. When all was lost, they awaited their fate with as much silent courage as was evinced by the men. The exception was a woman who did not nurse at some hospital. I did not, because Mr. Davis felt it was best for me not to expose the men to the restraint my presence might have imposed; and, in lieu of nursing, I issued provisions which had been sent to

me from the Governor of Virginia and other persons charitably inclined toward the families of soldiers.

Among those who labored in the hospitals, I recall now with great clearness Mrs. Lucy Webb, Miss Emily V. Mason, Mrs. Phœbe Pemberton, and, as well, Mrs. James Alfred Jones's beautiful young face, in a tobacco warehouse which had been converted into a hospital ward for desperately wounded men. She came forward with a bowl of water and a sponge with which she had been wetting the stump of a suffering soldier's arm. The atmosphere was fetid with the festering wounds, and must have oppressed her greatly, for she was as fragile as she was beautiful; the tears brimmed over her lovely eyes as she exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Davis, there has been a case of pyæmia here; can nothing be done?" We took counsel together for a moment, and then I went to my husband, who had the wounded men camped out, and fortunately only one died.

Here I saw a remarkable instance of the position our private soldiers occupied at home. Some money had been sent to me from Vicksburg to relieve the "boys from Warren County." Hearing that there were several at this hospital, I walked from one end to the other and tried in vain to find a man who desired pecuniary aid. One fair-haired boy, with emaciated face and armless sleeve, looked up and whispered: "There is a poor fellow on the other side who I think will take a little, I am afraid he has no money; my father gives me all I want." I crossed the room and asked the sufferer, who had neither hand, if I could not get him something he craved. He flushed and said: "I thank you, madame, for your visit, but I do better than that poor fellow over there; he has lost his leg and suffers dreadfully." And so on to the end of the ward.

Mr. James Lyons and his handsome wife dispensed a large and graceful hospitality at "Laburnum," their country home in the suburbs, and a finer example of a high-bred Virginia household could not have been found. The Haxalls, MacFarlands, Allens, Archers, Andersons, Stewarts, Warwicks, Stanards and others well and admirably remembered, kept pace with them, and bravely they bore aloft the old standard of Virginian hospitality.

Toward the end of the war, my husband's health was very precarious, and he was too weak to ride to headquarters. General Lee came up from camp one day, evidently worn out and worried, to find Mr. Davis lying quite ill on a divan, in a little morning room in which we received only our intimate friends. General Lee, with a bow and excuse for coming in on the white carpet with his splashed boots, sat down and plunged at once into army matters; the outlook was not encouraging, and the two friends talked in a circle until both were worn out. There was a little silver saucepan on the hearth, and the general stopped abruptly and said: "That is a comfortable and pretty little thing; what do you use it for?" And then what a delight it gave me to heat steaming hot the *café au lait* it contained and hand it to him in a little Sèvres cup. When I attempted to ring for a servant to bring luncheon, he said: "This drink is exquisite, but I cannot eat; do not call a servant, it is very cosy just so." Then looking at the cup he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "My cups in camp are thicker, but this is thinner than the coffee." Behind the playful speech I saw the intense realization he had of the coarse ways and uncomfortable concomitants of a camp, and that he missed as keenly the refinements of life to which he had been accustomed after four years as he did at first.

In the last part of the war no one had delicacies; invitations very common among intimate friends were, "Do come to dinner or tea; we succeeded in running the blockade this week." This meant coffee after dinner, preserved fruits, loaf sugar, good tea, or sometimes that which was always very acceptable to Mr. Benjamin's palate, anchovy paste. He used to say, with bread made of Crenshaw's flour spread with the paste, English walnuts from an immense tree in the grounds, and a glass of the McHenry sherry, of which we had a small store, "a man's patriotism became rampant." Once, when he was invited to partake of a beefsteak pie, of which he was very fond, he wrote: "I have never eaten them in perfection except in the Cunard steamers (my cook had been chef on one), and I shall enjoy the scream of the seabirds, the lashing of the sea, and

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—THE STRUGGLE AT THE BRIDGE.

see 'the blue above and the blue below,' while I eat it; so you may expect me."

The close relations that fellowship in danger brings about are sweet memories, and are harder to relinquish than those of courtly ceremony or triumph. Our women knitted like Penelope, from daylight until dawn. They did it, however, not as a subterfuge, but to clothe their families and the soldiers—socks, gloves, mufflers, underclothing, every thing that could be worn of this fabric was made and admirably shaped.

Mr. W. C. Rives was an exceedingly neat, well-dressed man always, and the careful attention he gave to his attire made him appear much younger than his long and distinguished service proved him to be. He came by invitation to our house one morning to breakfast, wearing such a beautifully fitted suit of gray clothes, with gaiters of the same, and they became him so well, that some of the young men remarked upon it and suggested that Mr. Rives must have "run the blockade;" he overheard them and whispered to me, "Look at me; my wife knitted every stitch of these clothes herself, and had the yarn spun and dyed first. She even knitted covering for the buttons." It required very close inspection by young eyes to see that they were knitted, and the dainty *soigné* old gentleman looked his best in them.

Mrs. Robert E. Lee and her daughters, all honor to them, furnished one hundred and ninety-six pairs of socks and gloves to Posey's brigade, and this when Mrs. Lee was confined to her chair, a hopeless victim of rheumatism, and her daughters' time was consumed by nursing in the hospitals.

Mrs. Mary Arnold, wife of W. T. Arnold, of Coweta, Ga., made in the year 1863 one thousand and twenty-eight yards of cloth, besides knitting gratis, socks and gloves for the soldiers.

The ladies made themselves natty little gloves, embroidered beautifully. Mrs. Pemberton sent an admirable pattern, which, with increase or decrease, served our whole family. They covered their worn-out shoes with pieces of silk and satin, drawn from old boxes long unused; old scraps of silk were cut in strips, picked to pieces,

carded and spun into fine yarn, and silk stockings knitted from it. The most beautiful hats were plaited from palmetto, dried and bleached, as well as from straw. The feathers from domestic fowls were so treated that they were very decorative to their bonnets, and if one sometimes regretted that millinery should be a matter of private judgment, still, in their pretty homespun dresses they would have passed favorably in review with any ladies.

All their accomplishments were pressed into the service of the soldiers. I remember going to one of the hospitals, to carry delicacies to the sick. Miss Emily V. Mason sat by one bed reading the prayers of the church to a man *in extremis*, while her gentle sister, Mrs. Rowland, sat in an another ward singing old-fashioned songs to her guitar as the dying boy would call for them, her eyes full of unshed tears and her voice of melody. She was going blind and could not work, so she gave what she could.

We had no artificial appliances at the beginning of the war to supplement the loss of any member of the body. There had been, happily, little need for such aids before the war, and these few had been bought at the North; but very soon the most perfect artificial limbs were made in Charleston, as good, one maimed general told me, as those to be had anywhere.

It is a proud memory that the people of our country rose in their might, and met every emergency with industry, ingenuity, self-sacrifice and reckless daring, worthy of their noble cause.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Seven Days' Campaign Near Richmond—The Second Battle of Manassas, and the First Invasion of Maryland, Edning with the Battle of Antietam.

By Colonel John J. Garnett,

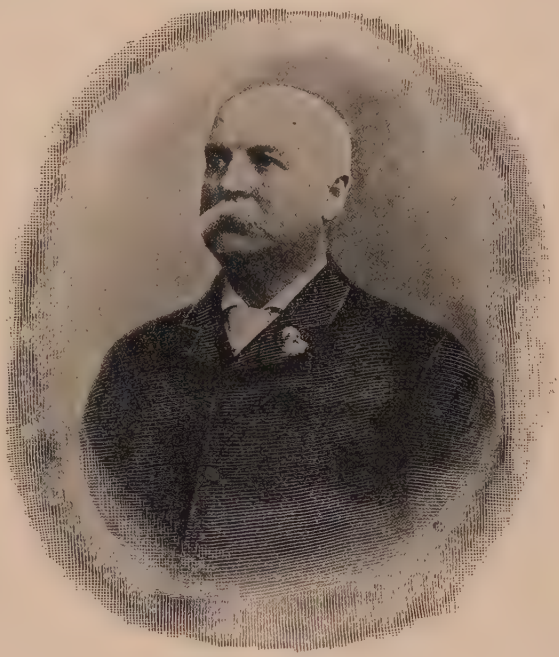
Of the Confederate States Artillery, and Acting Chief of Artillery on the Staff of General Joseph E. Johnston at the Surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865.

General Robert Edward Lee's active participation with the Army of Northern Virginia began in the campaign near Richmond, Va., in the summer of 1862. General Joseph E. Johnston, who had gained wide renown for his manœuvring with Patterson in the Valley of the Shenandoah, his great success on the plains of Manassas, in July, 1861, and his masterly retreat from Centreville and Williamsburg, was in command of the army during its earlier aggressive movements in the field, and conducted himself with great credit to the cause he had espoused. During the battle of Seven Pines he received a severe wound, which, for a time, incapacitated him for active service. The command of the army in consequence devolved upon General G. W. Smith, the officer next in rank. General Smith was in feeble health, and in an unfit condition to retain the command, and, shortly after the wounding of Johnston, President Davis, with the approval of his Cabinet, determined to assign Lee to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On the first day of June, 1862, this decision was made known to General Smith, who received it with expressions of great satisfaction. Immediately after being relieved he went into the interior of Georgia to regain his health and strength, but was never again placed in important command. At a late hour on the above date General Lee appeared at Smith's headquarters and relieved him of the command of the army. Henceforward a new spirit animated

the gallant soldiers. With Lee as their leader they were destined to win renown on many hard-fought fields, guided by his masterful genius, until, reduced to a meagre and starving fragment of the once glorious Army of Northern Virginia the end came at Appomattox.

General Longstreet says of General Lee's appointment: "The assignment of General Lee to command the Army of Northern Virginia was far from reconciling the troops to the loss of our beloved chief, Joseph E. Johnston, with whom the army had been closely connected since its earliest active life. All hearts had learned to lean upon him with confidence, and to love him dearly. General Lee's experience in active field work was limited to his West Virginia campaign against General Rosecrans, which was not successful. His services on our coast defences were known as able, and those who knew him in Mexico as one of the principal engineers of General Scott's column marching for the capture of the capital of that great republic, knew that as a military engineer he was especially distinguished; but officers of the line are not apt to look to the staff in choosing leaders of soldiers, either in tactics or strategy. There were, therefore, some misgivings as to the power and skill for field-service of the new commander." Whatever the feeling might have been in the breast of one who, in the whole history of the war as written by himself, never found a commander with whom he fully agreed or co-operated, there was a general sentiment



COLONEL JOHN J. GARNETT.

pervading the rest of the army that the assignment of General Lee to its command was all that was required to assure its triumphant success.

General McClellan had established his headquarters on the south side of the Chickahominy, with a well-equipped army, numbering one hundred thousand men, at the time General Lee assumed command of the Confederate army. Twenty-five thousand men of the Federal force were on the north of that stream, and they extended as high up as Mechanicsville.

Upon his assumption of the command General Lee at once devoted himself to putting his army into an effective condition for vigorous campaigning against the invaders of his native State.

Among his major-generals were Longstreet, Magruder, D. H. Hill and A. P. Hill, and some of his brigadiers were Pickett, Wilcox, D. R. Jones, Hood and Field, all distinguished alike for gallantry and ability.

Having brought his army up to a high state of efficiency, Lee determined on an aggressive campaign against McClellan—an officer, by the way, for whose military abilities he entertained a very high opinion. Before moving his columns against the intrenched positions of the army he wrote the following letter to General Stonewall Jackson:

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,
"June 11th, 1862.

"*Brigadier-General Thomas J. Jackson, Commanding Valley District:*

"General—Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army, as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation. The practicability of reinforcing you has been the subject of earnest consideration. It has been determined to do so at the expense of weakening this army. Brigadier-General Lawton, with six regiments from Georgia, is on the way to you, and Brigadier-General Whiting, with eight veteran regiments, leaves here to-day. The object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you. Leave your enfeebled troops to watch the country and guard the passes covered by your cavalry and artillery, and with your main body, including Ewell's division and Lawton's and Whiting's commands, move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise, as you may find most advantageous, and sweep down between the Chickahominy

and Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, etc., while this army attacks General McClellan in front. He will thus, I think, be forced to come out of his entrenchments, where he is strongly posted on the Chickahominy, and apparently preparing to move by gradual approaches on Richmond. Keep me advised of your movements, and, if practicable, precede your troops, that we may confer and arrange for simultaneous attack.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, General."

It was, therefore, evident that General Lee had so arranged his campaign as to attack McClellan's front and rear at the same time,

THE BATTLEFIELD OF SEVEN PINES, OR FAIR OAKS.

and that he had no thought of evacuating Richmond, as had been currently reported.

In order to be fully informed in regard to the position and strength of the Federal army, as well as the nature of the ground in

its rear, he ordered General Stuart, with his cavalry, to make a raid around it. Stuart started on this expedition on the night of the 12th of June, and after one or two small engagements with detachments of the enemy's cavalry, he completed the circuit of the entire Federal army. He captured many prisoners, horses, equipments and arms, and burned two transports with army stores, and a wagon train which was deserted by its escort. This was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war, and while it placed General Lee in possession of the information he wanted in regard to the enemy's position, it fully established Stuart's masterly genius as a cavalry leader. Stuart was the personification of a dashing, daring, rollicking cavalryman, full of humor and wit; and, although he was never known to touch intoxicants, he had all the vivacity of a drinking officer. When he returned from this raid, he jokingly said that he had left a general behind him; and when asked who it was, he replied, "General Consternation." Soon after this, and when General Jackson had, by a fifty miles night ride, reached Lee's headquarters for the proposed conference, it was determined to change the plan of attack to one on the right flank of McClellan's army. Jackson was to co-operate by a march of his troops from Ashland, between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, and to turn and dislodge the enemy's right, so that the divisions of Lee's army might cross the Chickahominy and form on the right, and then sweep down the left bank at that stream.

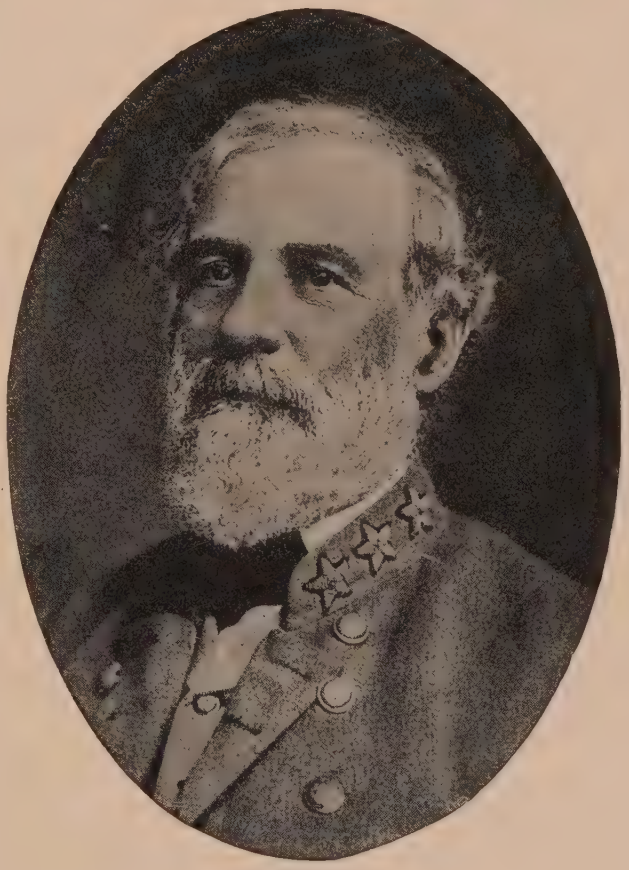
After various movements, in which Lee most signally demonstrated his ability as a tactician, the battle of Gaines Mill took place on the 27th of June, less than a month from the time of his taking command, which resulted in the retreat of the Federal army from its position. Then ensued the battles of Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill, in both of which Lee's superb talents shone out most brilliantly. The Federals were driven back to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, the homestead of the family of that name, from which has been furnished two Presidents of the United States.

Notwithstanding that McClellan's army had not been captured, there was no failure in the plans of the grand chieftain who had so

lately been assigned to the command of the army of Northern Virginia. True it was that there had been a few failures on the part of some of his division commanders, and his disappointment had been great because of the want of concert of action. Yet his noble nature shone more brilliantly to those about him and gave them greater confidence in him when he bore these disappointments with such supreme composure.

Thus, in a short time, he had accomplished what to most military men would have seemed impossible.

When General Lee took command his army numbered about fifty thousand effectives. With this force he erected defences which made Richmond well-nigh impregnable, and in less than a month increased his army to eighty thousand men, without losing a foot of territory which it had originally occupied. He also raised the discipline of his army, and prepared it to take the offensive against the enemy, and compel him to abandon a base of operations which had given the Confederacy great uneasiness for more than a year, incurring a heavy loss of life and much valuable material. Surely this was a glorious beginning for the new commander, and small wonder that it inspired



GENERAL LEE IN 1862.

the hearts of his countrymen with hope! While these operations had been going on near Richmond, the Federals had organized the Army of Virginia, and Major-General John Pope, who had been brought from the West for that purpose, had been placed in command.

This army, which numbered nearly fifty thousand men, had moved out from Washington in threatening attitude along the line of the Rapidan River. Being well assured that McClellan's army, near Harrison's Landing, had no more fight in it, General Lee turned his attention in the direction of this new Army of Virginia, under the redoubtable major-general from the West, who pompously addressed his reports, it will be remembered, from "Headquarters in the Saddle."

Lee, from the outset of Pope's taking command, seemed to hold him in contempt as an opponent. By a series of skillful manœuvres Lee completely out-generaled him, and compelled his army to steadily fall back toward Washington. In a short time after taking command, Pope, who had boasted that his business would be "to seek the enemy, and beat him when found," discovered that he had not to seek far, and that his best efforts might more properly be employed in keeping out of the way.

General T. J. Jackson [Stonewall] rendered Lee great service in his actions with Pope, his rapid marches and brilliant flank movements contributing greatly to the Confederate cause. Pope, after repeated failures, found himself on the famous field of Manassas, which the year previous had been the scene of the inglorious defeat of the Federals. Intrenched in a strong position, Pope felt so sanguine of victory that he sent several dispatches to that effect to Washington, couched in his usual bombastic terms. Opposed to Lee were the combined armies of Pope, McClellan and Burnside, numbering one hundred and fifty thousand men, while his own army numbered less than sixty thousand troops. Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, by their confidence in ultimate success, inspired the troops with such enthusiasm that the disparity in numbers was more than counterbalanced.

On the morning of the 30th of July, 1862, the second battle of Manassas began. The Federal artillery opened a destructive fire on the Confederate centre, and for more than an hour the thunder of the cannonading shook the hills, while shot and shell, hissing and shrieking, filled the air, scattering death and destruction with ruthless fury. Pope directed his principal attack upon the Confederate left, where Stonewall Jackson's devoted soldiers met him with mighty persistency.

WHERE THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL WAS FOUGHT.

The battle at this point became terrific in its fury, the superior force of the Federals at times causing Jackson's stubborn line to give way. At a critical moment, when Jackson's fate seemed trembling in the balance, an artillery fire enfiladed the Federal right wing, inflicting severe damage on the almost victorious enemy. At the same moment Longstreet's infantry rushed at Pope's left like a tornado, scattering it like chaff before the wind. The assault was irresistible.

Pope's left wing gave way, and his right, being assailed in flank, and threatened in rear, relaxed its efforts and began to retire.

The victorious Confederates, seeing the retiring enemy and hoping to repeat their success of the year before on the same field, started in pursuit with a shout that could be heard above the din of battle. The enemy was pursued with such vigor that

MALVERN HILL HOME.

his retreat became a rout, and had not darkness come to his rescue there is no telling what might have resulted. The slaughter in this battle was terrible on both sides, the Federals losing fifteen thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the Confederates lost in killed and wounded between seven and eight thousand men. Besides the heavy loss in troops entailed on the Federals, a large amount of property, including twenty-five thousand stand of small

CAPTURE OF A FEDERAL BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

arms and twenty-three pieces of artillery, and a large amount of medical stores, taken at Centreville, fell into the hands of the victors. Pope had proven a failure, with his "Headquarters in the Saddle." It was jocosely remarked in the Confederate army at the time, that if his "headquarters" had been in the right place he might possibly have done better, and this opinion was shared by the authorities at Washington, for he was shortly afterward removed, and McClellan reinstated in his old position.

Apart from the success which attended General Lee's movements in Virginia there were political considerations which prompted the invasion of Maryland and determined that course of action on his part. It had been the policy of the South from the outset of the war to conduct its military operations purely on defensive principles, and this course was dictated by reasons alike far-reaching and just, to say nothing of its wisdom.

It was early developed in the struggle that a strictly defensive policy, with Virginia as the main theatre of war, was likely to lead to results of more detriment to the South than good; for, to use the words of an able military authority, "It frequently happens that a judicious departure from the defensive to bold and energetic offensive measures is productive of the most desirable results; and it is far better to govern the course of events than to passively yield to its control."

Early in the war the occasion was presented to apply this principle of acting, when, in 1861, the defeat of McDowell's army at Manassas left the Federal Capital defenceless. But the opportunity then presented for an aggressive campaign was thrown away. With the defeat of Pope on the field of Manassas the opportunity was again presented, and General Lee determined to take advantage of it. In this determination he had the concurrence of President Davis. On the 3d of September, 1862, he began preparations for the invasion of Maryland. The army at this time, owing to the severe campaigns through which it had passed, did not exceed forty-five thousand effective fighting men, every one of whom, however, was ready to do or die, so great was the enthusiasm inspired in them

by their noble commander-in-chief. Previous to starting on the march for "Maryland, my Maryland," General Lee met with a painful accident, which troubled him greatly; but he continued at his duties with a fortitude that was simply heroic. With some of the bones of his right hand broken, which caused him keen suffer-

GENERAL J. E JOHNSTON AND GENERAL R. E. LEE.

ing, he never relaxed in his attention to every detail preparatory to the aggressive movement he had planned. On the 5th of September, 1862, the passage of the Potomac was successfully accomplished at White's and Cheek's Fords, near Leesburg. From the Potomac Lee advanced to Frederick, Maryland, where he arrived

on the 6th, and made his headquarters at Monocacy, from which point, being firmly established, he seized the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the principal roads to Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry and the Upper Potomac. In this position he rested a short time, in the hope that the people of Maryland would rally to his support; and many of them did so. His proclamation to the people of Maryland, calling upon them to rally to his standard in the defence of their rights as a State, was not received as enthusiastic-

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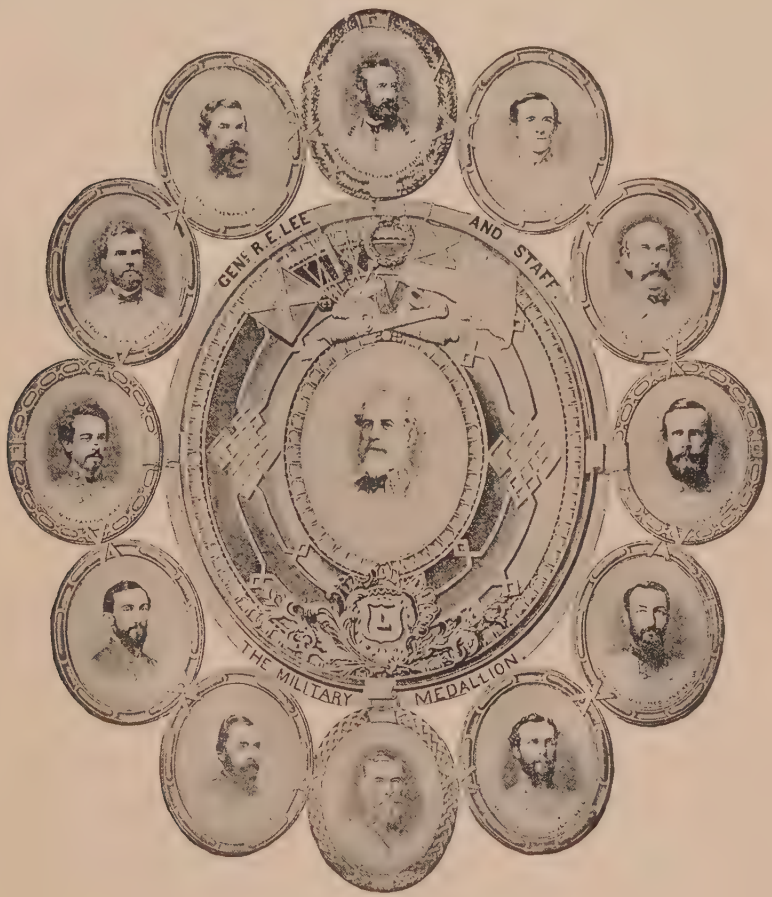
LEE, JACKSON AND STUART, THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

ally as he had hoped, although in some quarters it met with a ready response.

On reaching Frederick, General Lee discovered that Harper's Ferry was garrisoned—a fact which gave him some surprise. To reduce this point was absolutely necessary to the success of the Confederate army. To General Jackson—quick, alert, indomitable Stonewall—was assigned this duty. By a series of brilliant manœuvres he effected the surrender of the Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry, capturing between eleven and twelve thousand men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand stands of arms, two hundred wagons and a large quantity of military stores. While this was going on Lee had moved to Hagerstown, leaving a division

under D. H. Hill to serve as a rear guard and hold the Boonsboro Pass of the South Mountain. After Lee had left Virginia but little activity was noticed in McClellan's army until the advance to Hagerstown, when the Federal army moved forward, evidently



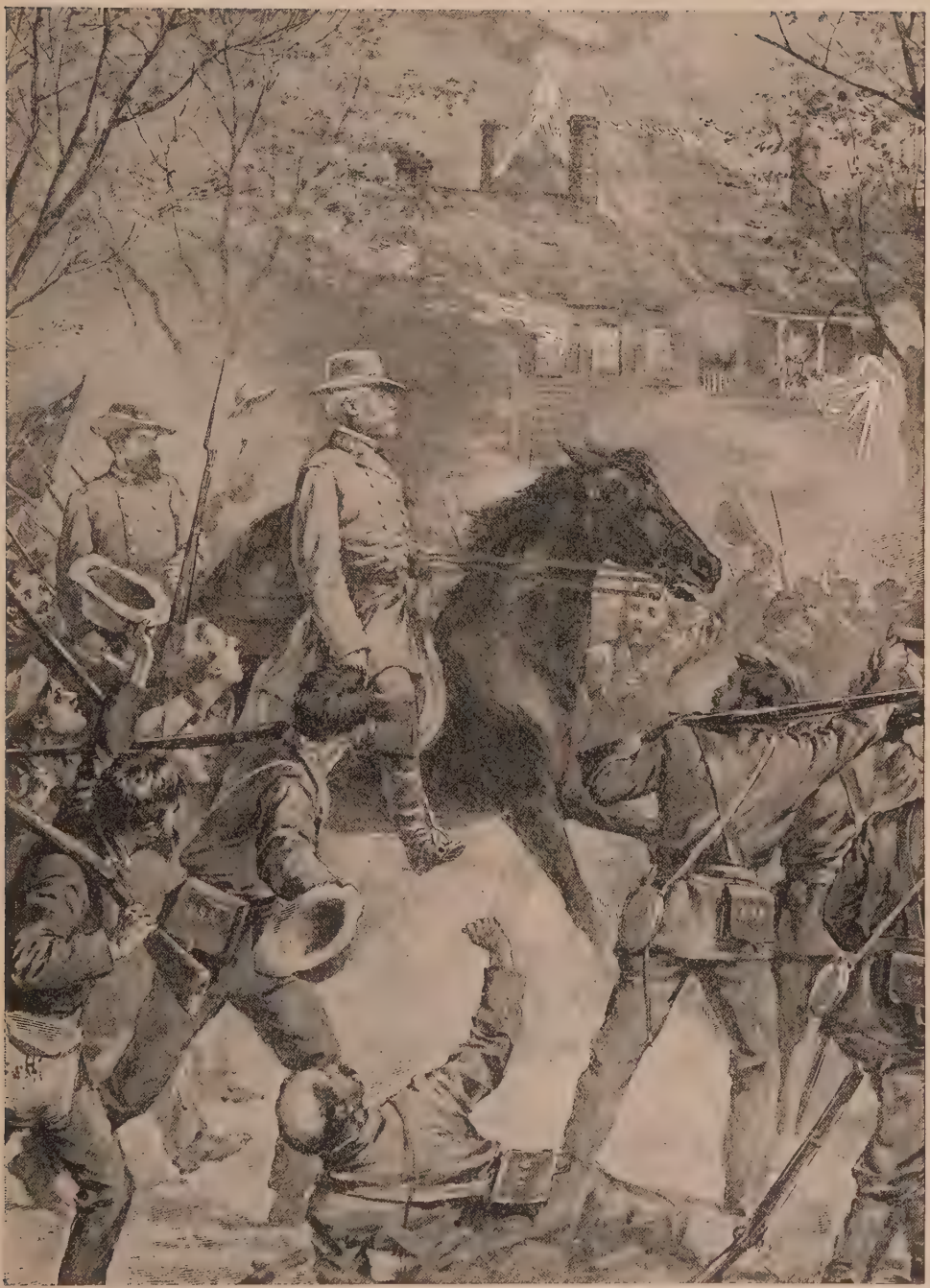
THE MILITARY MEDALLION.

confident of repelling the invaders of Maryland. The Federal army reached Frederick on the 12th of September, 1862. At this point a copy of General Lee's order directing the movements of his army accidentally fell into the hands of McClellan, which inspired that general with great wariness and caution. Being aware

of the intended Confederate movements, he pressed forward for the purpose of forcing the South Mountain passes, held by Hill, hoping to get between the wings of the Confederate army and destroy them in detail before they could join their forces.

McClellan's rapid movements brought the leading corps of the Federal army in front of Hill's position in the South Mountain Pass on the afternoon of the 13th. Lee, as soon as he learned of the arrival of the enemy at that point, sent Longstreet's corps to the support of Hill. This timely reinforcement saved Hill from defeat and caused McClellan to discontinue his assaults at that point. The natural character of the country in this section rendered the Confederate position, for several military reasons, untenable, and its evacuation was decided upon.

At ten o'clock on the following day the Confederate army was safely intrenched in a good position at Sharpsburg. On the morning of the 15th of September, 1862, Harper's Ferry, with its defending force, was surrendered, and this event left two courses open for Lee to pursue, both of which involved results of the highest importance. Omitting details, which can only interest the military reader, we find Lee determined to maintain the position he had assumed at Sharpsburg, although by so doing he would be obliged to give battle to a superior force. Jackson's troops were hurried from Harper's Ferry, and a position suitable for strong defensive purposes was judiciously selected. It covered in its scope the heights which rose above the right bank of Antietam Creek, to the east and southeast of the little village of Sharpsburg, and a range of rolling, scraggy hills, which stretched out northwest to the Potomac. The right of Lee's army and the centre were protected by rude stone fences and rough, piled ledges of rock, while his left flank was covered by a thick piece of woods. The right and centre were occupied by Longstreet's corps, D. H. Hill's division, and Lee's, Walton's and Garnett's artillery; while Stonewall Jackson's corps and J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry occupied the left flank of the army. The relative strength of the two armies, from reliable sources, was at the time: Federal, ninety thousand men; Confederate, including the division of A. P. Hill at



Drawn by Warren B. Davis.

GENERAL LEE LEADING THE TROOPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE. (231)

Harper's Ferry, which was guarding that place after its capture of a short time before, forty thousand men.

At dawn on the morning of the 17th of September, the battle was opened by the Federals, the corps of Mansfield and Hooker advancing to the attack. The divisions of the Confederate army, commanded by Hood and Anderson, met the onset with their usual vigor. With the aid of reinforcements, being joined by Evans's brigade, they began to force the Federals back. In the fighting that ensued Hooker was wounded and Mansfield killed.

Finding the first move he had made was a failure, McClellan determined to try another point. He next directed his attack upon Lee's left, his intention being to penetrate between it and the river, and outflank his opponent. He had reckoned without his host, however, for his attack was received with undaunted courage and obstinacy by the battle-scarred veterans of Jackson's corps. Under the leadership of Early, Trimble, Lawton and Starke, they nobly held their ground against odds that might well have discouraged soldiers of less experience. When the situation had become desperate reinforcements came opportunely to the rescue, in the divisions of McLaw and Walker. The entire Confederate force was now engaged, with the exception of D. R. Jones's division on the right. Until twelve o'clock the battle raged with terrible fury, and then the thunder and roar of the artillery began to abate, and at one o'clock the clash of battle ceased. The Federals had been handsomely met and vigorously dealt with, four corps of the Army of the Potomac being so much broken by loss and fatigue that they were unable to renew the contest. The attack on the left having failed, General Burnside, with twenty thousand fresh troops, began an assault on the Confederate right. His main point of attack was a bridge on the Antietam, southeast of Sharpsburg, on the Pleasant Valley Road. Though gallantly defended, it was carried by the Federals about four o'clock in the day, when General Burnside crossed the Antietam and formed his troops. A sharp engagement succeeded with Hill's division, which opportunely arrived from Harper's Ferry, and the small division commanded by Jones, and just at sundown

Burnside was forced to recross the Antietam, and the battle of Sharpsburg had come to an end.

That night General Lee prepared for a renewal of the battle on the following day. Nothing had occurred to cause him or his

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AND GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

troops any discouragement. The 18th of September found Lee and his army in readiness for the enemy, but McClellan declined to attack them.

General Lee, upon reflection, foresaw that no important results could be achieved by a second battle with McClellan, whose forces had been augmented by fifteen thousand fresh troops; and during the night of the 19th he withdrew his forces to the south side of the Potomac, and took a position a few miles west of Shepardstown. The following morning McClellan, finding that the Confederate position had been evacuated, ordered a pursuit, which, however, proved unavailing.

There has been a great deal of dispute between historians regarding the results of the battle of Antietam [Sharpsburg] to both armies, but there can be no doubt at this day, with all the accounts submitted on both sides of the controversy, that it was a drawn battle, with the disadvantages in losses on the side of the Federals. The severe chastisement inflicted upon the Army of the Potomac is plainly evident from the long period of prostration it exhibited. If that gallant army was not beaten out-and-out, it certainly was roughly handed by the Army of Northern Virginia; and thousands of the boys in blue of that fight, alive to-day, look back upon Antietam as a red-letter battle in their war experience. And so do thousands of the boys in gray.

That General Lee entered upon this campaign into Maryland with the highest possible estimate of his opportunity for gaining the independence of the Confederacy is evidenced by his invitation to President Davis to accompany the army, and to propose from its victorious head the recognition of his government. Just after the defeat of Pope's army at Manassas General Lee wrote Mr. Davis the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, MD.,
"September 8th, 1862.

"*His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, Richmond, Va.:*

"MR. PRESIDENT: The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence. For more than a year both sections of the country have been devastated by hostilities which have brought sorrow and suffering upon thousands of homes without advancing the

objects which our enemies proposed to themselves in beginning the contest. Such a proposition, coming from us at this time, could in no way be regarded as suing for peace; but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honorable peace. The rejection of this offer would prove to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest upon us, but that the party in power in the United States elect to prosecute it for purposes of their own. The proposal of peace would enable the people of the United States to determine at their coming elections whether they will support those who favor a prolongation of the war or those who wish to bring it to a termination, which can be but productive of good to both parties without affecting the honor of either.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, General."

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

By Colonel John J. Garnett.

Of the Confederate States Artillery, and Acting Chief of Artillery on the Staff of General Joseph E. Johnston at the Surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865.

After the battle of Antietam [Sharpsburg], General Lee's army remained, until late in October, along the already established defensive lines between Winchester and the Potomac River.

While resting in these positions, General Lee reorganized his army into corps commanded by Generals Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson, who, by a recent act of the Confederate Congress, had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In the latter part of October, General McClellan commenced his march southward from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and the Antietam, where his army had been resting and reorganizing, and crossed the Potomac at a point east of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Jackson's corps was assigned to the duty of guarding the mountain passes, while Longstreet marched his southward and on lines nearly parallel to those of the Federals.

McClellan's army reached Warrenton, Va., on November 5th, and about the same time the divisions of Longstreet reached Culpeper Court House. It was at this time that the authorities at Washington relieved General McClellan of the command of the Army of the Potomac and placed Burnside at its head.

As long as McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac, General Lee expected that the most scientific methods of warfare would be observed. Such was not the case, however, with Burnside, who, after making radical changes in the organization of his army, determined upon a plan of operations not contemplated in the possibilities of the military situation. This plan was to make

a diversion in the direction of Gordonsville with a considerable force, while his army should move southward along the Rappahannock and cross at Fredericksburg, and, by a quick march, occupy positions nearer to the Confederate Capital than those held by General Lee. Upon the prompt execution of this plan depended its success. We shall see how General Burnside found himself checkmated in every move he made, by his able opponent, who seems to have held him in as little respect in the game of war as he had Pope.

About the 15th of November, General Lee discovered that a movement was being made southward from Warrenton by the Federal army, and later, on the 17th, that a grand division had marched in the direction of Fredericksburg. A portion of Longstreet's corps was now put in motion toward Fredericksburg, and General Lee having discovered, through a forced reconnoissance by his cavalry, that the whole of Burnside's army was on the move in the same direction, the next day ordered all of his divisions to the same locality.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,
AS COMMANDER C. S. A. CAVALRY.

The advance columns of the Union army were greatly surprised to find that their movement upon Fredericksburg had been anticipated, and that their wily antagonist had thwarted their purpose. Burnside had calculated to reach the Rappahannock at this point and cross it before Lee could prevent him, and that the latter would be forced to assume his defensive position at some point nearer to Richmond—the North Anna River, perhaps. But, while the North Anna offered strong advantages for defence, General Lee recognized also that the enemy would be enabled to secure there more eligible positions for his attack. The grand division of General Sumner reached the vicinity of Falmouth on the north side of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, on the 17th of November, and essayed to cross, but was met and forced back by a small force of

Confederates. On the 21st, General Sumner demanded of the civil authorities of Fredericksburg the surrender of the town in the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
"November 21st, 1862.

"*Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg:*

"GENTLEMEN:—Under cover of the houses of your city shots have been fired upon the troops of my command. Your mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and material for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the Government of the United States. Your railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops. This condition of things must terminate, and, by direction of General Burnside, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the Government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon.

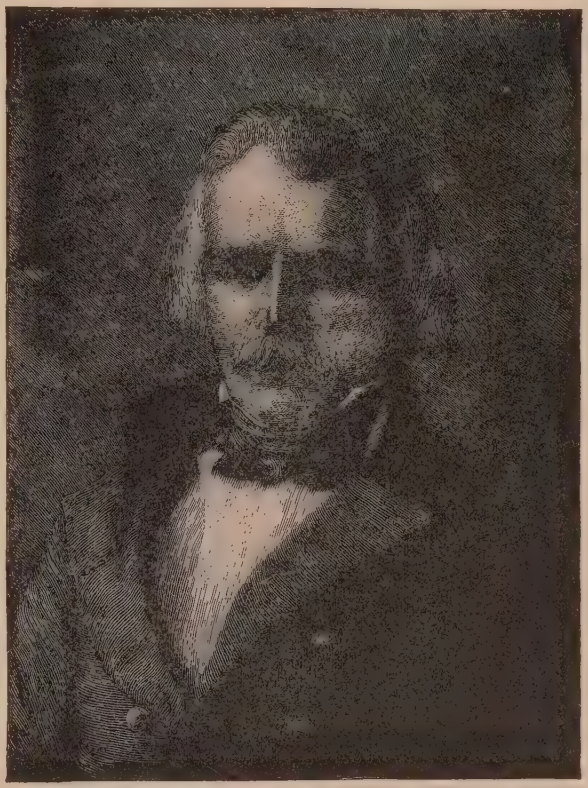
"Failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the hour indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, the sick and wounded and aged, etc., which period having expired, I shall proceed to shell the town. Upon obtaining possession of the city every necessary means will be taken to preserve order and secure the protective operation of the laws and policy of the United States Government.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"E. V. SUMNER,
"Brevet-Major-General U. S. A. commanding Right Grand Division."

This paper was referred to General Longstreet, who had now arrived upon the scene with a part of his corps, and he advised the civil authorities to reply that their city would not be used for the purposes mentioned, but that the Federal army would not be allowed to occupy the town nor the south side of the river, except by force of arms. General Sumner placed some batteries in threatening position, but did not open fire upon the town. Some further correspondence took place between the mayor and General Sumner which averted the shelling, but the people were advised by General Longstreet to move to some place of safety. Many packed their valuables and went beyond the reach of the bombardment, but others preferred to risk its dangers rather than leave their homes.

It is unnecessary at this point to detail the movements of both armies which resulted in the battle of Fredericksburg. On the

morning of the 13th of December that great battle began. About noon on that day the strongest point of the Confederate line, on Marye's Heights, was assailed. In order to fully comprehend the character of the position occupied by the Confederate army, let us look for a moment at the topography of the country near Fredericksburg. The Rappahannock River runs through a range of hills about two miles above the city of Fredericksburg, and, continuing toward the city, hugs closely under the banks on the north side. The Federal commander occupied this range, called Stafford Heights, and had placed along its entire length his siege guns as well as his long-range light batteries. This range commands that on the southwest side of the river, near its upper end, and the flats on the south intervening between the river and the hills occupied by Lee's army. The Confederate left occupied the west end of the range where the river divides it, and here the heights, known as Taylor's Hill, are very nearly even with those on the opposite bank. Below Taylor's, and half a mile or more from the river overlooking the city, is Marye's Hill, which is not so high as the adjacent hills, and makes with their general outline a sort of re-entering angle. Upon this point is located the old Marye



GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON.

homestead, from which these heights take their historic name. At the base of this hill runs a road into the town, and on both sides of this

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

From a photograph lent by Hugh B. McCauley, Esq.

road are stone fences. To carry this point, then, meant success for the Federal army, and it was here that attack after attack was made, each failing in succession. The slaughter was fearful on the Federal

side, and many a Confederate heart was touched with pity for their brave but recklessly commanded opponents.

Seeing that this position held by Lee was almost impregnable, General Burnside, after many gallant efforts, ordered a discontinuance of the attack at this point. The right of the Confederate line was held by the corps of Stonewall Jackson. It appears that General Jackson did not like the defensive line at Fredericksburg, preferring that of the North Anna; but, great lieutenant that he was, he readily acquiesced in the superior judgment and decision of the chieftain under whom he served, and the behavior of his corps on the right of the line in this battle attests the heartiness with which he seconded the efforts of the peerless Lee. The great battle on this part of our line commenced earlier than it did on our centre, near Marye's Heights, and was witnessed by our troops along the hilltops overlooking the city, and our long-range artillery was brought into action to enfilade the long lines of the Federal army that were pressing old Stonewall. General Meade, who afterward commanded the Army of the Potomac, under cover of a terrific artillery fight, moved forward supported by Gibbon's division on his right and Doubleday's on his left, and encountered a portion of Jackson's line, which was

Photo by Miley.

PROFILE PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEE.

forced back. The Confederate supporting troops were also driven back, and, for a time, it looked as if defeat was staring our Stonewall in the face. Meade's impetuous attack was gallantly and bravely made, but the brigades of Early's division, with the fire of the broken brigades of A. P. Hill's division, finally drove it back, with the supports which had come to it from the Third Corps, as well as the division of General Gibbon. The Confederates followed up their success, but coming within range of the enemy's batteries in position on the north side of the river, about 2 p. m., the battle at this point quieted to a desultory firing of the pickets, with an occasional discharge of a piece of artillery.

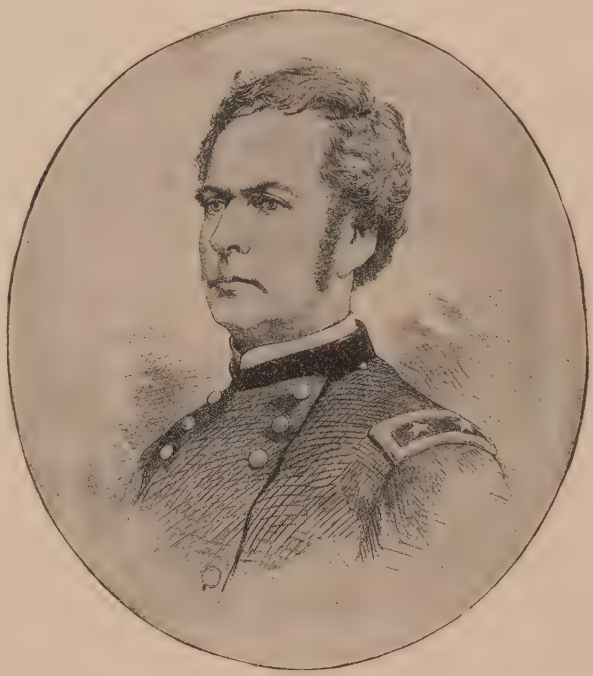
Photo by Miley

GENERAL LEE AT THE TIME OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

On the following day the Confederates, knowing the undaunted spirit of the enemy, confidently expected a renewal of the attack on their works, and along their entire front, and were therefore greatly surprised when they found that the enemy had drawn back to the river, and, under cover of the night, retreated across the Rappahannock, and left them secure "in their glory."

The Army of the Potomac, on December 10th, had an "aggregate present for duty" of 132,017, officers and men (cavalry not included).

General Lee, on the same date, reported his aggregate (not including cavalry) to be 69,391. The losses sustained by General Burnside amounted to about 12,653 (to say nothing of the chagrin of defeat his army felt, which was effective and severe), while those sustained by General Lee amounted to 5322. After the battle the Confederates went into winter quarters in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg.



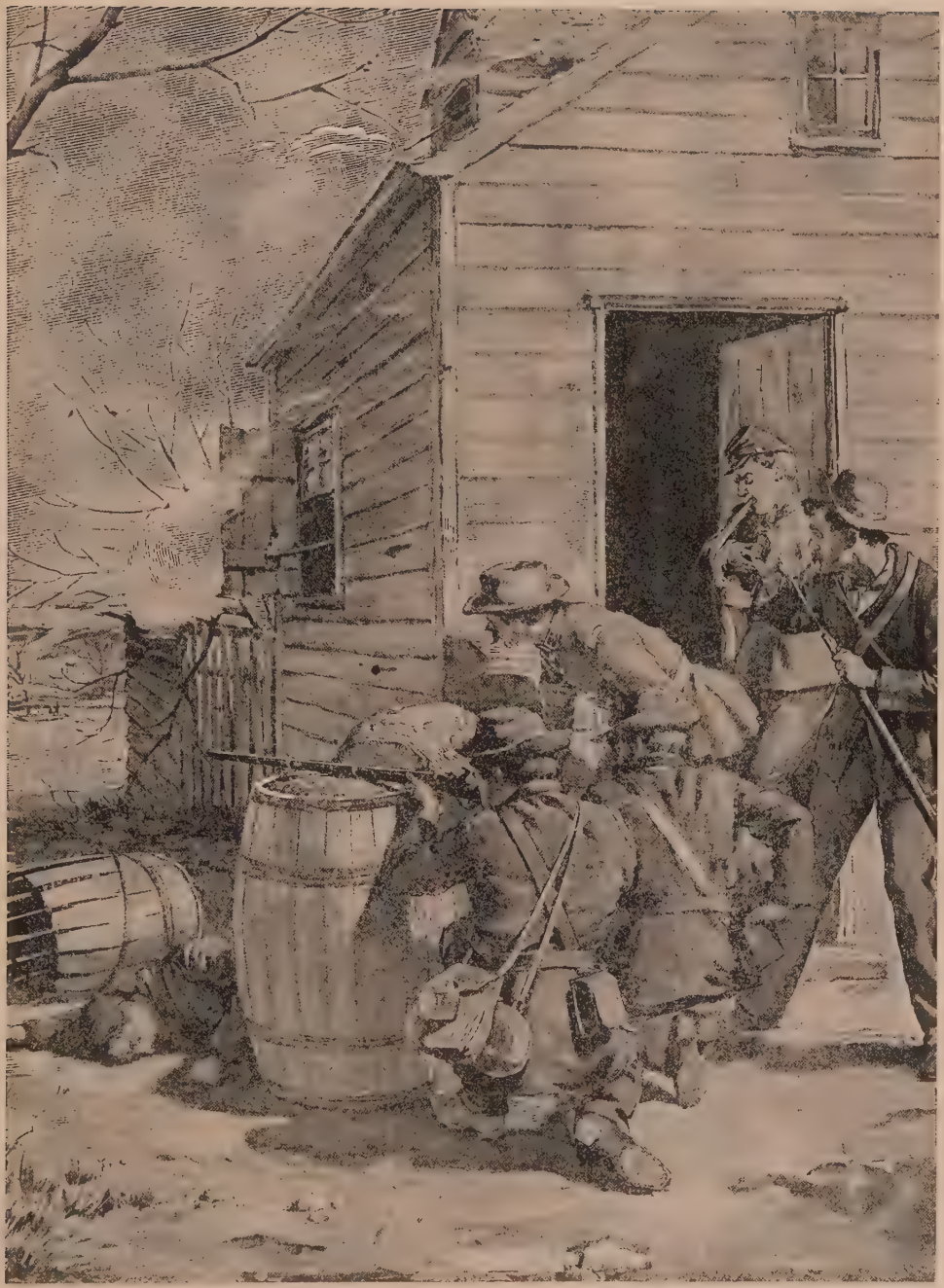
GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U. S. A.

Here is an appropriate place to pay tribute to a quality in Robert E. Lee's nature that his biographers, for some reason, have passed over lightly. Like all other generals who have attained an enduring fame in the military annals of their country, he possessed in an eminent degree a nature that could sympathize with his soldiers in all the hardships that fell to their lot, and this quality was universal in its application, embracing the private soldier as well as the officer of high rank. General Lee, though a strict disciplinarian, rigorously exacting every duty required of a soldier, was yet at all times solicitous for and deeply interested in the physical comfort of those under his command. While the army was in camp at Fredericksburg he used every means in his power to induce the authorities at Richmond to keep his men amply supplied with everything necessary for their comfort. The Confederates were woefully deficient in clothing, shoes, blankets, tents, provisions—everything, in fact, but arms and ammunition. This state of affairs was a source of sorrow

to General Lee, who loved his troops as dearly as they loved him, and he exerted himself with great energy and persistency to bringing about a change for the better in the condition of his soldiers. The eloquent Senator Daniel, of Virginia, in reviewing his character, says:

"So it was, that while the passions of men were loosened, and the fierce work of war spread havoc and desolation far and wide, he who directed its tremendous force with stern and nervous hand moved also amongst its scenes of woe—a gracious and healing spirit. So it was to him a stricken foe was a foe no longer—that his orders to the surgeons of his army were to 'treat the whole field alike;' and when, at Chancellorsville, he in person led the tempestuous assault that won the victory, and stood amongst the wounded of the blue and gray heaped around him in indiscriminate carnage, his first thought and care were for them, alike in their common suffering. So it was that, whether in Pennsylvania, Maryland or Virginia, he restrained every excess of conduct, and held the reckless and the ruthless within those bounds which duty sets to action. So it was that to one homeless during the days of strife he wrote: 'Occupy yourself in helping those more helpless than yourself.' So it was that, when the gallant General Phil Kearney fell at Ox Hill, he sent his sword and horse through the lines to his mourning widow; and that when Lincoln was struck down by an assassin's hand, he denounced the deed as 'a crime previously unknown to the country, and one that must be deprecated by every American.' And so, too, when one day here a man humbly clad sought alms at his door, Lee pointed to his retiring form and said: 'That is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now.' And this poor soldier said of him afterward: 'He is the noblest man that ever lived. He not only had a kind word for me, but he gave me some money to help me on my way.' Better is that praise than any garland of the poet or the rhetorician."

Finding that his supply of provisions was too scant to satisfy



Drawn by Warren B. Davis.

CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTERS AT FREDERICKSBURG.

his army s immediate needs, Lee sent Longstreet with two of his divisions to the district south of Petersburg, hoping by so doing to relieve the drain upon the scanty commissariat. This reduction of the force at Fredericksburg left the Confederate army at that point numbering forty thousand men, while the Federals in their front were a round one hundred thousand. After Longstreet had been sent away, General Lee, with the comfort of his army in view, decided to move his position to some point more remote from the Federal lines. After consultation with his officers this move was considered inadvisable, and he remained at Fredericksburg, quietly making preparations for the coming campaign. In the meantime General Joe Hooker had been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, a change which had been made imperative by the ridiculous effort of Burnside to move his army with its immense artillery and wagon trains in the midst of winter. This move of Burnside's is known in history as "The Mud March," and resulted in his army being compelled, by the condition of the roads, to return to its camp opposite Fredericksburg. There were but two ways left open for the relief of the Army of the Potomac from the embarrassing position into which it had been placed by its commander. One was at the opening of the spring campaign to cross the Rappahannock by one of the upper fords, and, by a rapid march, manœuvre Lee from his intrenched position at Fredericksburg; the other was to transfer the army by water to the south side of the James and attack Richmond from that direction. This latter possibility had something to do with the sending of Longstreet with the divisions of Hood and Pickett to the south side of the James. After a long period of inactivity Hooker, having effected many needed reforms in his army, determined to take the initiative against Lee. He had concluded that the Confederate left, at the upper fords, was the most vulnerable point of attack, and, after a series of manœuvres, all designed to mask his real intention, Hooker located four corps of the Federal army at Chancellorsville, a place ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg. It is not, as would appear from its name, a town or village, but simply

a farm-house, with the usual surroundings. The intersection of several roads at this point gave it a military value for strategic operations, which Hooker was not slow to appreciate. Having gotten himself fairly into position, Hooker was much elated over his prospects of victory. In one of his orders to his troops, he announced that "the enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Again he said: "The Confederate army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them."

While Hooker was boasting, Lee was quietly planning and preparing to give him battle. As a preliminary to his intended movement toward Chancellorsville, Hooker threw a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, a short distance below the mouth of Deep Run, and, later in the same day, another about a mile below the first. A large force passed over these bridges during the day of their construction and was held under the river banks, being fully protected from our artillery by the high banks and the narrow stream, and their batteries on the north bank covered the intervening plain between our troops and the river. General Lee made his dispositions with a view of preventing the advance of the enemy after crossing rather than incur the loss that would attend an effort to prevent him from doing so. There was no sign of an attack at any other portion of our lines near Fredericksburg, and this demonstration was so feeble that General Lee at once became satisfied that the enemy intended to make his main attack at some other point. Information received from General Stuart that a large body of infantry and artillery was passing up the river on this day (April 28th), confirmed General Lee in this belief.

Early in the forenoon of April 29th, General Stuart reported that the enemy had crossed in large force at Kelly's Ford on the previous evening, and that a heavy column was moving toward Germanna Ford and another toward Ely's Ford. The routes these columns were pursuing converge near Chancellorsville, and many

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE McLAWS.

roads lead from this point to the rear of General Lee's position at Fredericksburg. It is in this position at Chancellorsville that we left Hooker with four corps of his army.

The continued inactivity of the enemy at Fredericksburg made it now certain that the main attack would be made upon General Lee's flank and rear. Accordingly a sufficient force was left to

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.

GENERAL ISAAC R. TRIMBLE.

hold our lines, and the main body of our army was put in motion to give battle to Hooker at Chancellorsville. At midnight of the 30th of April, McLaws' division, with the exception of Barksdale's brigade, marched toward Chancellorsville. General Jackson followed next morning with all of his corps with the exception of Early's division, which had been left at Fredericksburg. Our troops moved forward to the attack about 11 a. m., and soon encountered the enemy. Heavy skirmishing soon followed, but our troops pressed steadily on. A heavy attack on General McLaws was handsomely repulsed, and a brigade of Anderson's division coming in upon the enemy's flank caused his whole line to retreat. Our troops pursued vigorously to within about a mile of Chancellorsville.

This position was one of great natural strength, and had been made stronger by breastworks constructed of logs; and an impenetrable abatis had been made by felling trees in front, while the whole was surrounded by a dense forest. The approaches to this position were swept by artillery. The left of Hooker's line extended from Chancellorsville to the Rappahannock, covering his pontoon bridge by which he communicated with the north side, while his right swept along the Germanna Ford road to the west for a distance of more than two miles. A direct attack, it was evident, would be attended with great difficulty and loss. Leaving a force in front, General Lee determined to make the effort to turn the enemy's right flank and to gain his rear. General Jackson with his three divisions was selected for this perilous undertaking. Early on the 2d of May, General Jackson marched by the flanking roads, his movements being covered by the cavalry under General Stuart. General Jackson's leading division, under General Rodes, reached the old turnpike in rear of Chancellorsville late in the afternoon. It was immediately formed in line of battle at right angles to the road, and the other divisions, as they arrived after this long march, were placed: Trimble's division, commanded by Brigadier-General R. E. Colston, in the second; and A. P. Hill's in the third. When all was ready, at about 6 p. m., the whole force

GENERAL HENRY HETH.

GENERAL R. E. RODES.

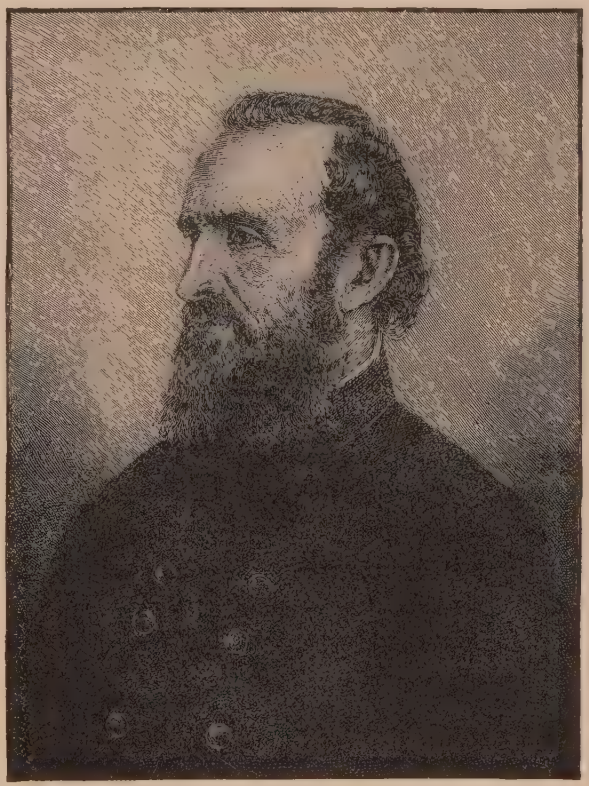
advanced, and, taking the enemy by surprise, caused them to fly with scarcely a brief resistance. Our troops pushed forward with great impetuosity, and captured position after position, taking all of the enemy's artillery and defeating his every attempt to rally. This flight and pursuit was kept up until our troops reached the abatis in front of the main line of the enemy near Chancellorsville; and, as it was now dark, General Jackson ordered the troops to be halted. Hill's division was ordered to relieve Rodes and Colston.

GENERAL RICHARD H. ANDERSON.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

whose troops, in the rapidity of their advance, had become completely blended into one line.

General Jackson and his staff, while returning from the front, met the advancing skirmishers of Hill's division, and, in the darkness, being taken for the enemy, were fired upon. Several members of his staff were killed and a number wounded; but the greatest calamity that could have befallen the army and the Confederacy was the wounding of General Jackson. He was borne from the field suffering from a severe injury from which he died a few days afterward. The command now devolved upon Major-General A. P. Hill. Soon after his division, commanded by General Heth, had gotten into position, a furious artillery fire was opened upon them, and the enemy's infantry advanced to the attack, but were handsomely repulsed. Shortly afterward General Hill was wounded, and General J. E. B. Stuart was sent for to assume the command of this corps. On taking command Stuart reconnoitered the ground, and, having become acquainted with the dispositions of the troops, determined, on account of the darkness of the night and the difficulty of passing through the woods, to defer further operations until morning.



STONEWALL JACKSON.

When the sound of Jackson's battle reached our troops in front of Chancellorsville, they were ordered to press forward on the enemy's left, so as to prevent him from sending reinforcements to the point where Stonewall was assailing him. This was done in magnificent style, and as they moved forward they were ordered to converge toward the left, so as to connect with Jackson's right.

Early on the 3d of May, Stuart pushed his troops forward and attacked the enemy, who had greatly strengthened his position by breastworks, and he had placed a large number of guns in intrenchments, so as to sweep the woods through which our troops were compelled to advance. The whole of Stuart's force soon became merged into one line, and was hotly engaged. The enemy's breastworks were carried by assault, and he was driven from the barricade in their rear. Three times were the next line of works carried, and as often retaken. Finally, however, the left was reinforced and succeeded in driving back the lines of the enemy. Anderson and McLaws pressed forward on Chancellorsville, and as the troops advancing upon the enemy's front focussed on his central position, Stuart's right joined the left of Anderson's division, and then the whole army pressed forward like a fearful cyclone that could not be stayed. The enemy fled in disorder from every one of his positions, and before noon of this day our forces were in undisputed possession of the field. The losses of the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners had been very heavy, and he had retreated to a position nearer the Rappahannock, which he had previously fortified. This position General Lee was about to attack when intelligence reached him from Fredericksburg that affairs in that direction needed his attention. By a misapprehension of orders on the part of an officer conveying them to General Early, the latter moved with his entire command, except Hays' brigade and one regiment of Barksdale's at Fredericksburg, toward Chancellorsville. When this withdrawal of Early was perceived by the enemy, he gave evidence of his purpose to advance. The mistake having been corrected, Early returned to his original position.

Before daylight of the 3d of May, the enemy occupied the town of Fredericksburg in force. Early in the morning a strong demonstration was made against the right, but was easily repulsed. Very soon, however, the enemy advanced in large force against Marye's Hill. Barksdale's men and the Washington Artillery gallantly repulsed two assaults. After the second one, a flag of truce was sent from the town asking leave to provide for the wounded. Immediately after the return of the flag of truce, three heavy columns made the attack. They were repulsed on the right and left, but the small force in the sunken road at the base of Marye's Hill was outnumbered, overpowered and captured. The eight pieces of artillery on Marye's and the adjacent hills were captured also. This success of the enemy enabled him to come on our rear at Chancellorsville or to threaten our lines of communication. He first attempted the latter, but met with a determined resistance on the telegraph road from Hays' and Barksdale's brigades, which had fallen back on that road and been reinforced by three regiments of Gordon's brigade. He then moved up the plank road to threaten the rear of Lee's army, but was held in check by Wilcox's brigade and one of Garnett's batteries at Salem Church about five miles

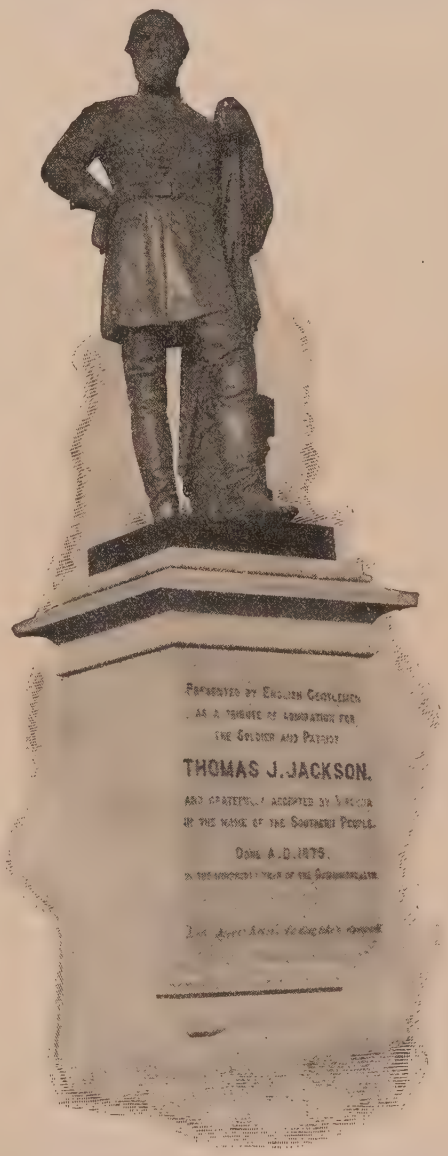
GENERAL A. P. HILL.
Poto by Cook.

from Fredericksburg. It was this state of things that now caused General Lee to turn his attention from Hooker in his front to Sedgwick in his rear. Fortunately the former was already whipped, and only a few preparations were necessary to accomplish the same end with the latter. General McLaws, with his three brigades, and one of Anderson's, was ordered to reinforce Wilcox at Salem Church. On his arrival there he found Wilcox confronted by the whole of Sedgwick's corps with a part of another. Two brigades were placed on Wilcox's right and two on his left.

Sedgwick's artillery kept up a vigorous fire upon our line for some time, when, finally, his infantry in these lines came forward to the attack. This was directed mainly against the line of General Wilcox, where, with the Huger battery of his battalion, the writer was serving near the Salem Church. This assault, which occurred under the writer's eye, was met with the most determined coolness, and after the mightiest struggle ever witnessed the first line was beaten back with great slaughter. The second line essayed to take the place of the first but broke in disorder, under the steady fire of Wilcox's men, and, finally, the whole line gave way in a confused mass which fled to the rear, closely pursued by Wilcox and Semmes. These brigades followed the retreating Federals until they came upon their reserves, and, as it was now quite dark, General Wilcox thought it prudent to return to his position at Salem Church.

General Early advanced the next morning and easily recaptured Marye's Heights, and gained a position in rear of Sedgwick's left. While these events were taking place the enemy near Chancellorsville had strengthened his position to such an extent that it was not deemed advisable to attack him until Sedgwick had been thoroughly disposed of. Accordingly, on the following day General Lee directed General Anderson, with his remaining brigades, to join McLaws, leaving Jackson's corps, under Stuart, to hold the positions in Hooker's front, at Chancellorsville. The troops to confront Sedgwick did not get into position for attack until 6 p. m., when Early and Anderson moved forward and drove the enemy toward the Rappahannock. General McLaws, who was to have joined in this

attack, was prevented by darkness from seeing its successful issue until the enemy commenced to recross the river on his pontoon bridge, not far below Banks' Ford. General Wilcox, accompanied by one of Garnett's batteries, went very nearly to the river in pursuit, and captured a large number of prisoners. General Sedgwick effected his escape during the night, and as Fredericksburg was evacuated, General Lee's rear was safe. Leaving Early to guard the rear, as before, the indomitable Lee now returned, with Anderson and McLaws, to renew the attack upon Hooker, but that redoubtable warrior thought it prudent, under cover of a fearful rain storm, to retrace his steps across the river, and pay the penalty to his government which his boastful predecessors had done.



STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, IN RICHMOND, VA.
Photo by Cook.

With the exception of a small detachment which was left to guard the battlefield and collect the captured property, the Army of Northern Virginia returned to its former positions near Fredericksburg. In his report of this battle, General Lee says: "The movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortune of the day decided, was conducted by the lamented Lieutenant-General Jackson, who, as has already been stated,

was severely wounded near the close of the engagement on Saturday evening. I do not propose here to speak of the character of this illustrious man, since removed from the scene of his eminent usefulness by the hand of an inscrutable, but all-wise, Providence. I nevertheless desire to pay the tribute of my admiration to the matchless energy and skill that marked this last act of his life, forming, as it did, a worthy conclusion of that long series of splendid achievements which won for him the lasting love and gratitude of his country." The enemy's losses in this battle were very severe. About 5000 prisoners were captured, with 13 pieces of artillery, 19,500 stands of small arms, 17 colors, and a large quantity of ammunition. At the time of this battle the Army of the Potomac numbered, officers and men for duty, 113,838, with 404 pieces of artillery. The returns of the Army of Northern Virginia showed an aggregate of 59,681, with 160 guns. The casualties in the Army of the Potomac were 17,287, while those in the Army of Lee numbered 10,281.

Chancellorsville was, without doubt, the most brilliant of all General Lee's battles, and was a victory to the Confederate arms as decisive almost as at Manassas. Hooker had reckoned without his host, and a humiliating defeat was the result.

Drawn by Warren B. Davis

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

"Place your batteries on Seminary Ridge, and either disperse them or develop the purpose of their movement."

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Great Confederate's Part in the Battle of Gettysburg.

By Colonel John J. Garnett.

Of the Confederate States Artillery, and Acting Chief of Artillery on the Staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, at the Surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865.

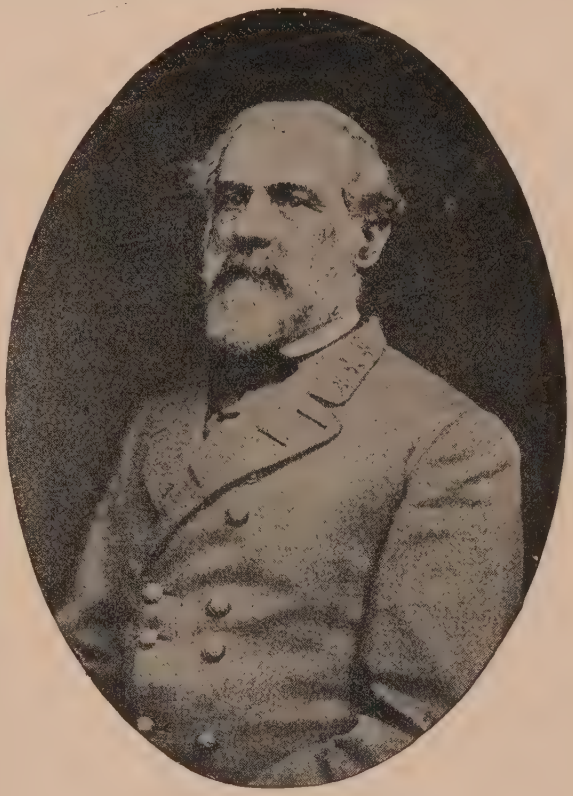
I.—The First Day's Struggle,

Thirty-three years ago the quiet, old-fashioned Pennsylvania town of Gettysburg became the scene of one of the mightiest struggles known to warfare. In and around its sleepy suburbs the citizen soldiery of a then disunited country for three days shed immortal glory on American valor in a series of battles, the most fiercely contested of any known to the history of the country.

Shortly after the battle of Chancellorsville, which resulted in the necessary withdrawal of the Federal forces to their former position on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, General Lee determined that his opportunity had come to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. He seems to have been induced to enter upon this perilous undertaking by several military considerations of an important character. First, he felt the increasing deficiency of cavalry and artillery horses, and of the means of subsistence for his army in an almost desolate territory from which he had hitherto drawn his supplies. Secondly, he had been led by unmistakable signs to believe that the *morale* of General Hooker's army had been destroyed by that battle, and, like the skillful military commander he was, to incline to the idea that that of his army had been correspondingly increased. Thirdly, there was the evident fact of the depletion of the Union Army by the return to their homes of a number of regiments whose term of service had expired; and, finally, there was an apparent division of sentiment in the Northern States in regard to the conduct and continuance of the war, engendered by an intense partisan feeling

and desire for office. Of this division of sentiment, about which there was no doubt in his mind, General Lee now determined to take advantage.

For some time it unquestionably did appear as if his cherished hopes of a successful invasion would be realized, for, when he was about to cross the Potomac, evidently endeavoring to feel his way, such was the apparent apathy that prevailed among the people who were most in danger, that it seemed impossible to arouse them to their true situation, and to organize them in the defence of their homes.

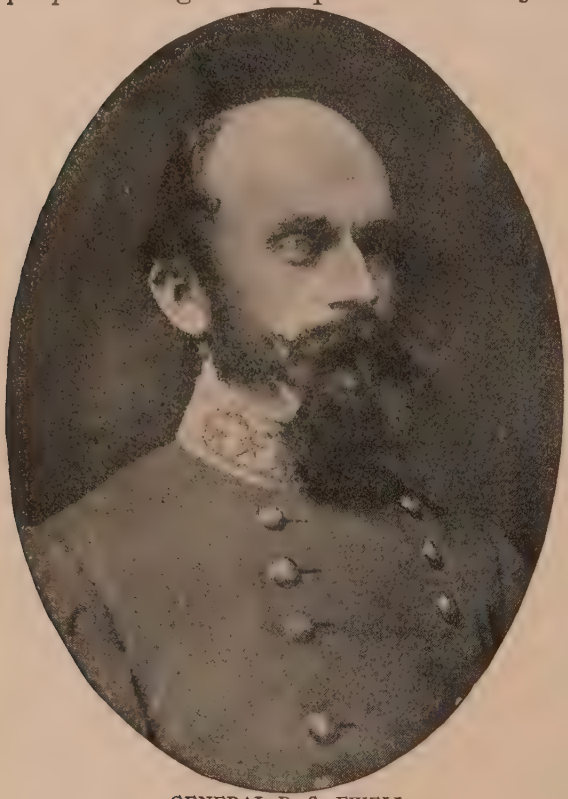


GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Having determined upon this campaign, our great captain began to arrange and perfect his plans, and to remodel and strengthen his army; and when his preparations were completed he found himself at the head of one of the best disciplined and most reliable armies the world ever saw. Imaginative historians have recorded the opinion that the Confederate troops under Lee, were in a sadly demoralized state at the opening of this campaign; but such fallacies need no better refutation than that furnished by Lee's army in action at Gettysburg.

To follow the movements of the corps and divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia while on the march to Gettysburg would be tedious; but before marshaling them in battle array, it may be

interesting to note here the lofty sense of justice which always characterized General Lee's every action as a private citizen and a soldier. Previous to the invasion of Pennsylvania he issued a strict order forbidding any of the troops under his command to indulge in any species of foraging or raiding on the private property of the people through whose possessions they should pass; and he earnestly enjoined upon his officers that they should see to it that this order was vigorously and religiously observed. We, who had commands, exerted ourselves diligently in trying to restrain our men from violating this order, but found it at times a difficult matter to control troops who had been subjected to many hardships through the depredations of their opponents in their own territory, and who now had an excellent chance to illustrate the gospel of retaliation. I recall an amusing incident which occurred to me on the day before the great fight began. I was riding some distance in advance of my command, when, happening to glance back, I noticed that one of my batteries of artillery had become disorganized. Looking into a large field which surrounded an old stone mansion, I saw a number of my men making a lively detour about the houses, in pursuit of several fine porkers, turkeys and fowl that had but a short time before been enjoying themselves in undisturbed peacefulness. Calling my



GENERAL B. S EWELL.
From photo by Cook.

adjutant, I ordered him to have the men brought into the battery at once, and to compel them to quit their plundering. Hungry men do not take kindly to discipline, and my adjutant succeeded poorly in the errand on which I despatched him.

"Here's a fine fat turkey for supper," cried a lusty young Virginian, as he rushed across the field swinging the captive bird by its leg.

"And here's a nice young pig for breakfast, colonel," sang out a comrade close behind him.

Human nature, I confess, was sorely tempted on that occasion. While these depredations were going on the venerable old Dunkard who owned the mansion and its surroundings calmly sat on the porch and watched his despoilment in the most philosophical manner. Anxious to make amends so far as my own conscience was concerned, I leaped the fence with my horse and rode up to where the old man was sitting.

GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY.
From photo by Cook.

"At what do you value your loss?" I asked.

"It is of no consequence," he answered. "The Town Council has given you permission to take all you find, and if they don't pay me Abe Lincoln will. Don't trouble yourself, sir."

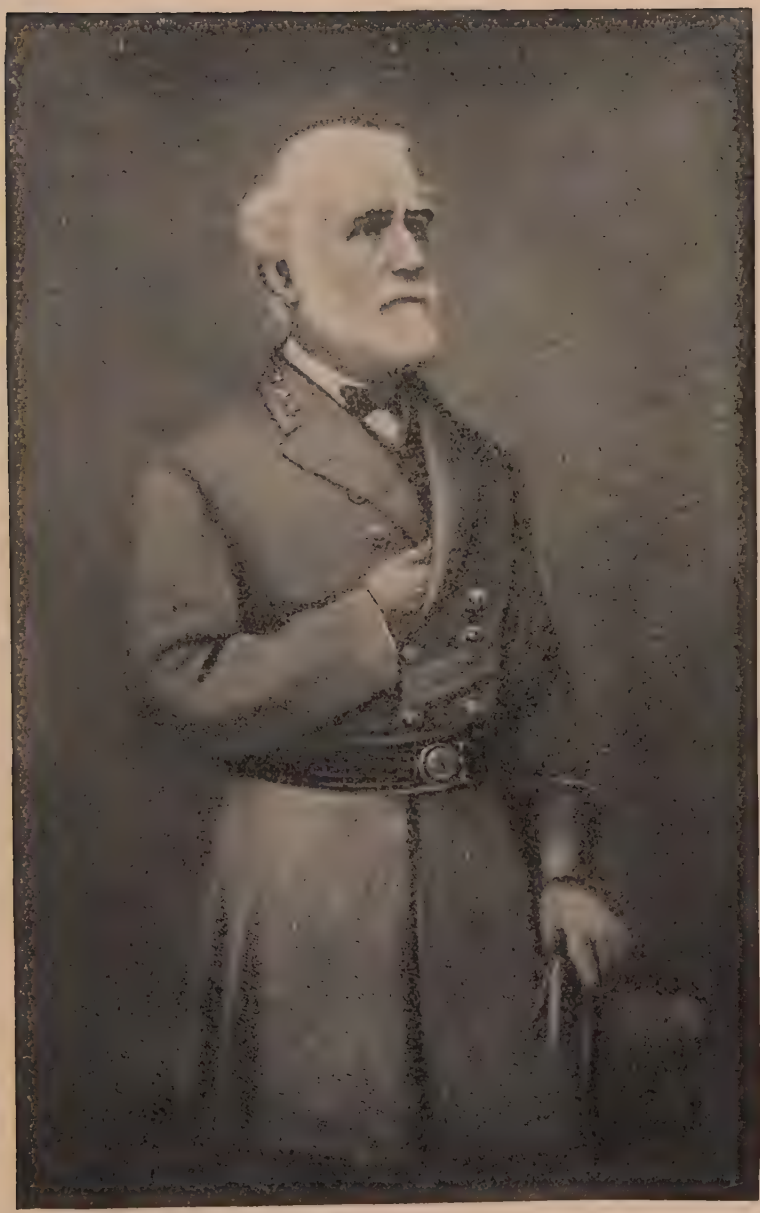
This philosophical view of the matter seemed to be shared by all of the residents, and it proved very agreeable to the tired and hungry throng that had arrived among them.

It was now evident that General Lee's intention was to concentrate his army on the turnpike road leading through Gettysburg to Baltimore. At the same time the Federal army was gradually extending itself toward the village. This, then, was the focus toward which all these hostile rays tended, and at which they at

GENERAL LEE ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE "TRAVELLER."

length all concentrated. But the time had not yet come for action. A few more moves had to be made in the great game of preparation which both commanders were playing.

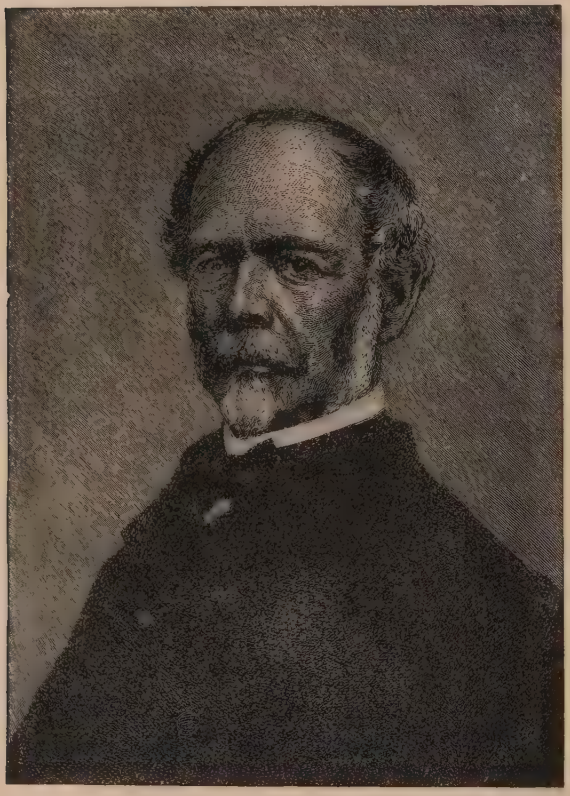
Encamped, on that momentous night of June 30th, within a short distance of Gettysburg, were 23,000 Union infantry and 6000



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEE FROM AN ENGRAVING.

cavalry, and about 27,000 Confederate infantry and artillery, ready to meet each other in the morning in deadly conflict to settle the fate of the republic of the United States.

There was but little sleep in the quaint old town that night. The inhabitants sat on their porches and in their rooms discussing, with bated breath, the coming struggle, while the reckless soldiers of the contending armies sang ribald and patriotic songs, played cards and cracked jokes, enjoying themselves in any and every way their fancies led, unmindful of the fearful fate impending over them.

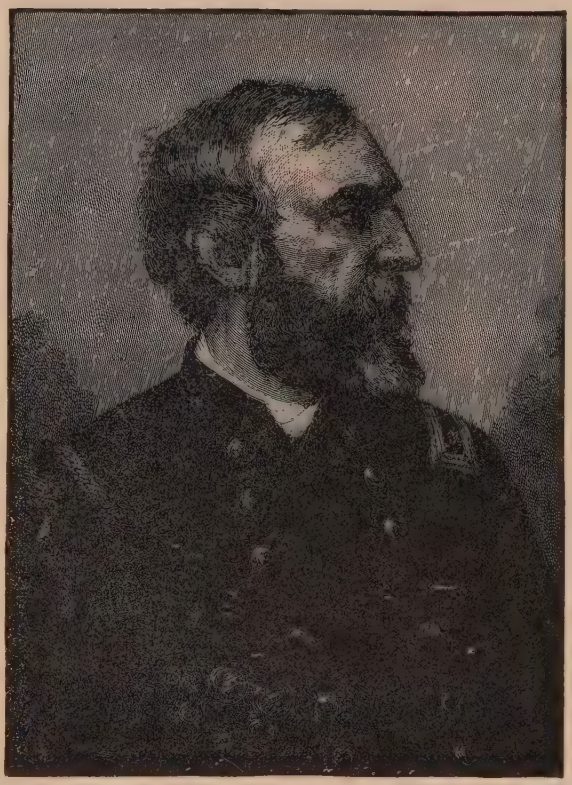


GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON, C. S. A.

The sun never shone more brightly than when it cast its first beams across the hill-tops surrounding Gettysburg on the 1st of July thirty-three years ago. In the Confederate camp the night had passed without any incident of special note. The pickets had been warned to be alert and vigilant to every move of the enemy, and those of the troops who sought their tents for rest lay down with the consciousness that this day was to be one of importance. The rank and file knew that a great battle was now inevitable.

I recall an incident which illustrates the spirit which animated our boys in gray that night. While sitting near my camp-fire about 8 p. m., I received a call from a former West Point friend named W. W. McCreary, who was then acting as ordnance officer

of a division of A. P. Hill's corps. Poor fellow, he seemed to chafe at the slowness with which the hours dragged along. His promotion in the ordnance had been slow, and he was anxious to demonstrate by deed of valor that he was deserving of higher rank. We talked together on various matters well along into the small hours, the burden of his conversation being his desire to obtain the colonelcy of an infantry regiment; and when he took his leave he shook my hand with the remark: "To-morrow I'll win a colonel's commission or be buried on the soil of Pennsylvania."



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, U. S. A.

Prejudiced writers, who have questioned the discipline and *morale* of the Army of Northern Virginia previous to the opening of the battle on this field, would have been disabused of such ideas had they been present on that bright July morning and seen the eagerness which the Confederates manifested to be up and fighting.

Little time was lost in preparation for an attack. General Lee had determined at the outset to assume the offensive. General Hill's corps occupied positions along the turnpike between Cashtown and Gettysburg—the greater portion being in the neighborhood of Cashtown, which is about nine miles to the northwest of Gettysburg. The other corps, Longstreet's and Ewell's, were situated, the former west of the South Mountain and the latter

mostly to the north of Gettysburg and covering the country from Carlisle to York. On finding the village of Gettysburg occupied by a strong body of Federal troops, General Hill notified General Lee of his purpose to make an attack in force; and, receiving the latter's approval, accordingly moved Heth's division forward on the Chambersburg road, with Pender's division in easy supporting distance. As Heth advanced he threw Davis's brigade to the left and Archer's to the right of the road, and held Pettigrew's and Brockenborough's in support. These movements brought the two armies very near to each other. Some little time had been lost in getting our troops into line of battle; and it was not until 9.30 a. m. that the order was given to open the attack.

PORTRAIT FROM GENERAL CUSTIS LEE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION.

To understand the situation it is necessary to know that Gettysburg lies partly between Seminary Ridge on the west and Cemetery Ridge on the southeast, a distance of 1400 yards dividing the crests of the two ridges. In front of Seminary Ridge was a force of Federal cavalry under the command of General Buford, and the opening attack was centred on them by General Heth's division.

My command was some distance back on the Chambersburg pike, and, not expecting the battle to open so soon, I had ordered my horses to be taken into a large field of clover, taking the opportunity to allow them a chance to graze, giving orders, however, that they be kept in harness and under the charge of the drivers, who must be ready to hitch up and move forward at a moment's notice. A short time had elapsed when I heard the roar of musketry at the front. It came to me with the peculiar sound not unlike the rumble of a train of cars approaching at a distance, and I realized that the battle of Gettysburg was on. Louder and fiercer grew the sound of musketry, and my men began to grow

impatient to take part in the strife. Looking up the turnpike some considerable time after the engagement had begun, I saw a courier dashing madly along past the bodies of troops that were moving forward. Coming up to where I sat on a rail fence, he handed me an order from General Hill to move my command at once, and to relieve Major Pegram's battalion of artillery, which had been engaged since the action commenced. In less time than it can be imagined the command was galloping down the road to the front.

It had become evident that the Federals, under Buford, had received reinforcements, for their firing had become more vigorous, and their movements exhibited a confidence which they had not hitherto shown. It was afterward learned that a large body of troops—the First corps, under Major-General John F. Reynolds—had come to their aid, and then it was that we realized that we were in for a long and stubborn struggle.

In the furious fighting that ensued after the arrival of General Reynolds, that gallant officer was killed while directing the movements of his corps in relieving the cavalry of General Buford, which had been dismounted. General O. O. Howard, who had come upon the field with his Eleventh corps, succeeded to the command; but, according to General Doubleday, did not issue orders to the First corps until the afternoon. Soon after his assumption of the command, it became known among the Confederates. The severe thrashing they had administered to this corps at Chancellorsville, inspired them with the belief that they would be able to repeat it on this day. In the meantime, severe fighting continued, the Federal troops being steadily driven back toward Seminary Ridge.

I think, with many officers with whom I have conversed on the subject of this juncture of the battle, that it would have been a comparatively easy matter for the Confederates to have brought more troops into action and to have forced the fighting and captured the key-point of the position, which was Cemetery Hill, before sunset of that day. It may be asked why was Cemetery Hill considered the key of the position from the Confederate view, in the first day's fight?

I answer: because it commanded all the approaches from the west, and afforded perfect cover for the movements of troops in the valley behind it. Had this position been taken on July 1st there would have been no more fighting at Gettsyburg, and the terrible slaughter of the 2d and 3d would never have occurred, or, if it at all, at some place nearer the Susquehanna River, which would necessarily have become the defensive line of the Union Army. But the great trouble with the Confederates was the absence of the cavalry, and General Lee and General Hill were not informed as to the movements of General Meade, who had now assumed command of the Federal Army, and they feared to bring on a general action until the whole of the army was concentrated, lest they should find their adversary in that condition in their front. This fear, no doubt, had much to do with the extreme caution which our commanders displayed throughout the day.

After a short cessation of the battle, which lasted perhaps an hour, the whole of the Federal First corps came up, and this was soon afterward followed by the Eleventh, under General Schurz. Very nearly at the same time the divisions of Rodes and Early of Ewell's corps arrived on the field. General Rodes's division took position on the left of General A. P. Hill's troops, and, later in the afternoon, Early's division attacked still further to the left, and a little to the north of the troops which had already been engaged. When these arrangements had been completed, repeated attacks were made by the Confederates before they succeeded in driving back the opposing forces.

As I was moving to the front with my command, in obedience to the order before alluded to, I saw General Lee with his staff at a point to the right of the Chambersburg turnpike, and on a range of hills just to the rear of Seminary Ridge. He sent an officer with an order to me to report to him at once in person. Riding up to where he stood, I dismounted, and, having saluted him, asked his pleasure. Pointing away beyond Seminary Ridge and calling my attention to what seemed to be a large body of troops, with wagons and ambulances, he handed me his field-glass, and asked if my guns would

reach them from the Seminary. I replied that they would, and he said: "They seemed to be moving toward the Emmettsburg Road, do they not?" and added: "Place your batteries on Seminary Ridge and either disperse them or develop the purpose of their movement."

Having complied with the order and drawn the fire of several batteries on Cemetery Hill upon me, I discovered that the troops which General Lee had alluded to were in full retreat, and the general coming up about that time had the satisfaction of seeing the plain intervening between the two ridges filled with the flying Federals. These retreating troops were, however, concentrating on that "rock-ribbed hill that served as a burial ground for the village."

It was at this juncture that General Lee sent the discretionary order to General Ewell, on the extreme left, "to follow up the success if he found it practicable, and to occupy the hill on which the enemy was concentrating." It was this order, in the opinion of every officer who was present on that field, that prevented the complete success of our army on that day; for, as it was not positive, but left discretionary with General Ewell, the latter, who had by this time reached the base of Cemetery as well as Culp's Hill, thought it best to give his tired columns a short rest, and to await further and more definite instructions.

I heard, during and immediately after this great campaign and battle, many expressions of wonder at this action, or, rather, inaction,

of General Ewell, and as many times have I heard the remark, "If old Stonewall had been there he would have preferred to have been without orders and pushed up the hill and captured it while the Union troops were in disorder."

It was at this time when General Lee was witnessing the concentration of his enemy, that General Longstreet, whose corps had not yet come into the action, states that he approached General Lee and said to him: "If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left and we shall interpose between the Federal Army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back to-morrow night in the direction of Washington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle the next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack us we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."

"No," said General Lee, "the enemy is there and I am going to attack him there."

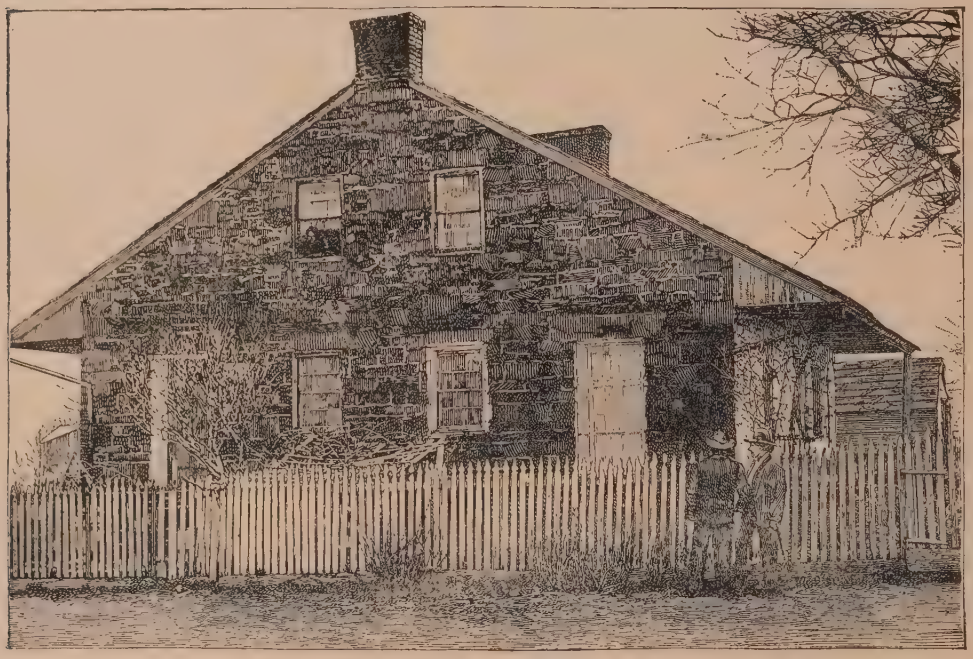
"I suggested," continued General Longstreet, "that such a move as I propose would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and reminded General Lee of our original plans. If we had fallen behind Meade and insisted on staying between him and Washington, we would have been compelled to attack, and would have been badly beaten. General Lee answered, 'No; they are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me!' I saw he was in no frame of mind to listen to further argument at that time, so I did not push the matter, but determined to renew the subject the next morning. It was then five o'clock in the afternoon."

These statements of General Longstreet are very important in view of the events that followed on the next two days.

It has been frequently stated in the newspapers, as well as in magazine articles, that the whole of Hill's corps and all of the divisions of Ewell's corps were engaged in this action. Such was not the case. The divisions of Heth and Pender were the only ones of Hills corps that took part in the battle of the first day, and Rodes's and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps came into the action late in the day. Anderson's division of Hill's corps and Johnston's of Ewell's were not engaged. The arrival of Early's division about 4 p. m. on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Federal corps seemed to be the decisive event of the day, and the placing of a battalion of artillery within easy range enfiladed the entire Federal line. It was when the brigades of Gordon, Hays and Avery, which connected with Rodes's left, advanced upon the Federal line commanded by General Barlow that the most bloody and obstinate fighting of the day ensued. The Confederates went into the attack with fury, indifferent to the terrible whirlwind of death that impeded their progress. On they rushed over the bodies of their fallen comrades, heedless of whatever fate awaited them. Their only thought was victory, and it inspired them with a valor that was almost superhuman; and as they saw the enemy slowly waver before their terrific onslaught, the famed rebel yell went up in a mighty pæan of triumph above the thunder of artillery and musketry, which seemed to make the very air tremble with its burden of sound. This awful struggle resulted in driving back the whole of the Eleventh corps to the line it had originally occupied, and it was here that General Schurz, with the aid of some batteries and a brigade from Cemetery Hill, tried to rally it and save the town. It was a useless effort. Gettysburg had been doomed to fall into the Confederates' hands from their opening attack in the morning, and the prize could not be denied them. After this well-sustained contest all the Federal forces retreated, for the retreat of the Eleventh corps had uncovered the right of the First and rendered the position untenable. At 4.30 or 5 p m. the troops of Early's division entered the town which it had cost them so dearly to gain. Gallant McCreary, who had had his ambition gratified by being placed in command of an

infantry regiment, with many others of the pride and flower of the South's manhood, had perished fighting bravely in the mighty struggle by which this result had been attained.

While Early's troops had been pressing the Eleventh corps, the divisions of Heth and Pender of Hill's corps, and Rodes's division of Ewell's corps, had been doing like service against the First corps and Buford's cavalry Heth's division had suffered severely, and had been replaced by Pender's. At 4 p. m. the whole Con-



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG.

federate line pressed forward in a combined attack, and General Doubleday, finding resistance useless, ordered his troops back to Cemetery Hill. This movement, however, was not accomplished without great loss of men and material; for of those troops of the Eleventh corps who tried to pass through the town many were made prisoners, and several pieces of artillery were captured on the Cashtown pike.

At the close of the fight Ewell's corps occupied Gettysburg, and formed a line thence to Rock Creek; Rodes's division lay on

the right, occupying Middle Street as far west as Seminary Ridge; Early lay on the west of the town; and Johnston, who did not arrive until after dark, occupied the extreme left of our line to the northwest and north of the town. Hill's corps took position in the following order: Pender's division on the right of Rodes's, with Anderson's division, which had halted too long at Cashtown to participate in this day's battle, on the right, and Heth's division resting in rear of Seminary Ridge. The First corps (Longstreet's) was on the march between Cashtown and Greenwood. General McLaws' division of Longstreet's corps camped that night at Marsh Creek, about four miles from Gettysburg; and Hood's division was marching nearly all night, arriving near the field early on the morning of July 2.

It cannot be said that these results had been obtained without great loss to our brave army; for of Rodes's division nearly 3000 had been either killed, wounded or captured; Early, although he came late to the action, had lost over 500 men; and Hill's two divisions had been rather roughly handled and had lost heavily. It has been frequently said, and I believe it is true, that the losses were greater on this day, in proportion to the numbers engaged, than in any battle of the war. I may say that the whole of the Confederate army felt much elated over the success of the first day's battle, but there were those who looked upon the failure to capture Cemetery Hill that day as fatal. I remember a conversation with the gallant General Ramseur (afterward killed in the Valley of Virginia), which took place near the Seminary, and while the Federal batteries were shelling us, in which he said, while pointing to the hill: "Garnett, we must get that hill to-night or never." He was right. I believed so at that moment, and the desperate attempts to take it by assault during the next two days proved his words to be prophetic.

When the retreating Federals reached Cemetery Hill they were met by General Hancock, who arrived just as they were coming up from the town, with orders from General Meade to assume the command. His presence was familiar to the troops, and inspired

great confidence; and, besides, it was the evidence of the approach of reinforcements.

With that quick perception which he possessed in a remarkable degree, Hancock recognized the character of the position on Cemetery Hill as one for a defensive battle, and at once determined to retain possession of it. He judged, as he afterward told me in a conversation at Newport, R. I., that this would be a difficult task for the disorganized and demoralized troops as they came up the hill, and the delay in the arrival of fresh troops gave him but little hope of success should the Confederates make another determined assault. He resorted to strategy in this emergency, and, having placed the First and Eleventh corps in the centre, a force was despatched to occupy Culp's Hill, which was some distance to his right, and what remained of Buford's cavalry was sent to the extreme left. Thus there was the appearance of a great force on Cemetery Hill, which may have produced the impression that the Union army had been greatly reinforced.

Near sunset the Twelfth and Third corps arrived and were placed in position, and soon afterward the Second corps came up and thus completed the disposition of the Federal army for the night.

I have said that this battle was the result of accident, and due to the absence of the Confederate cavalry, which should have been at hand to inform General Lee of the movements and position of the Federal army. Where was it? When General Lee determined upon the campaign General J. E. B. Stuart was directed to place all the cavalry on the right flank of the army, and, by moving east of the Blue Ridge, to watch and follow the enemy across the Potomac. When General Lee reached Chambersburg with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, Ewell's being in advance at Carlisle and York, he had received no direct communication from Stuart and he was ignorant of his whereabouts. Stuart, however, after leaving two brigades of his cavalry to hold the gaps of the Blue Ridge, with no enemy in front of them, had crossed the Potomac at Seneca Creek, above Washington, and was on "one of

his wild raids" around the rear of the Federal army. At Rockville he captured a wagon train, which he attempted to carry along with him. Reaching Hanover, he found himself opposed by a strong force of Federal cavalry, and, as his horses and men were nearly worn out, he undertook to join the main army or some part of it. He accordingly made a night march to York, but Early had gone; and, pushing along to Carlisle, he found it occupied by a Federal force. After throwing some shells into the town and setting fire to the barracks located there, fearing that the army was engaged in a battle at Gettysburg, he hurried as best he could with his jaded troopers to lend a tardy assistance to the army from which he had been so long absent. There was no good result from this raid—a wagon train and a paltry score of paroled prisoners not compensating for the embarrassment which General Lee had experienced. I never heard, however, that General Lee ever reproved General Stuart for this futile raid, although it will go down in history as the cause of the failure of this great campaign.

What the feeling was in the Union army that night I am unable to say; but that of the Confederates was one of exultation, for they had nearly accomplished the end in view, and confidently rested on their arms in the hope of a successful issue on the following day. The question in the minds of both armies as they rested weary and torn from the day's struggle was: "What will the morrow bring forth?" And so the vexed question perplexed their brains until sleep lulled them into rest.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Great Confederate's Part in the Battle of Gettysburg.

By Colonel John J. Garnett,

Of the Confederate States Artillery, and Acting Chief of Artillery on the Staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, at the Surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865.

II.—The Second and Third Days.

The soldiers of both armies awoke the next morning feeling confident that before night the great question of supremacy would be settled. The Federal position, from Culp's Hill on the right to Round Top on the left, strong in itself, had been made stronger during the night by the throwing up of breastworks and the arrival of the corps which had not been in action on the 1st; so that when General Meade arrived on the field he found himself well prepared for the coming attack. The Confederates did not by any means underrate the force and the position with which they had to contend. True, the success of the first day had inspired them with great confidence; but they realized that the conditions had changed, and that they would have to undergo a long struggle and a hard one to attain victory. The morning was pleasant, the air calm, and the sun shone mildly through a smoky atmosphere, though giving evidence of increasing heat, and the whole outer world was quiet and peaceful; there was nothing strikingly remarkable to foretoken the sanguinary strife that was to close the 2d of July.

During the early part of the day the Confederate troops kept as quiet as possible, and not a sound was to be heard except the firing between the pickets and an occasional shot from the Federal guns, for the purpose of feeling and developing our strength. At four o'clock Anderson was on his way to take position on Seminary Ridge to the right of Pender, and he was followed by McLaws' and Hood's

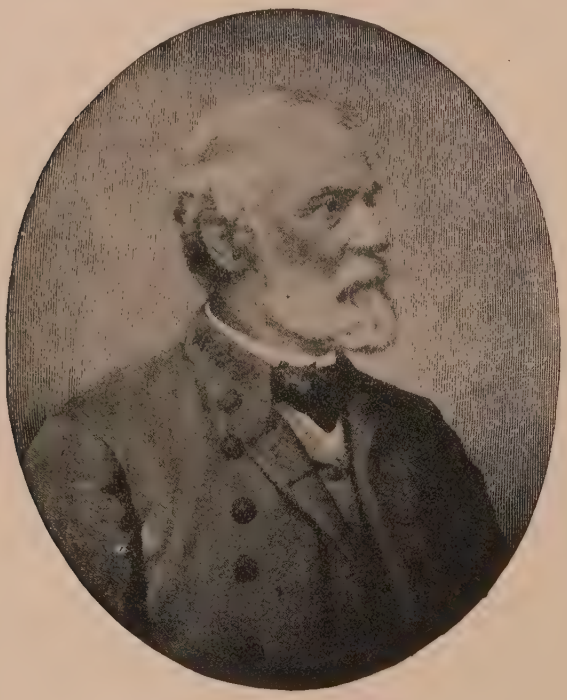
divisions of Longstreet's corps, with the exception of McLaws' brigade. About this time Pickett, who had been left at Chambersburg, was moving toward the field, and McLaws was leaving the little village of New Guilford, where he had been posted to guard the rear, and Stuart with his cavalry left Carlisle.

By eleven that morning the whole of our army, with the exception of Pickett's division, Stuart's cavalry and McLaws' brigade, were in position, entirely enveloping Gettysburg on the west and southwest. Meade's army had rectified and extended its positions during the morning, and his entire force was in position on the interior curve of the horseshoe-shaped line which extended from Culp's Hill to Round Top.

The Federal line of battle, besides being immensely strong from its physical formation, was much shorter than ours, and any part of it could be reinforced, if necessity required, by short lines of march, and the movement of the troops was hidden from view by the high ridge.

Time, it seemed to us, was everything, for it enabled the Federal commander to perfect his arrangements to meet the attack which was inevitable, yet scarcely a gun had been fired up to this time. It was generally understood that General Longstreet should begin the fight of this day by an assault upon the enemy's left at an early hour, and that the sound of his guns was to be the signal for an attack on the Federal right by Ewell, and then, when success favored these assaults, Hill was to have moved upon the centre of Meade's line. It was the delay in the opening of the attack by our right that robbed this plan of a combined movement of the several corps of Lee's army of its success. I do not undertake here to locate the responsibility of this delay, but in the light of subsequent knowledge obtained from the reports of the Union commanders, it is, I think, fair to say that, with an army flushed with victory, and having all its corps in the positions deemed proper, the delay in attacking was grossly culpable. General Longstreet says that on this morning he "joined General Lee, and again proposed the move to Meade's left and rear. He was still unwilling to consider the

proposition, but soon left me and rode off to see General Ewell and to examine the ground on our left, with a view to making the attack at that point. After making the examination and talking to General Ewell, he determined to make the attack by the right, and, returning to where I was, announced his intention of so doing. About eleven o'clock he ordered the march, and put it under the conduct of his engineer officers, so as to be assured of their moving by the best route and encountering the least delay in reaching the position designated by him for the attack of the Federal left, at the same time concealing the movements then under orders from view of the Federals." From this statement it would seem that General Longstreet places the responsibility for delay on General Lee; but there has been much acrimonious correspondence on this point between General Longstreet and General Pendleton (General Lee's Chief of Artillery), in which the latter places the entire onus of the delay on the former, and charges neglect of duty, and also says that General Lee complained bitterly of the course of the commander of the First corps. The determination of such a question, however, cannot be arrived at from the correspondence of interested parties, and must eventually be left to the candor of time and history. Whatever decision may be reached, there can be no refutation of the fact, a palpable one in itself, that the failure to carry out General Lee's plans had a definite effect on the result



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

of this day's fighting. That the plan was feasible there can be no doubt, and the entire army, by common instinct, seemed to realize it.

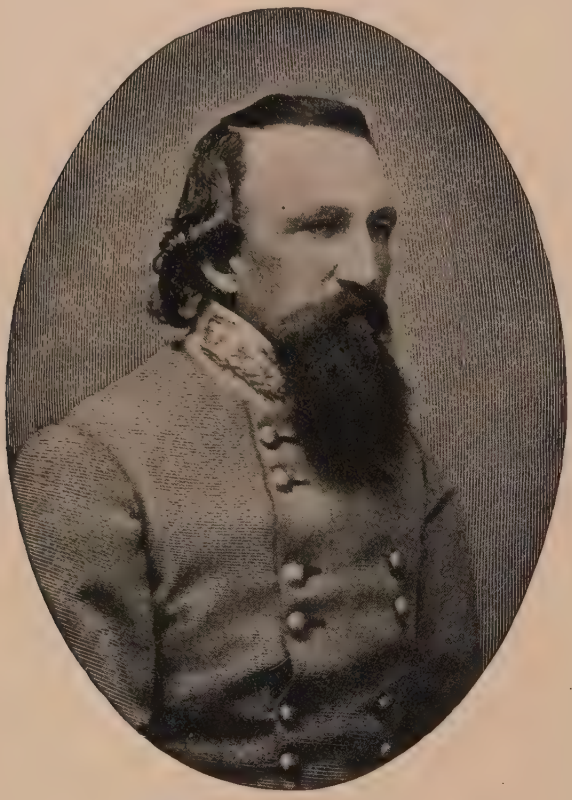
As our army acted on the offensive, it was necessary for it to debouch from Seminary Ridge into the plain, in full view of the Union commanders, and where all its principal operations could be observed by the signal corps at Round Top and Little Round Top; and to reinforce any part of our line a long march was required, and much time would therefore be consumed.

At length, at about 4 p. m., having perfected his plans, General Longstreet threw Hood's division forward toward the Emmittsburg road, with McLaws supporting on the left, overlapped by Anderson. By the time this was accomplished the sun was away down the horizon, and an ominous silence seemed to hang over the contending armies. This silence was broken by the opening of a cannonade along the entire right and centre of the Confederate line, which was only equaled by that which followed on the next day. More than one hundred guns lined our front for a distance of three miles on Seminary Ridge, around to the Harrisburg road, and on the hills to the northwest of the town.

Sickles' corps of the Union army had been thrown in advance of the main line, and occupied Sherfy's peach orchard; and it was Longstreet's first object to seize and hold it as a base for an advance on the main line.

General Meade seemed also to have recognized the importance of this position, and, seeing that Sickles could not hold it alone, hastened forward reinforcements. In this place ensued what may be called "the pinch" of that day's battle. Sickles's veterans strove hard to resist the onset made upon them. The Confederates fought with the fierceness of tigers at bay, and they saw their foe driven back as the crown of their bravery. General Meade's report shows that parts of the Second, Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth corps, with the whole of the Third, were unable to retain possession of this important salient against the impetuous charges of Hood, McLaws and Anderson.

General Longstreet, in his description of the fight at this point, says: "The attack was made in splendid style by both divisions, and the Federal line was broken by the first impact. They retired, many of them, in the direction of Round Top, behind boulders and fences, which gave them shelter, and where they received reinforcements." The point aimed at by General Lee in making this attack was to break through the Federal left and flank, the main body occupying the centre and right.



GENERAL J. B. GORDON.
From photo by Cook.

To a certain extent he was successful, for, having taken the peach orchard and carried everything before him in this battle wave, which had extended from Round Top west to the peach orchard, Hood was preparing a movement to capture the stronghold of the left—Round Top—and thus either compel a surrender or a retreat from Cemetery and Culp's Hills. He discovered that Little Round Top had not been occupied, and that a very meagre force had been placed in front of this hill. He regarded its capture as the crowning-point of this day's fighting. Placing himself in the front line of his most trusted men, and pointing to the rock-bound, sombre summit, which he yearned to possess, he led them with a wild impetuosity through the Union line on to the very base of the mountain's side. Here he was met by a perfect cyclone of fire

from the hill, which, having been largely reinforced, now swarmed with thousands of fresh troops. All this time General Vincent, of the Union army, was sorely pressed by General McLaws' Confederate brigade, which had now reached the field. This contest was hand-to-hand for a time, but McLaws made a flank movement, and, having cut Vincent off from the rest of the army, was on the very point of gaining the much-coveted summit when again fresh troops under Warren and my old classmate at West Point, O'Rourke, were pushed forward to the crest.

Here victory was snatched from the grasp of McLaws by the impetuous valor of the troops under O'Rourke, who, having received a volley from the Confederates, clubbed their muskets, and with a wild shout of desperation, rushed upon those who but a moment before were the victors, and drove them down the hill. Another attempt was made by McLaws to force this line, but Vincent, having recovered from his earlier embarrassment, quickly came to the rescue, and this second effort ended in a repulse. In this action the brave and gallant Hood was severely wounded, Vincent was killed, and O'Rourke also fell a victim to his courage.

While the troops of both armies at this point were pausing for breath to renew the contest, important events were taking place on the Emmittsburg road, where Anderson's three brigades, under Wilcox, Perry and Wright, were driving the Federals from their positions; and soon after their whole line was irrevocably destroyed, and the forces which Longstreet had been so long trying to dislodge gave way in disorder.

At length, when McLaws had reformed his line, he renewed the assault with his almost exhausted troops, and found that Weed's brigade and Hazlett's battery had been brought up as reinforcements. Again the unequal contest was hotly sustained. The carnage was awful. Another effort to turn the Federals' left caused McLaws to extend his line too much, and a vigorous charge drove them back, leaving behind them several hundred wounded and prisoners.

Thus ended the frightful contest for the possession of this position of vantage. The last heroic effort had been made by the

Confederates; gods could do no more. All their gallant endeavors had cost the priceless treasure of a host of as brave men as ever drew a sword on the field of battle; and as the friendly curtain of night began to throw her merciful shadow over the terrible scene of blood, mortal suffering and death, the sharp rattle of the musketry died away into a sound like the measured beating of muffled drums, the hoarse grumbling of the destructive artillery, "difficult music for men to face," faded into a mere growl, and a gentle breeze drove away the pall of smoke that had hid beneath it a picture of human misery sufficient to quail the stoutest heart. The sublime horror of this scene stood forth in all its ghastly hideousness; but, thank Heaven! there came a cessation here in the work of carnage and death.

THE LOST CAUSE.

Further effort at this point was worse than folly. While the Confederates had gained the peach orchard and forced the Union line back some three-quarters of a mile, and inflicted great loss upon the troops engaged, the great object had not been attained. When the morning dawned it was truly a second Gibraltar, for it was covered with a perfect network of breastworks, and from its summit frowned down upon the troops in the plain below twelve thirty-pound Parrot guns.

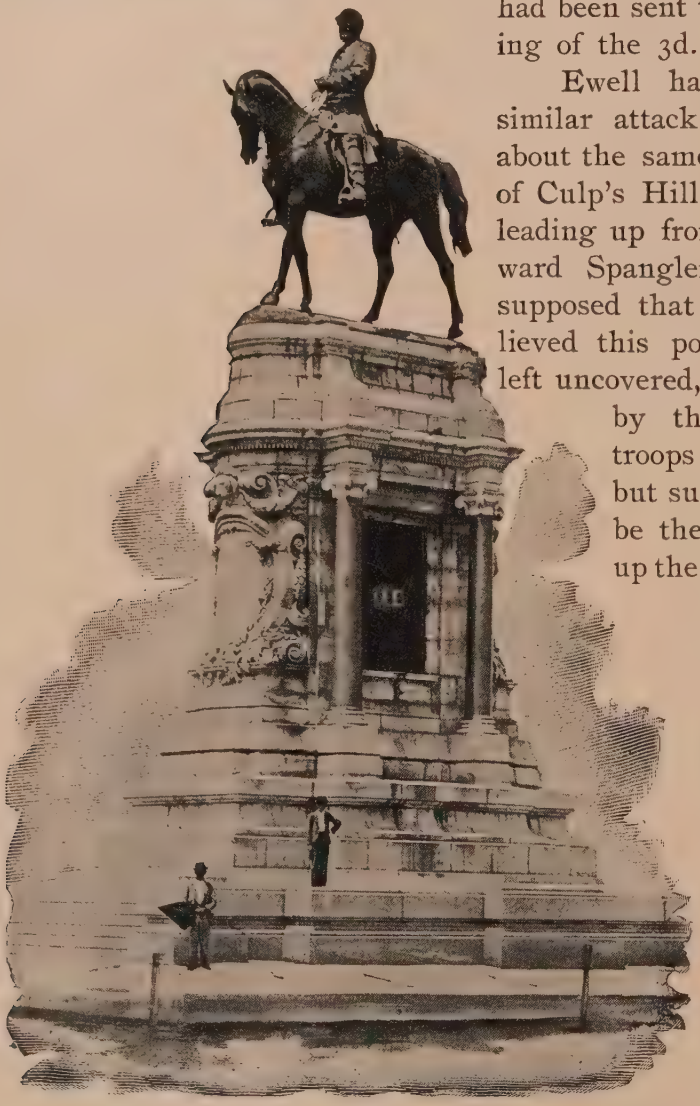
Scarcely had the tumult of battle ended on our right when Ewell renewed it on our left. Here, again, some excuse was to be made for delay; and it was said that an adverse wind had prevented Ewell from hearing the sound of Longstreet's guns, and therefore he did not attack, as had been contemplated. Hill, too, had remained inactive, with the exception of the brigades of Anderson's division, which were covering Longstreet's left. I have never heard any reason assigned for this.

Late in the afternoon, when Longstreet's divisions had finished their dreadful day's work, Ewell opened fire with his batteries on the Federal position on Culp's Hill. Having discovered that an attempt on the north and east sides of the hill was impracticable, Johnston plunged his battalions into the vortex of Rock Creek and essayed to turn the Federal position by the southeast. His dispositions were completed at about 7 p. m., and for the first time on this memorable day was the battle in progress on our left.

Previous to that time there had been some fighting on this part of the line, but it had ceased. Early attacked the Eleventh corps, lying on the flank of the northeastern knob of Cemetery Hill, and resting near a stone wall which extended southward from Houck's brickyard. One portion of these divisions of Johnston and Early moved obliquely across the brow of a hill behind which they were lying, and came up in front of the wall: while another moved up a low valley stretching from Rock Creek along the northern flank of Culp's Hill. To the Louisianians under that gallant soldier and true-hearted gentleman, General Harry Hays, was committed the perilous task of making the charge upon the guns. They dashed forward with furious determination, and although they lost half their men in killed and wounded, they rushed over the wall up to the cannon. Here a desperate hand-to-hand fight, with clubs, stones and missiles of all kinds, ensued. The victory which the noble men of Louisiana had won by their valor was, I may say, thrown away by the failure of the support which such an assault should have received. Some of these men remained on the hill all night, and I had it

from General Hays' lips that the hill was deserted to a great extent by the Union men, and might have been held if troops had been sent there on the morning of the 3d.

Ewell had directed that a similar attack should be made about the same time in the rear of Culp's Hill, through a valley leading up from Rock Creek toward Spangler's Spring. It is supposed that General Ewell believed this point to have been left uncovered, to a great extent, by the removal of the troops to reinforce Sickles; but such did not prove to be the case. Charging up the hill, under cover of the forest and the approaching darkness, to their surprise our men met a desperate resistance from a brigade of Geary's command. They literally covered the hillside with their wounded and dead. The scarred timber along the side of the hill clearly shows to this day the obstinacy with which the men fought to claim this vantage ground of our left. From 7 to 9.30 p. m. the



STATUE OF GENERAL LEE AT RICHMOND, VA.

roar of musketry was incessant, and it was so terrible, that as it broke upon the still night air the very earth seemed to tremble with terror.

But while our men were hurled back on this part of the line, at that part near Spangler's Spring they were successful in crossing the works, and advancing to the Baltimore turnpike. Had not this occurred at so late an hour it would have been disastrous to the Federal army. But being fearful of falling into large masses they proceeded no further.

During the night, or at early dawn of the next day (July 3d), Rodes's division was moved to the left, and Ewell had his entire corps massed on the right flank of the Federal army, ready to push the advantage which he had gained during the second day. Hill's corps occupied the same position it held in the morning, and Pickett having arrived and taken position to the left of Anderson, and on Heth's right, made Longstreet master of the situation on our right.

And so the day ended, fortune wavering between the two armies on which to cast her smiles of victory. The Confederates had been baffled in their purpose with which they had begun the fight in the afternoon, but they had been so interspersed with small successes, here, there, and everywhere on the field over which they had fought, that they were encouraged to believe they might yet successfully win the blind goddess to favor them.

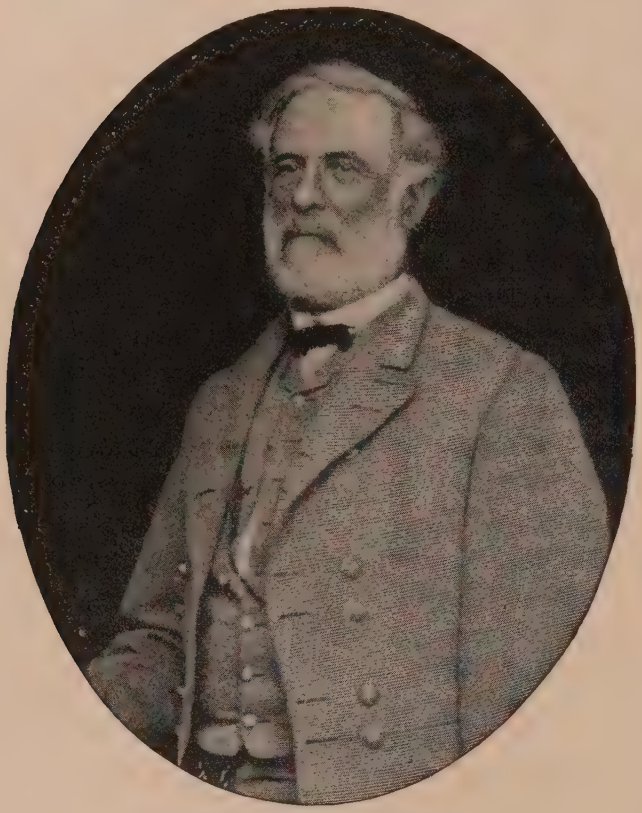
They were in excellent spirits when night brought the battle to a close, far more so than their intrepid opponents. They had demonstrated that they were foemen worthy of the steel of the Army of the Potomac. The two commanders, Lee and Meade, held councils of war during the night, and reached the conclusion that while neither side had gained much, both had suffered heavy losses, an encouraging state of affairs for bloody deeds on the morrow.

The Third Day.

The third morning found the two armies in the positions in which the second day had left them. In our army the thought was uppermost that the day would establish the Confederacy. That

defeat awaited our troops was never entertained. The frowning cannon from Cemetery Hill along the Union line to the left stood eager-mouthed.

The morning began serene and quiet. Daylight had just appeared when the commanders began to rectify and strengthen the lines of their armies, guided by the experiences which had been so dearly earned.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

During the night the Federal divisions which had been called away to reinforce other parts of the line were ordered back to Culp's Hill. Geary, finding that his former ground had been occupied, formed his returning troops on the right of those already in position, and at an early hour opened the attack on the Confederates, who had made a lodgment on Culp's Hill and near the Baltimore pike the night before. The conflict lasted for several hours with varying success; the charges of our men, although made with great spirit, seemed to avail little against the redoubled efforts of the opposing Federals.

As the day advanced its increasing heat rendered the awful contest still more awful, and the hand-to-hand encounters and the constantly recurring incidents of bravery and accidents of death were equaled only by the number of the brave contestants. The remnant

of Johnston's division, which had so boldly and gallantly carried the positions in front of our left, were now formed for one grand final effort to drive back and double up the Union right.

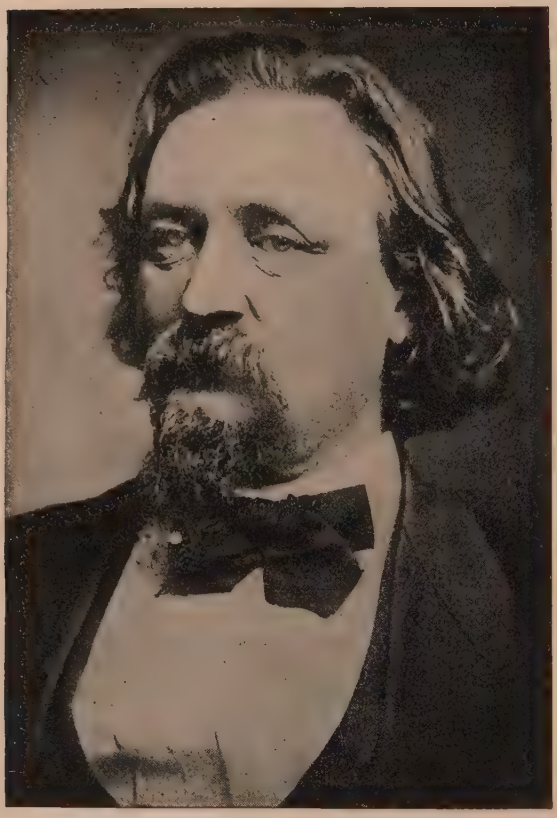
The awful moment arrived, and at eleven o'clock Johnston's men, with a wild yell that rent the air, surged forward in their impetuous zeal. They were met by Geary's men and the other troops which the skillful Warren had brought to the defence of this position, with that cool intrepidity which characterizes the fighting of men in desperate straits, and Johnston's wearied lines were driven back with fearful loss. With a keen perception of the effect of this repulse Geary moved forward, and in a countercharge of great enthusiasm he broke the Confederate line, which reluctantly and sullenly yielded the ground which had been so dearly won.

This was the last effort made to turn the Federal right, and, beyond a desultory fire at intervals to create a diversion in that direction, the left of our army had played its part in this great drama of battles. There is little doubt that General Lee accepted the results of the first and second days' battles as successes for our army, for we had gained possession of ground from which we had driven the forces of the Union, and we had captured a large number of prisoners and had added many field-guns to our artillery corps. While the combats had been fierce and bloody, we had succeeded in driving back heavy and obstinate columns, encountering masses which outnumbered us at the various points of attack, yet we could not point to much that evidenced victorious results.

The Union army was still there in our front, and unwhipped and defiant as it was when Lee said to Longstreet on the evening of the first day: "They are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me." It is a fact that can hardly be denied, that the success of the first day precipitated the battle of the second, and that of the second brought about the awful slaughter that made Pickett's charge on the third the wonder and admiration of the nations of the earth.

Of course it was impossible for anyone but the great commander himself to know exactly what he proposed doing; but no

officer who gave the problem a careful thought could fail to recognize the importance of the situation and the great character of the stake for which we were playing as well as the hazardous nature of the game. If we should succeed, Washington, Baltimore, the whole State of Maryland and a large part of Pennsylvania would fall into our hands.



LAST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL PICKETT.

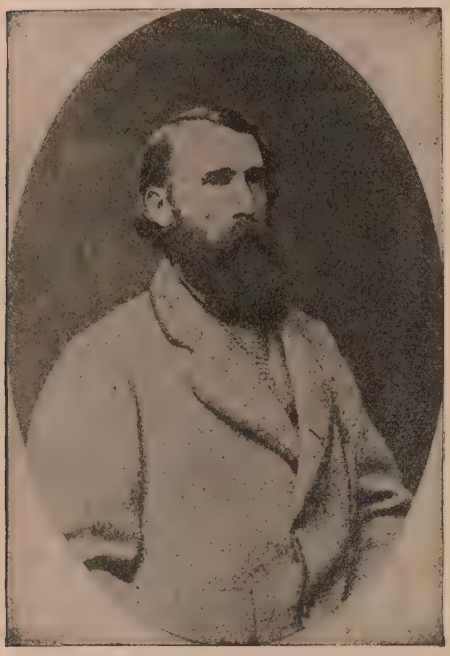
We could relieve the wasted fields and exhausted resources of the theatre of war in Virginia, and subsist our armies upon the rich soil of the newly captured territory. Besides, there was the political aspect of such a victory. The peace party North, on account of the failure of the Federal Government to bring the war to a successful close, was rapidly growing into power, and every defeat for the Union brought fresh allies to their cause; and it was reasonable to conclude that a crushing defeat, such as this day's fight might bring, would turn the scale in favor of a declaration of peace on the only terms the Confederates asked—namely, independence. On the other hand, what would another repulse entail? A retreat across the Potomac in the face of an army already exhausted by long marches and weakened by a three-days' battle, the like of which is not recorded in history, with naught but the knowledge of a hard-earned repulse to inspire new hopes, and a return to the scenes of so many defeats.

Surely the sacrifice was worth making, and General Lee was right. He had already made the effort to beat the enemy upon his flanks; nothing was now left but to hurl a fresh column against his centre, and, if possible to break the line and snatch a victory from a partial defeat. This he determined to attempt.

I have quoted largely from General Longstreet because he occupied so important a position, and because his views seem to be so opposed to those of General Lee, and I again return to his comments on this day's fight. He says: "On the night of the 2d I sent to our extreme right to make a little reconnoissance in that direction, thinking General Lee might yet conclude to move around the Federal left." And again: "The position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2d had concentrated them so that I considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle of the 2d had been. I was disappointed when General Lee came to me on the morning of the 3d and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line." Longstreet again urged General Lee to move on the right, but the latter answered that he was going to take them where they were, on Cemetery Hill, and added: "I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will reinforce you by two divisions of the Third corps." Longstreet says he strongly opposed this, contending that 15,000 men were not enough for the purpose. The sequel proved that they were not; but what had become of Anderson, McLaws and Hood? and did the two divisions of the Third Corps give Pickett's men the promised support? It is a matter of current, and was of contemporaneous, belief that not one of these supporting divisions went boldly to the attack when Pickett was struggling with overwhelming numbers at the angle in Hancock's front. Is it possible that General Longstreet's "disappointment" above referred to could have had anything to do with their tardiness or lack of action?

At seven minutes past one, to be precise—I remember looking at my watch—we heard the ominous booming of a cannon fired by the Washington Artillery on the right centre of the Confederate line.

General Lee from his position heard it, and knew what it meant. Confidence in his plans had imparted to his noble soul a calmness majestic in its grandeur. The echoes of that discharge had scarcely died away over the field when 150 guns on each side opened fire. The combined roar was deafening. It seemed to benumb every sense but that of fear. It was terrible. The air was filled with deadly lines of whizzing, screaming, bursting shells and solid shot. Brave men, inured to danger, looked into each others faces, upon which no fear was depicted. The combined elements of Nature could not produce a more fearful din.



GENERAL A. P. HILL.

We had placed our guns on the hills near the Bonaughton Road, near the York Road, near the Harrisburg Road, and on Seminary Ridge along our whole line to a point above Round Top, the purpose being to subject the Federal artillery on Cemetery Hill to a circle of cross fires, and to enable us to dismount and to destroy it. Great was the object, but greater still were the results we hoped to accomplish before the day was over. Every point in that day's drama of war had been carefully calculated upon, and we watched the development with the keen interest of men who know that upon the accomplishment of their ends depends all that is of life and hope to them.

From my position on Seminary Ridge I watched the awful work. As I recall the scene now, it required an almost stoical philosophy to hope for anything beyond the total annihilation of all concerned in the terrible struggle. The commanding position occupied by the Federal guns on Cemetery Hill, and the elevated ground which gradually slopes away from it on both sides, enabled

them to do the more effective work. Their shot and shell tore ruthlessly through our lines, making many horrid gaps. Along Seminary Ridge was a thick growth of saplings, among which stood sturdy trees, and many of them fell before the leaden rain as if they had been assailed by a tornado. There was no thought of flinching along our line from the galling fire we were receiving. To flee to the rear meant almost as certain death as to stand boldly to the guns. The Federal shot and shell flew around us and over our heads into the country back of us at least two miles, and to seek safety by skulking to the rear was to invite an ignominious death.

I take a natural pride in saying that our troops exhibited no timidity in facing the frightful ordeal to which they were being subjected. Man to man they stood, shoulder to shoulder at the guns as if each felt himself the bulwark of the Confederacy's hopes, and was determined to stand ready to beat back every hostile billow which confronted us. For one hour and thirty minutes the cannonading continued with unabated force from start to finish, and then it gradually diminished in its intensity until it ceased along both lines.

A word as to the purpose of this great artillery duel, the greatest since the world began. In the morning General Lee had reconnoitred the Federal position from the college cupola, and had come to the conclusion that the left centre was the weakest part in the enemy's lines. With that discovery he determined upon a move, the greatest ever conceived by a commanding general, and, as the result proved, the most fatal. One formidable obstacle stood in the way of his hopes—the Federal artillery. By opening an attack along the entire line with his own guns he hoped to be able to destroy many of the enemy's, besides exhausting his stock of ammunition, so that when the crucial test of the day came—the breaking of the Federal line at the left centre—their heavy guns would be practically useless for defensive purposes.

What was to be the next move? was a question in the minds of both armies during the calm which succeeded the cannonading.

In the morning Lee had told Longstreet to order Pickett's division, which belonged to his corps, to make an attack in force on the Federal left centre. Pickett had been apprised of the work which had been cut out for him to do, and, like the brave officer he was, held himself in readiness to perform his duty. His division, consisting of three brigades under the command of Garnett, Kemper and Armistead, lay in a clump of woods almost directly opposite the objective point which they were to attack. The three brigades were made up of fifteen regiments from Virginia, all true and tried men, who had won many laurels on the battle-fields of their native State. They had received premonitions of the work that was in store for them, and, as they lay under cover in the woods, all seemed as merry and careless as a pleasure party out for a holiday. Merry jokes, quips and songs, enlivened the tedium of waiting. I have talked with many of the survivors of that historic charge, and their description of their feelings before starting across the field to the attack accords with the coolness, the courage and determination which they displayed on that dreadful day.

GENERAL PICKETT DURING THE WAR.
From photo by Cook.

The time had come. The hour was ripe for the fruition of the hopes of the Confederacy.

General Pickett mounted his white charger, and, riding up to Longstreet, asked for orders. "Shall I move forward, General?" he asked, pointing to the Federal left centre, at the angle of the stone wall directly in his front. Longstreet looked the hero in the face, with firm-set lips and a glance of hesitation and doubt. He had opposed the movement, had no faith in it, and was reluctant to give verbal assent to it. But, veteran soldier that he was, he bowed to the will and desire of his commanding officer, and nodded his head affirmatively to Pickett's question. The latter seemed to become imbued with a sense of the mighty responsibility that had been imposed upon him. He realized, as he afterward told me, that a duty had been intrusted to him, the grandest that ever fell to the lot of a commanding officer. Raising his hat in salute he remarked, "I shall go forward, sir," and then rode back to his command.

Pickett was the very embodiment of a soldier born for immortal deeds. His bearing impressed his troops with the high sense of duty which animated him in all he undertook. He had a soldier's appreciation of the niceties of his profession. At the head of his command he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear. His long auburn locks, carefully tended, hung almost to his shoulders in picturesque profusion. His coolness is illustrated by an incident which occurred shortly after he had given orders to his brigade commanders to prepare for the charge.

He was sitting on his horse when General Wilcox rode up to him, and, taking a flask of whisky from his pocket, said: "Pickett, take a drink with me; in an hour you'll be in hell or glory."

"Be it so, General Wilcox," returned Pickett, taking the proffered drink; "whatever my fate, I shall do my duty like a brave man."

The line being formed, the gallant men on whom were centred a people's hope of a nation moved out of the woods. Nothing interrupted the view of this superb movement. From the cannon-covered top of Cemetery Hill along the Federal line the soldiers of the Federal army watched, with wonderment not unmixed with admiration, the oncoming of those heroic columns; while the

Confederates looked on admiringly, hoping against hope that success would reward the splendid courage evinced by Pickett's men. When a short distance from their starting-point they obliqued to the right, and then to the left, in order to secure cover in the undulations of the plain across which they were moving. By some strange fatality the artillery smoke, which had settled over the field after the cannonading, and hung there close to the ground, lifted after the Confederate division had reached some distance in its journey to death and glory, and revealed distinctly to both armies the movement then being made.

Marching in the direction of the objective position, with measured steps and unfaltering courage, Pickett's divison drew nearer and nearer to their goal without hindrance from the foe. What did it mean? Was their attack to be a bloodless victory? These were questions that sprung instinctively to the minds of the gallant men. Suddenly a cloudburst of flame, shot and shell came thundering from the ridge into the devoted ranks. There was no wavering, no halting; on went Pickett's men, presenting as solid and as undaunted a front as the rock of Gibraltar. Many dead and wounded were left by their brave comrades on the spot where they fell. There was no time for anything but duty, and that stern duty was ahead of them. Again and again the Federal batteries poured forth a rain of solid shot, shell, shrapnel and canister upon them in unstinted measure. Horrid rents, which were quickly closed up, were made in their lines as the men pressed steadily forward, a thundercloud of war that would not be stayed. The Federals, seeing that they were dealing with a desperate foe, increased their fire, if possible, but with no apparent effect except to mark the track over which the force was moving with the dead and wounded heroes.

Never was there a sublimer exhibition of bravery on any battlefield. Courage was personified in every man. On they went in the face of the relentless hail of death that was beating against them. General Armistead was seen, with his hat held aloft on his sword to serve as a guide, marching resolutely at the head of his

PICKETT'S FAMOUS CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

gallant men. Shot and shell whistled about him, yet he was undaunted. His journey was a desperate one, but he continued bravely, not with the courage of desperation, but with the courage of a perfect man and a gallant soldier. "Don't flinch an inch, boys," he had said to his men, before starting away, and they were heroically responding.

The carnage in their ranks was fearful to contemplate. It seemed more like cold-blooded butchery than systematic war. That part of our army not engaged watched the gallant band in painful suspense. It did not seem within the limit of human endeavor that they could ever reach the objective point, so terrible was the slaughter to which they were being subjected. On they went, with every step becoming more determined. Surely there was never seen such matchless heroism. Nothing could stay or check them. When within a short distance of the Federal line, their wild yells of defiance were heard above the thundering of the guns. The greatest moment of their lives had come. They dashed forward in a wild and disordered rush. Garnett, whose brigade was in the front line, fell dead within a hundred yards of the Union front, sword in hand. His men rushed madly upon the 69th and 71st Pennsylvania Regiments, which had been awaiting the oncoming attack. At this moment they were brought under the fire of a Union brigade, which was occupying a small wood in advance and to the left of the point of Pickett's attack. Hancock, realizing the purpose of the attack, and always on the alert to seize a favorable opportunity, threw a force on Pickett's flank.

Two of Armistead's regiments were frightfully decimated and thrown into a disorganized state by this movement. The remainder of his brigade dropped in the rear of the centre of Pickett's line. Armistead, swinging his sword wildly, and rushing from point to point, urged his men forward, and reached the front rank between Kemper and Garnett. In the impetuous rush which ensued these brigades became a compact struggling mass of human beings all bent on bloody work. Pushing forward, as if moved by some irresistible force superior to the individual will, they threw themselves upon the Union line like so many thunderbolts.

PICKETT'S RETURN FROM HIS FAMOUS CHARGE.

"General, my noble division has been swept away."

The shock was terrific. It appeared impossible for human power to withstand it, and for a moment it seemed that it must sweep everything before it. With what breathless interest we watched the scene. General Lee, from a convenient point, stood calmly looking at the struggle. Not an expression of his face or an action indicated that he had other than hopes of success. He was as imperturbable as a rock. What emotions swayed his soul at that supreme moment he and God only know.

The first line of the Federals was pierced and they were driven back upon the earthworks near the artillery. There the work of death was renewed with frightful slaughter. Charges of grapeshot were fired into Pickett's men with terrible effect. Hancock and Gibbon rushed up their reserves to help stay the furious onslaught of the Virginians. Hall rectified his line, which had been outflanked on the right. Harker advanced with his left, and almost took Pickett in reverse. All these movements made under the greatest excitement threw the Federal troops into the same disordered state as their opponents, and mingled in a confused mass, the only way of distinguishing one from the other was the blue and gray. The fighting became like that of an infuriated mob. Confederates and Federals faced each other with clubbed muskets, their faces distorted with the fury of madmen. Commands were useless, they could not be heard above the din.

A clump of trees just within the angle wall became the objective point of the Confederates. Armistead resolved to take it. Placing his hat on his sword, he rallied about him 150 men, who were ready to follow wherever he would lead. Rushing forward with his gallant band he reached a Federal gun, and just as he had adjured his followers to give them the cold steel he fell dead in his tracks pierced with bullets. The death of this gallant officer marked the complete failure of the Confederate assault; and beaten, but not dismayed, Pickett's men retraced their way across the field, now strewn with their dead. Riding up to General Lee, Pickett dismounted, and saluting, said, in a voice, tremulous with sorrow: "General, my noble division has been swept away."

"I alone am responsible, General Pickett," Lee replied, with that quiet dignity which always characterized him.

It was expected that General Meade, after this signal repulse, would place himself at the head of his victorious soldiers and lead a counter-charge; but, with the exception of the advance of a few skirmishers, there was no movement of the Federal line. In anticipation of such an attack our lines were reformed along the Seminary Ridge, and everything put in readiness for defence.

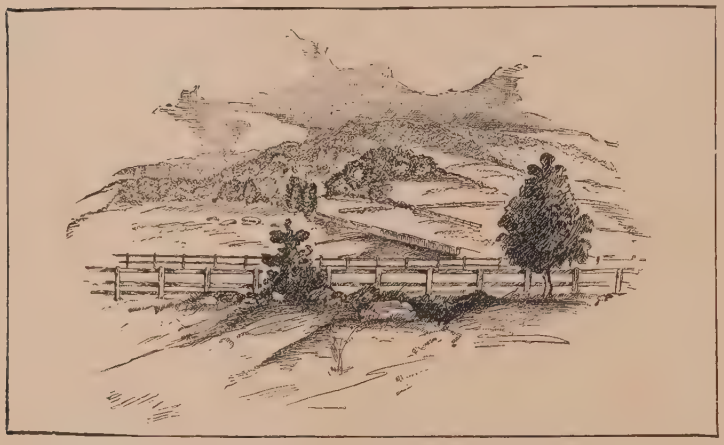
We watched with intense anxiety every movement of the troops in our front, and felt anything but secure. At night General Lee withdrew that portion of Ewell's corps which had occupied the town, and our men were ordered to strengthen the Seminary Ridge by throwing up a line of rifle-pits. The wounded that could be transported were placed in ambulances and wagons, and, under the escort of General Imboden's brigade of cavalry, were started back by way of Chambersburg toward the Potomac. Many wounded were necessarily left behind and at farmhouses along the route, and yet the train that bore the others away, with its accompanying baggage-train and artillery and cavalry to guard it, covered a distance of seventeen miles. Although the Federal cavalry was sent, on the 4th, in pursuit of this train, it did not reach it until it was in comparative safety at Williamsport. Here a desperate effort was made to capture not only this but the ammuuition train, which, by forced marches from Winchester, had reached this point on its way to join the army. Stuart's cavalry, however, arrived in time to prevent this rich train from falling into the Federal hands.

In the meantime General Lee remained in position with his entire force on Seminary Ridge throughout the 4th, and while we knew that it was a national holiday, the sound of no national airs floated across the plain of death that separated the two armies, and the firing of salutes was heard only in the reverberation that still lingered in the mountains and valleys from the great cannonade of the day before. The rain fell throughout the day in cold, chilling sheets that added still more to the feeling of depression that pervaded the army.

The gloomy day was drawing to a close when General A. P. Hill stopped to warm himself by my bivouac fire. I saw plainly that his spirit was gone, and that he made no effort to hide the fact. Presently, without a word of comment upon the result, he turned sorrowfully toward me and said: "Colonel, we must return to Virginia and prepare to try it again."

When darkness had fully set in the troops were quietly put on the march on the direct road through the mountain passes toward Hagerstown and the Potomac.

Lee concentrated his army in the vicinity of Hagerstown; but as his pontoon train had been destroyed, and as the heavy rains of the two preceding days had swollen the Potomac so as to render it too deep to be forded, he was unable to cross. Selecting a strong position with his right resting on the river near Falling Waters, and his left extending beyond Hagerstown and resting on a creek to the west of that town, he proceeded to fortify and await the subsiding of the river or the construction of a pontoon bridge. He was not further molested by Meade's army, but remained in this position until July 14th, when he returned to the Virginia side of the Potomac. Thus ended the great campaign of Gettysburg.



CULP'S HILL, FROM EVERGREEN CEMETERY.

The Army of Northern Virginia, on May 31st, 1863, contained an effective force of 88,754 officers and men, of whom the following were under arms: General staff and infantry, 59,420

men; cavalry, 10,292; artillery, 4,756—a total of 74,468 men, with 200 pieces of artillery. This army arrived on the field of Gettysburg—5,000 being added from different sources—with 80,000 men. Deducting the mounted men from this, Lee carried into action in the three day's fight about 68,000 men and about 200 guns. Pickett's division consisted of 4,900 men.

The Army of the Potomac bore on its returns July 1st, 1863, 7,000 artillery, 10,500 cavalry, 85,000 infantry and 352 pieces of artillery, thus outnumbering the Confederates by 35,000 men and 140 guns. The Federals lost 23,003, and the Confederates 20,451.

A STAFF OFFICER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL LEE.

By Colonel M. V. Moore.*

The first time I ever saw General Lee, in a near view, was, if I remember correctly, at West Point, some time before the war. From the very first he impressed me as being the very beau ideal of the soldier—a man borne also to command. He was then simply the colonel. He sat on his horse in that same superb, stately and magnificent pose which became so familiar to his soldiers in the late war. He was at the same time an exceedingly handsome man, certainly the finest looking horseman I ever saw.

But little did I dream, as I stood in a group of cadets on the peaceful parade grounds at the National Military Academy, that the next time I was to look into the handsome officer's face it would be in the fierce conflict of bloody battle in which the gay young cadets then about me were to be arrayed in hostile phalanx against each other. So far as I now know, only one man that I saw at that time from the South is now living—Colonel Paul Faison of North Carolina. The rest went down in the horrible vortex of the war. My intimate friend at that time, Cadet Zed Willett of Tennessee—mere boys that we then were—afterward fell as captain commanding a company of splendid young fellows from that State, many of whom went down to death with him at Shiloh on that bloody afternoon, in April, 1862.

* Colonel Moore served in both of the great armies of the Confederate States. He was a private in the First N. C. Cavalry, from early in 1861 to December, 1862. During this time he was detailed for special duties at headquarters, and was with Generals Hampton and Stuart in the cavalry campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, and accompanied General Stuart in his famous expedition into Pennsylvania in 1862. In December, 1862, Colonel Moore was given a cavalry captain's commission, and assigned to staff duty in the Army of the West, then under command of General Bragg. Since his retirement from public life Mr. Moore has lived in Alabama, devoting himself to agriculture and literature, and as a contributor to the magazines and as a writer of stirring verse he has made an excellent reputation.

The next time I was face to face with General Lee was years afterward at Sharpsburg, Md., in the din of that fearful struggle on the banks of the Antietam. I had been sent as the bearer of a dispatch from the commander of my (cavalry) regiment. I found the revered army chief in a large grove on an eminence overlooking the lines of battle south of the little village. The struggle was raging in all its fury and fierceness just in front of us, and to the right, in the valley below the heights on which General Lee and a portion of his staff were assembled.

After delivering my dispatch, I turned immediately, without waiting for any response, for I saw that the mind and heart of the great commander were so intensely preoccupied that I decided to await further movements. And I was anxious to get a moment's full view of the magnificent battle scene which Lee and the staff were watching with fearful interest. General Lee's face showed deep and thrilling emotion. It reflected pauses when pain and anxiety were struggling with his wonted calmness and composure.

A Federal battery on the ridge just opposite was working with swift and fearful havoc on the line of Confederate infantry immediately below to the right. A brigade of the infantry in gray had been ordered to the charge in an attempt to silence the heavy guns of the enemy near the Antietam.

There was a moment of intense and painful suspense as their thin ranks moved onward half-blinded by the sulphurous storm greeting the assault. Every eye on our hill was turned upon the sublime tragedy. The guns of the enemy were sending out one continuous roll of thunder and shot. The Confederates in front reeled and staggered, and, despite the wild shrieks and forward gesticulations of the officers, the troops fell back in appalling disorder.

My own heart sank within me in the unutterable pangs of a defeat. I turned at once to see what effect the repulse had produced on General Lee. The cloud upon his face had grown darker and more serious. The brows contracted, and there was a tremor and recession about the cheeks and temples portraying the great inward struggle within the man's own soul. A shock had come

for which he was evidently unprepared, for we know that he was full of confidence in a victory there. He turned to his staff, and there followed a moment in which there was "hot haste" in the reception and dispatch of aides and couriers.

I was awaiting my own turn when the clouds were lifted from over the scene of the late repulse, and another act was to come in the dire tragedy. Through the open vista we saw the red cross battle-flag of the Confederates fluttering in the van in front of the battery; and, instead of the long and thin line of assault, there were two closely drawn columns following the banners. We saw the men strike out in the "double quick." Then came, fast as the sounds could reach us in the distance, the long, deep and wild thrill of the "rebel yell." On and on the dusky gray lines leaped, and louder grew the notes betokening victory, until at last the columns disappeared from sight in the sulphurous canopy about the Federal guns. The cannons were silenced, and we knew that the battery had been taken by our men.

It had been but the work of a moment or so. Our lines had been reinforced, and they swept forward with resistless force on the Federals. We knew the result at the instant of the silencing of the guns; and in the second or so afterward, when the shout of triumph came higher and louder across the valley to the hill upon which General Lee stood.

I turned again to watch his face. The clouds had vanished from his brow, and as I touched and lifted my cap in adieu to the beloved man there was a calm smile on his face as he sent me away with orders for my command—in the cavalry under the knightly "Jeb" Stuart. I did not see General Lee after the disaster that befel our lines on the left, north of Sharpsburg—a disaster that eclipsed our victory on the south of the village, and made Antietam one of the drawn battles of the war.

General Lee's character has been so fully portrayed by the historian that it would appear almost as an act of vanity on my part to attempt to add anything to its splendor. There is one fact, however, to which I wish to refer—one never before seen in print, and one

illustrating a trait in his character; and as the matter is also largely personal to my own self, I shall crave the indulgence of the reader in giving particulars.

After the seven days' struggle around Richmond in 1862—battles in which portions of our cavalry command participated—there arose in the newspapers of the day some question as to which of the Southern States had borne the brunt of the struggle. As a "War Correspondent in the Ranks" I took some pains to investigate the subject carefully, and as a result I contributed to the Richmond *Enquirer* an article calling attention to the fact that out of the sixty odd thousand troops engaged in the series of battles named, and under the command of General Lee, the State of North Carolina had represented some thirty-four of the different regiments of soldiers. My paper went to show, also, something of the fatalities in the North Carolina commands, thus illustrating the manner in which the troops had borne the brunt of actions. There were also some comments in the article on the general facts of the battles. The communication was signed simply "VAN"—a signature adopted in my war correspondence in the Richmond, Raleigh and other Southern papers.

The newspaper containing my article found its way to the office of the New York *Herald* a few days after its appearance in Richmond. The *Herald* not only copied the matter entire in its columns, but it gave also an editorial notice which was quite complimentary to the "Rebel Writer." A copy of the great New York daily reached General Lee's headquarters, and the two articles, mine and the editorial comment, were read by the Southern commander. The signature "VAN" being that of a writer unknown to General Lee, at that time, he instituted inquiries at once; and ascertaining the real name and military command of the author, he had sent to me the marked copy of the *Herald*, and tendered me the "compliments and thanks" of the general—thanks that in the controversy over the subject named I had done such an act of justice to the noble North Carolina troops under his command.

GENERAL LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

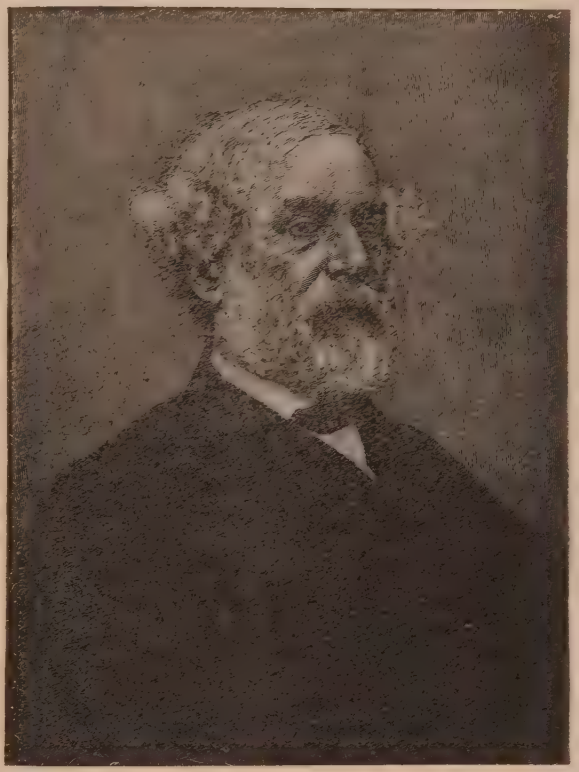
By General Horatio C. King.

Occupying a subordinate position in the great Civil War, it would not be becoming in me, even if I possessed the experience and technical knowledge of warfare, to criticise the judgment and conduct of General Lee, the masterly spirit who inspired the Southern heart, and kept the fires of resistance burning long after the struggle seemed hopeless to calm observers both North and South. The first invasion into Maryland was made with the expectation that the people of that so-called Southern State, and presumably in sympathy with the South, would rally to the standard of the Confederacy. The result at Antietam was convincing proof that Maryland could not be swerved from her loyalty, and General Lee retired to his own State with a loss of nearly thirty thousand men. The addition to the Confederate ranks was so inconsiderable as scarcely to be worth mentioning. The Maryland greeting was formal and frigid. Had the contending forces been of different nations, there is little doubt but that terms of peace would have been agreed upon then.

There was still greater reason for a conclusion of hostilities after the three days fight at Gettysburg, now fitly styled the Waterloo of the Southern cause. The casualties in this prolonged contest were appalling. On the Union side there were 23,186 killed, wounded and missing, and on the part of the Confederates, 31,621. According to the impartial estimate of the Count of Paris, the Army of the Potomac under General Meade numbered 83,000 men and 300 guns, and the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee, 73,500 men and 190 guns. Of this combined force of 155,000 men, 54,807, or nearly one-third, were lost. Again the Confederates had received assurances that outside of their own territory they had little hope of success, and that thenceforth theirs must be a defensive warfare

against superior numbers, with infinite resources of men and supplies at the command of the North.

Some years ago a distinguished clergyman, now a resident of Lynchburg, Va., was a guest at my house. He had been a chaplain in the Confederate Army. Recurring to a conversation I then had with him, I wrote him recently to confirm my recollection. In his reply, he says: "I was at Gettysburg, however, and may have expressed the opinion to which you refer, in connection with that great engagement. I do think the tide turned at that point, not earlier. That was the culminating period of Confederate strength. Thereafter resources failed, until utter collapse came in complete exhaustion at Appomattox. What, 'might have been,' but for Longstreet's culpable inactivity at Gettysburg, it is idle to discuss or speculate. The intelligent judgment of his own people is that Longstreet lost us that fight, and that only the magnanimity of his great commander saved him from court-martial. His recent apology or 'book' will not reverse that judgment, but rather confirm and extend it."

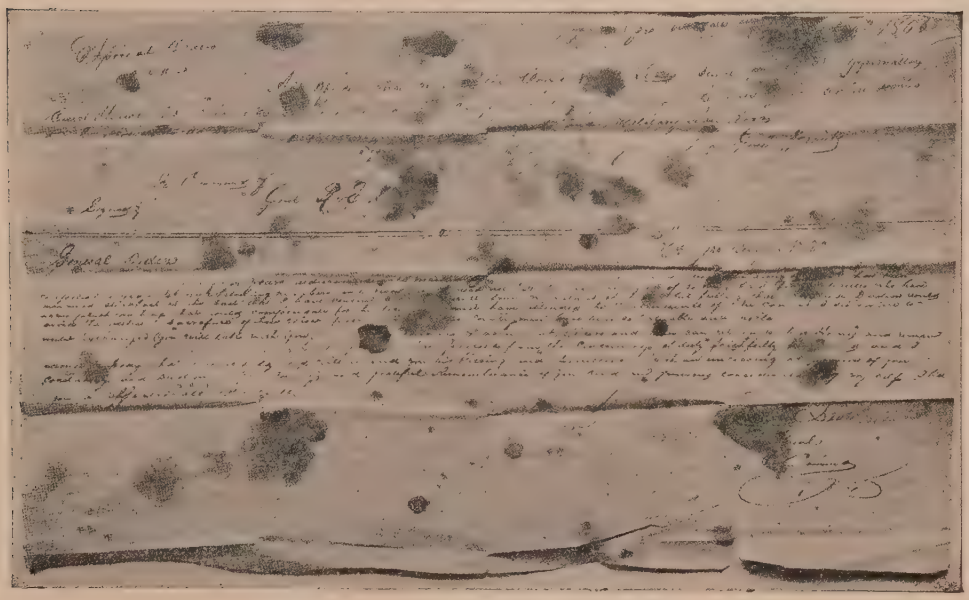


GENERAL LEE AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

I might take issue with him as to General Longstreet's opposition to that famous charge. Of this General Doubleday says: "The attack was so important, so momentous and so contrary to

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

MEETING OF GENERALS GRANT AND LEE AT M'LEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.



GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. JAMES REED, OF ASHTABULA, OHIO.

(*Copy.*)

Special Order No. — : All officers and men of the Confederate States since paroled at Appomattox Court House, Va., who to reach their homes are compelled to pass through the lines of the Union Armies, will be allowed to do so and pass free on all Government transports and military railroads.

By command of GEN. R. E. LEE. By command of LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT.

Hd. Qrs. Army, N. Va., April 10, 1865 —General Orders : After four years' arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them ; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past service to their country has been so valuable and noble.

In the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain till exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell. R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

Longstreet's judgment, that when Pickett asked for orders to advance he gave no reply, and Pickett said, proudly : 'I shall go forward, sir!' Anyone visiting the ground to-day will surely be impressed with the stupendous character of General Lee's undertaking. To advance over a mile of open field, affording little or no shelter, in the face

GENERAL LEE GREETED BY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ON HIS RETURN FROM APPOMATTOX.

of the Union force sheltered behind stone walls and improvised breastworks, and in the face of nearly one hundred guns of Hunter's artillery, massed on Cemetery Ridge, strikes even the novice in warfare as the most daring, if not the most reckless, of military undertakings. It seems as futile as the repeated charges of Burnside's army up Marye's Heights, which officers and men, who obeyed orders with a magnificent disregard of life, felt to be the acme of military madness.

Gettysburg should have closed the contest. If General Lee entertained this view he was overruled by those who, at the seat of the Confederate Government, were not witnesses of the carnage, and not observers of the demoralizing effects of the disheartening defeat. After Gettysburg the tide turned unmistakably, and from all parts of the great field of battle, east, west and south, came news of a general advance, the tightening of the folds of the anaconda, and of frequent victory.

With a desperation sublime in its energy and tenacity, the Confederates maintained the unequal struggle. In the west the Union armies had things practically their own way, and all eyes were turned to the east.

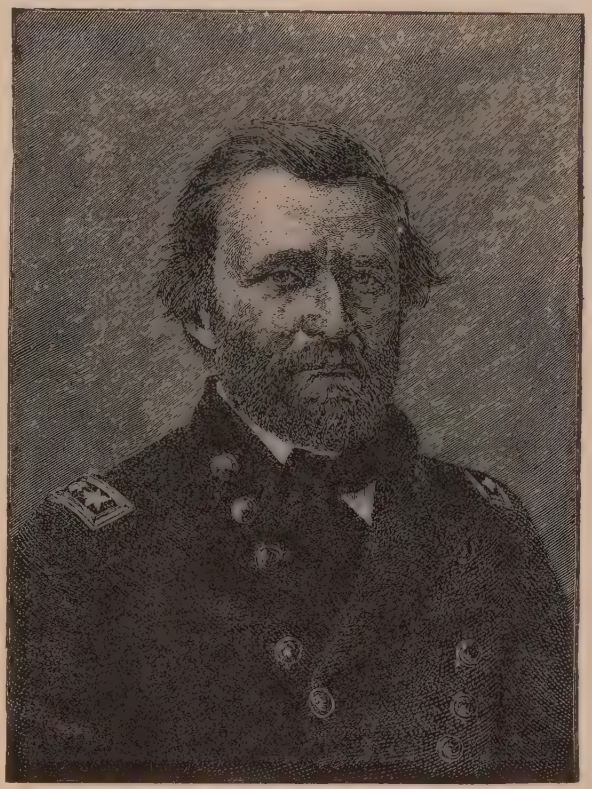
The Shenandoah Valley, so often the scene of Union humiliation, was again to be the theatre of great activities. Sheridan was sent there in the summer of 1864, and in the brilliant successes at Winchester and Cedar Creek closed that avenue to further incursions into the border States. Early's army, defeated, dispirited and demoralized, was withdrawn, and the rear of Lee was left open to the predatory excursion of Sheridan's troops, who destroyed the James River and Kanawha Canal, cut other important communications, and formed a junction with Grant's army at City Point with the loss of scarcely a man.

For a year, at least, General Lee must have been hoping against hope, hoping for that recognition by foreign nations which never came, and the exemplification of a readiness of the North to make peace upon any terms, which existed only in the fertile imagination of Southern zealots and Northern copperheads.

Atlanta had fallen. Thomas had destroyed the last organized important Confederate Army in the West at Nashville. Sherman had commenced his almost unimpeded march to the sea, and yet General Lee failed to see or, if seen, to accept the omens of the speedy collapse of the Confederacy. As a great soldier, he must have felt that the cause was hopeless. But, on the other hand, he may have feared that the South would not acquiesce in a surrender so long as an organized Confederate army remained in the field. The Southern capital was still in the hands of the Confederacy. While that remained uncaptured, there was still hope. For nine months Grant, after the fearful slaughter in the movement through the Wilderness by the left flank, had besieged it in vain. Every inch of advance had been contested, and the frowning battlements of the contending armies, bristling with heavy guns, were, in some places, within a stone's throw of each other.

It was at this juncture that the Army of the Shenandoah, with which I was connected, arrived at the James River, crossed over the pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom, and went into camp at Hancock Station, about four miles above City Point. It was in the latter part of March. Crossing the pontoon just below the Dutch Gap Canal, a section was opened to admit the passage of the dispatch boat *Mary Martin*, at the window of whose pilot house we saw the wan and anxious face of President Lincoln. His business there we did not seek to know, but it has since been disclosed that he had run down to have a talk with his captains, who were apprehensive that Lee might seek to withdraw his army from Richmond, effect a junction with Johnston then in or approaching the Carolinas, and thus prolong the war. For a day or two we lay in camp, resting and refitting, treated nightly to the unpleasant serenade of whistling shells and booming cannon, a great waste of ammunition and a sad disturber of sleep. It was with a feeling of deep relief that we received orders to take three days' rations in our knapsacks, six in the wagons, and prepare to move on the 29th of March. It would have been a sore disappointment to the Army of the Potomac if, after four years of unparalleled fighting, the satisfaction of "bagging" the heroic Army

of Northern Virginia had been turned over to Sherman's army, then on its triumphant march up the coast from Savannah. The day was balmy and beautiful, and the careless members of our staff tossed their overcoats and blankets into the headquarter's wagon, and moved gayly out on the Boydton Plank Road, heads pointed southward, with no particular knowledge as to our destination, save that we were to come out at any convenient seaport between Norfolk and New Orleans. Our picnic was somewhat impeded by a large body of Confederate troops, which compelled us to make a long detour to the left. Night fell, finding us, after a twenty-five mile march, at Dinwiddie Court House, about twelve miles by the direct road from our point of departure. Here we went into bivouac in a driving rain, the pine boughs for our mattress and sheets of water for our covering. Corps headquarters, more fortunate than the division staff to which I belonged, had found shelter in the hospitable mansion of Widow Crump, and there, in company with the venerable widow and her diplomatically agreeable daughters, we sang Confederate songs to the accompaniment of a good piano until warned to repair to our respective and most cheerless bivouacs.



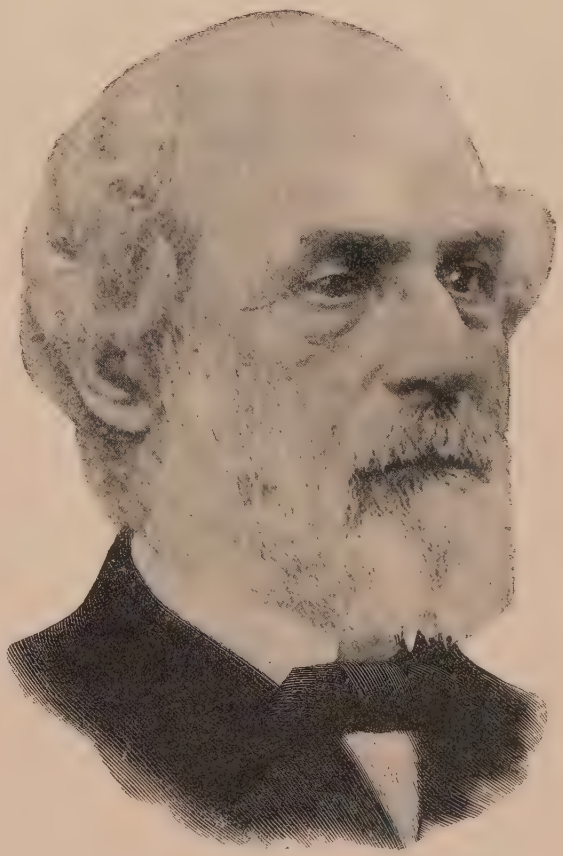
GENERAL U. S. GRANT.
From the Government negative.

Sleeping under such circumstances was not seductive, and at early dawn we were in the saddle and ready to follow our gallant

leader, Phil Sheridan, in whom every man, from the highest officer to the least conspicuous private, had implicit confidence. The command was composed wholly of cavalry, about nine thousand in all, with General Wesley Merritt commanding the first and third divisions, General Thomas C. Devin and General Custer as division commanders, and the second division under General Crook. The brigade commanders were scarcely less famous, for there were General Gibbes of the Reserves (mostly regulars), Colonels Stagg, Fitzhugh, Davies, Irvine, Gregg, Smith, Pennington, Wells and Capehart. We understood that the object of this movement was to bring the Confederates out of their intrenchments if we could, and if we failed, then to go on a raid and do all the damage possible to the enemy's communications. Happily, the Confederates took the hint and came out. It would take too much space to detail the movements of this and the two succeeding days which are included in the battle of Five Forks. The developments of the first day brought our advance line of battle almost within sight of the fortifications at the Cross Roads designated as above, and there we were held in check by Pickett's and Johnston's infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. This reconnoissance in force disclosed the fact that the opposing forces were too strong for us, and at nightfall we returned to Dinwiddie Court House. General Grant made up his mind that the condition of affairs warranted Sheridan's desire to "push things;" and so, reinforced with infantry, "Little Phil" captured the strong works at Five Forks, took possession of the South Side Railroad, over which President Davis and his cabinet had just made their escape from Richmond, and turned his forces on a stern chase toward the fleeing Confederacy.

The least observant combatant realized that the game was up, and here the war should certainly have ended. With Richmond in the hands of the Union forces, and the organized government of the Confederacy in hasty retreat toward Mexico, it is not easily understood why General Lee did not then call a halt and make terms of peace. He, of all men in the South, had the unbounded confidence of the people. His troops worshiped him. His word

was law, and he assumed a fearful responsibility in continuing the struggle. Every life lost after the battle of Five Forks was a useless sacrifice. It was a peculiarity of the men in both armies that they never knew when they were beaten. Temporary reverses were accepted as the common experience of war. If the Southerners had been other than Americans I think it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have compelled them to do any more fighting after the fall of Richmond. But, with true American grit, they fought as they retreated, hoping for something to turn up that would retrieve their misfortunes and give them one more chance for the Confederacy. The spirit which animated them is shown in a letter picked up by a negro and turned over to General Sheridan—a note dated April 5th, and written by Colonel W. B. Taylor, in which he says: "Our army is ruined, I fear. . . . My trust is still in the justice of our cause." The principal events which followed have been so often recited that it is mere repetition to give them here. But my own personal experiences may not be uninteresting.



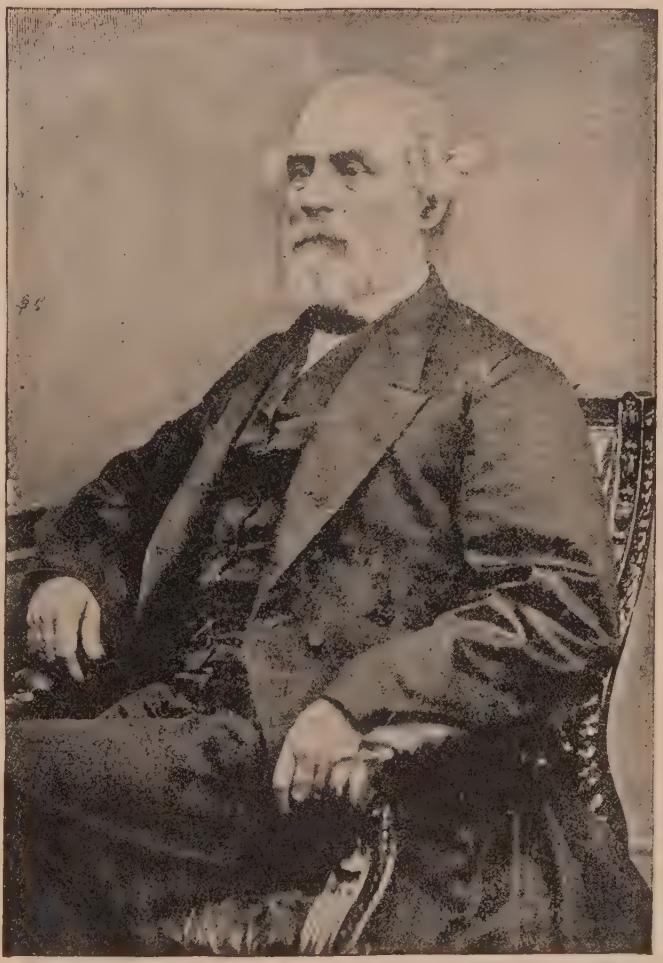
R. E. Lee

Because of the imminent danger to the train I had been sent back to bring it to a place of safety. Following close in the rear of the advancing army, we crossed the railroad at Sutherland's Station and pushed on to Jettersville, where a brief halt had been made in anticipation of an attack by the Confederates, and rifle-pits were thrown up. Here General Grant had made his headquarters.

With characteristic improvidence our cavalry had consumed their three days' rations in one day; and as the wretched condition of the roads had prevented our bringing up the reserve supplies, the troops were very hungry. The cavalry train was also much impeded by the extensive trains of the infantry, and I found it necessary to appeal to General Grant, through his genial and able Chief Quartermaster, General Ingalls, with whom I had a previous acquaintance. We found the great commander at the door of his tent, his uniform coat thrown open, his rank indicated by modest shoulder-straps, the regulation slouch hat, and without sword or belt. I had seen him before, but no one uninformed of his brilliant exploits would have conceived him to be one of the grandest figures in military history. He greeted me cordially, directed that I should take precedence over all other trains, and sent me on my way rejoicing to catch my half-famished division if I could.

At Sailor's Creek, April 6th, the advance overtook the cavalry, and here I witnessed another terrible and needless slaughter. The Confederate rear guard, under General Ewell, endeavored to check their pursuers. In a brief engagement of about four hours we lost over 1100 in killed, wounded and missing, and the Confederates 7000, a large part of whom were prisoners. On the Confederate side the number of the killed and wounded was greater than on our own. I rode over the battlefield the next day, and the dead were lying so thick in places that it was necessary to dismount and remove the bodies before our horses would advance. Near the foot of the hill on which was the Confederate line of battle, and close to the creek, was a gulch formed by washing rains, which served as a rifle-pit. It was about fifty yards from the road which I was following. As I crossed the creek I observed a Confederate

soldier, handsomely dressed in a new uniform, his hands clasped as if in supplication, and his opened eyes gazing upward. Saying to my associate that I believed the man to be alive, I dismounted and walked over to him. The poor fellow was stark dead, and in his kneeling posture was supported by the bodies of his comrades, which lay four and five deep in this slaughter-pen, which had been raked by an enfilading fire from our batteries on the opposite hill. On the plain above the sight beggared description. Here the Confederates had destroyed immense quantities of camp equipage, including the contents of their field desks, which covered acres of ground with a snow-white mantle. Here old uniforms were thrown away and new ones donned by those fortunate enough to possess them. It will be remembered that General Lee wore an immaculate uniform at the surrender, and I have often wondered if he didn't abandon the old one on this occasion. Here were evidences of



GENERAL LEE IN 1866.

GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.
"Lee to the Rear!"

demoralization such as I had never seen before, and yet the end did not come. While our cavalry was pushing the fleeing forces northward the infantry was making a short cut across country to intercept them if they succeeded in turning south. There had been a good deal of talking of "bagging" for several years, but now it really seemed as if the net was spread and the game could not escape. General Ewell recognized the futility of further fighting, and wanted General Sheridan to send to General Lee a flag of truce and demand his surrender, which Sheridan did not do because he probably thought overtures should come from the other side. Besides, General Grant was in chief command, and he could take the initiative if he deemed it proper. But there was to be still more fighting at High Bridge over the Appomattox River, where the Union loss was 1041, and at Farmville, where our loss was 655. The Confederate losses were not reported. The immense bridge near Farmville was saved by the rapidity of our movements, one span only being destroyed.

When we entered Farmville we took dinner at the hotel which General Grant had just vacated, having closely succeeded General Lee as a guest at this modest hostelry. Here we learned that General Grant had opened correspondence with General Lee to avoid the further effusion of blood. His note was brief and kindly:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
"5 P. M., *April 7th, 1865.*

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.:—The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

The reply indicated that General Lee still had a vague hope at least of effecting a junction with General Johnston. He wrote:

"*April 7th, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE, General.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of the U. S."

Before leaving Farmville General Grant sent this reply:

"*April 8, 1865.*

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, C. S. A.:—Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

In his reply to this letter, General Lee still expressed his disbelief that "the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army." Further correspondence ensued, and the brave Army of Northern Virginia laid down its arms upon terms more magnanimous than were ever extended to a defeated foe. No sooner were the terms signed than General Grant asked of General Lee the number of his men. He answered about 25,000, and turning to his Chief Commissary, General Grant directed him to issue that number of rations to the half-starved legions, who, but a few hours before, had confronted us with belching muskets and bellowing cannon. Many years after the war, General J. B. Gordon was an honored guest at a banquet at Delmonico's. In the course of an eloquent address, he spoke of the magnanimity of Grant in the

terms accorded at Appomattox Court House, and especially in supplying the immediate wants of the Confederates, who were almost in a starving condition. In following him it gave me unqualified pleasure to add my share to this lovefeast by saying that it was from the plethoric wagons of the First Cavalry Division, under my charge, that the rations were for the most part supplied. General Gordon, with true Southern impetuosity, rushed over to me and gave me a most hearty embrace, an episode which aroused the wildest enthusiasm and will long be remembered. I should add, in passing, that many of our own troops deferred their meal and went hungry until the arrival of further supplies.

The profound admiration for General Lee is not confined to the Southern soldier, or to the Southern people. The Northern soldier, with rare exceptions, has buried all animosity, and recognizes the conscientious devotion of the South to the cause they believed to be right, which characterized the brave men who wore the gray, and some, at least, ask the question mentally of themselves: "What might have been had Grant been born and reared in Virginia and Lee in Illinois?"

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Mrs. Lee During the War—Something About "The Mess" and its Occupants.

By Sally Nelson Robins.

A stranger passing down Franklin Street, in the city of Richmond, Va., may wonder why carriages are halted before, and pedestrians continually stop and gaze at, a plain brick house between Seventh and Eighth Streets. If he lived in Richmond, he would know that the fact, which the colored driver announces so grandly, is: "Gen'l Lee's house, sah!" This will be the glory of 707 East Franklin Street as long as one brick of its walls rests upon another—a greater glory even than the prestige of being the home of the Virginia Historical Society.

When General Lee came to Richmond in '61, this house was offered to him for his military home by Mr. John Stewart, a wealthy and worthy citizen of Henrico County. It was nicknamed "The Mess," and, before Mrs. Lee and her daughters arrived, was occupied by the General (when he was in town), General Custis Lee, Major Coxe, Captain Ferdinand C. Hutter, Robert Shirley Carter, Chapman Leigh and others—a merry party of young officers, who made the house ring with jest and song, and who scoffed at danger and defeat.

The wrench from Arlington was not without tears. When Robert E. Lee cast his lot with Virginia, his wife's words to him were: "Whichever way you go will be in the path of duty. You will think it right, and I shall be satisfied." Arlington was the living record of Mrs. Lee and her ancestors; the museum of the most complete collection of Washington relics on the earth; the scene of Robert Lee's courtship and marriage; the birthplace of all

of his children; but the grandeur of Arlington was over—the pall of war hung over the land. A band of homeless women looked not for luxurious living, but for a shelter till the struggle was past. Behind was a stately mansion hallowed with historic association, tinged with the exquisite color of early lovemaking and the riper joy of wedlock, echoing with the prattle of little children, blessed with the companionship of grown-up sons and daughters. It was hard to leave it; but hosts of friends offered outstretched sympathy, and greater issues than sentiment and comfort were at stake.

MRS. R. E. LEE, DURING THE WAR.

Robert E. Lee was a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Custis from boyhood. He and Mary Custis planted the magnificent avenue of trees to the right of Arlington when they were barely more than children. One day Mrs. Custis, Mary and Robert Lee sat in the big hall; the latter read aloud from one of Scott's novels. When she had listened for some time Mrs. Custis said: "Mary, Robert must be tired and hungry; go into the dining-room and get him some lunch." When the girl went the young man followed, and as she stooped to get a piece of fruit cake out of the sideboard, he put his arm around her and whispered the sweet old story. He could wait no longer. Perhaps the romance of Walter Scott touched a chord in his breast which broke forth into sudden melody. Thenceforward two lives were one!

Thus to break from Arlington was to sever the associations of three generations; and a knotty question also arose—where should they go? After deliberation "The White House," Martha Custis's home (now the property of W. H. F. Lee), seemed their proper destination. There are touching letters from Annie, the second daughter, about this time, filled with sadness at having to leave her beautiful home. In one to a young friend in Georgia she mentions a letter from another dear friend at the North. "She asks me," she writes, "if we intend to make Virginia a graveyard, and I have replied 'not for us, but for you.'"

The prophecy is fulfilled at Arlington to-day. This letter is in the famous "Mary De Renne" collection in the Georgia Room of the Confederate Museum, formerly the Jefferson Davis mansion. The signature of the sweet, girlish note, after the lapse of thirty years, in the shadow of a pathetic death, is very touching: "Yours dearest (as I hope I am) Annie C. Lee."

We always think of the Lee's at Arlington basking in the glory of love and prosperity. There was much happiness and beauty there, but with it a seasoning of perplexity. A letter of Mrs. Lee dated "Arlington, Feb. 10th, 1858," gives a glimpse of their trials. The letter was written just after Mr. Custis's death. In his will he had left his slaves their freedom after one year, but during that year they were to work to fulfil certain conditions. Mrs. Lee writes: "I was truly glad to see your handwriting again. It is so long since I heard from you. I have been immersed for some time in a mass of old letters and papers. How it carries me back to the past—the happy past! Now it seems to me with all I have left I feel so bereft. Nothing can ever supply the place of our dear parents. None can ever love us so entirely, or bear with all our faults and failures as they have done; especially is a mother's love the purest and most disinterested; it can only be surpassed by that of our blessed Redeemer. Mr. Lee has gone to the lower plantation,* and will return in a few days. He has been kept very busy trying to reduce these very complicated affairs into

* The White House.

some order. It is very unsatisfactory work, for the servants have so long been accustomed to do little or nothing, that they cannot be convinced of the necessity of exerting themselves to accomplish the conditions of the will, which the sooner they do the sooner

"THE MESS," RICHMOND, VA.

will they be entitled to their freedom. What they will do then, unless a mighty change is wrought in them, I do not know; at any rate we will be relieved from the care of them, which will be a mighty burden taken from our shoulders."

In another letter to the same young friend, Mrs. Lee says: "Mr. Lee is with me, but is so harassed with the cares and troubles he has in settling this large estate with very inadequate means, that I do not have the comfort that his presence might otherwise have afforded me. We are very busy, but I hope you will not discontinue your visits to "Arlington." I see in the papers a wonderful account of a revival of religion in New York.* We can only pray it may produce a lasting effect, for truly it is much needed."

When Mrs. Lee left Arlington she went to "Cedar Grove," the plantation of a kinsman on the Potomac, where she remained for some time. In many letters Annie mentions the fascination which the Potomac held for her; and as she gazed upon it her thoughts strayed to her dear home, and she remembered that the same river flowed by it, even though war-ships rocked on its bosom. In one of her letters the intensity of girlhood appears. "I have learnt to knit," she writes, "and if I could just spin and weave, and then make the cloth into soldiers' clothes, how happy I should be, and what a delightful thing I would have to tell my children!"

Afterward they went to "Chantilly," one of the stately homes of Fairfax on their way to the "White House." Mrs. Lee was then cheerful and confident of the success of the cause for which she had already made great sacrifice. It was not long before the "White House," in its exposed condition upon the Pamunky, and well in the lines of the United States army, was considered unsafe, and the little party started for Richmond. They were made prisoners of war at Hanover Courthouse, and detained there for one week. Before Mrs. Lee left the "White House" she tacked upon the front door a card bearing the request that Union soldiers would not desecrate the home of George Washington's wife.

Mrs. Lee's experience as a prisoner was very dismal. She heard the wildest rumors of the fall of Richmond, of the overwhelming army which would then pursue the retreating Southerners, of the peril and hardships to which her dear ones were exposed.

* Fulton Street prayer-meetings.

Colonel Rush, who had married a sister of Mrs. Sydney Smith Lee,* was the officer in command when Mrs. Lee was arrested, but when she became frantic from the miserable reports which were brought her, she sent for General McClelland, and asked him to send her to Richmond. In consequence of this interview her carriage was ordered, the colored driver dismissed, and a Union soldier mounted the boot and drove the ladies to the Confederate lines under a flag of truce. Then a Confederate soldier took his place, and drove Mrs. Lee into Richmond to 707 East Franklin Street. The moment she entered the door she became one of "The Mess;" she was prepared to share a soldier's life; she was not afraid of hardship; she was ready for danger.

MARY CUSTIS LEE.

From photo taken in Lexington, 1869.

"No. 707" is a large brick house now considerably down town. During the war it was in the most fashionable part of Richmond, just two squares from the "Capitol Park" and St. Paul's Church. It was built by Norman Stewart, of Rothsay, Scotland, who came to this country early in the century, and settled in Petersburg. During the year 1812 he was banished to Columbia, lest, as a British subject, he might be dangerous to the State. After

* General R. E. Lee's sister-in-law.

the war was over he came to Richmond and became a prosperous citizen. He purchased a tract of land on the outskirts of the city, on which he built a square of substantial brick houses, in the handsomest of which he lived with his servant Stephen. He was a quaint, intelligent, sturdy Scotchman, who, to the day of his death (1858), wore a brown wig, long black silk hose, with bright garter buckles; and in winter a cape or shawl worn after the manner of a shepherd.

The house for its day was handsome and commodious, with walnut woodwork and big windows, wide halls, spacious rooms and broad verandas. When Mr. Norman Stewart died, he left the house to his nephew, Mr. John Stewart of "Brookhill," through whose courtesy General Lee occupied it during the war; and since, in memory of General Lee, his widow and daughters have presented it to the Virginia Historical Society.

When Mrs. Lee became one of "The Mess," she was a handsome woman with red brown eyes and abundant grayish hair; her chief characteristic amidst the grandeur of Arlington, at the gay watering places, or in Richmond during the crucial period of her life, was a simple sincerity of heart and manner. She did not care a bit for dress or show, and was in this respect a sharp contrast to her husband, who was always attired in the most fastidious and elegant manner.

While a beautiful Virginia girl, stopping at a summer resort in the early fifties, was going with her father to their rooms, they met on the stairs a man so gloriously handsome that the girl fairly held her breath, and pressed her father's arm.

"Who is he?" she whispered. "Isn't he splendid?"

"That is Captain Lee," said Mr. R. "He is a very good man, as well as a very handsome one."

As they walked on through the upper hall a group attracted them. A dark-eyed lady was sitting in a rocking-chair; she wore a calico dress, low shoes and blue cotton stockings, which most probably she had knit herself, for Virginia ladies often knit their own stockings. Around her several little children were playing.

"That is Mrs. Lee," said Mr. R.

"She is not dressed as well as her husband," the girl said to her father.

General Lee was much impressed with the beauty of this girl from Tidewater, for they soon became great chums. Later she married General Lee's near cousin, and her daughter is the wife of Robert E. Lee, the gentleman's youngest son.

REAR OF THE LEES' HOUSE ON FRANKLIN STREET, RICHMOND, SHOWING BALCONIES ON WHICH GENERAL LEE TOOK HIS EXERCISE AFTER APPOMATTOX.

Apropos it may not be amiss to say that the General teased Mrs. Lee whenever he got a chance. "Mrs. Lee," he generally called her, or "Miss Mary." It was one of his peculiarities to prefix the names of his near cousins with "Miss," and often those of his own daughters. "Mrs. Lee," he would say, "why don't you wear your dresses longer? I look at the pretty girls in town, and they all wear long dresses. If you don't lengthen yours, I shall have to walk with the pretty girls." At the "Hot Springs" the summer before the war, Mrs. Lee laughingly said that she had constituted herself the hostess because

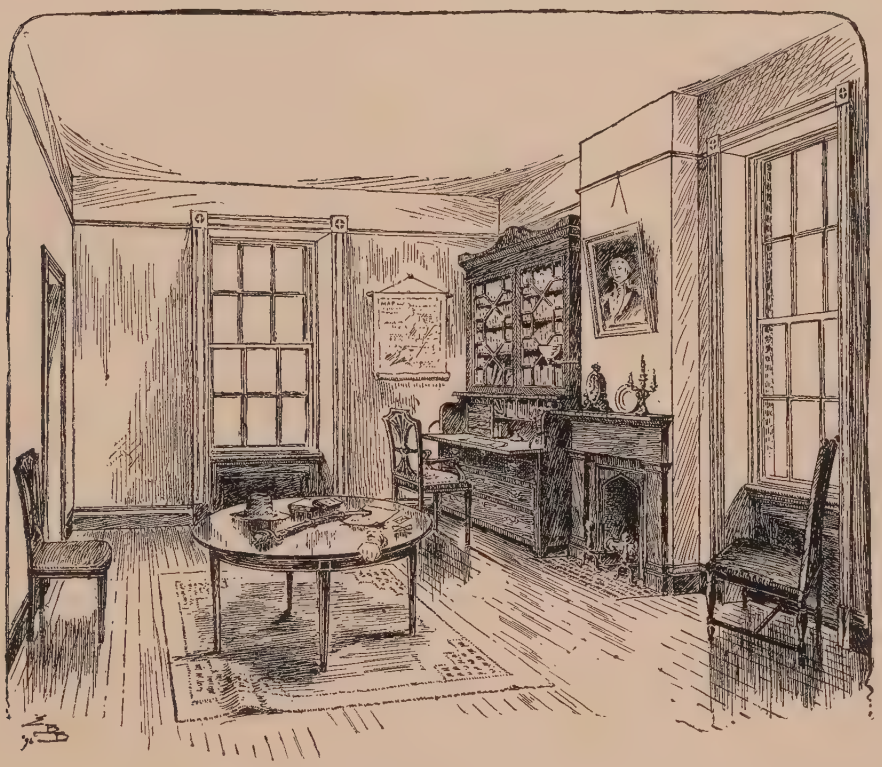
she was a Virginian and at home. She made herself charming and helpful to every stranger who arrived. Her nature partook of the sublimity of simplicity which emphasized the greatness of her husband, which simplicity of life and manner he has bequeathed to his sons and daughters.

At Arlington Mrs. Lee's manner was always sweet and cordial. She was ever ready to show the Washington and Custis relics, and displayed Mrs. Washington's dresses with charming little stories, and retailed the traditions of the place, even to strangers, without affectation or assumption. When she arrived in Richmond, her spirit was filled with resignation and hopefulness. She was tolerably well and ready for what came. Hardships did not come at first; the house was plainly furnished, but quite comfortable; Richmond was filled with refugees and soldiers; there was no lack of food; the girls were quite excited over their homespun dresses; now and then there was revelry and fun; the soldiers were actually courting and getting married. There was no gayety at "The Mess" at any period of the war. Every member of the household was too thoroughly imbued with the gravity of the situation, and each one was planning to do something for the soldiers. Mrs. Lee's health was bad, Annie died, "Rooney" was made prisoner and held as a hostage, and under such trials where was the heart for anything but sober industry?

"No. 707" became a common meeting place. People came to talk of victory or sorrow; they could stay here if they had nowhere else to go; they gathered here to work, the disheartened came for comfort from the tender, loving wife of the commander-in-chief, whose nature was sympathetic, who was intelligent, agreeable, and brave. Mourning mothers came to her in their agony; wives of heroes brought her their joy over recent success; friends came without ceremony, and partook of what they could get. Indeed, so free was "The Mess" from any touch of style or ceremony that a young Southern friend called there one day, and was surprised and amused to find a stuttering butler gotten up in a sort of livery, wearing Confederate gray clothes and

red stripes on his trousers; and the combination of fine clothes and poor speech was very comical

Soon after Mrs. Lee came to Richmond a merciless rheumatism bound her to her chair. In the back room, opening on a veranda shadowed by ailanthus trees, her days were spent. But her spirit



GENERAL LEE'S PRIVATE OFFICE AT "THE MESS."

quailed not before physical infirmity; her quick mind planned, in emergency, various industries for the soldiers' comfort, as well as homely devices for the welfare of "The Mess." She gathered together the young girls and infused into them a working interest. They began to knit and sew, to scrape lint and to make bandages. The ordnance department furnished Mrs. Lee with knitting needles

by the gross, and she had "Yarn Scouts" working for her all over the country.

"How well I remember," a prominent woman said to me a few days ago, "running up to Mrs. Lee's room to get some yarn for my mother to knit into socks. I got the gray yarn myself from under her bed. She told me where it was, but she could not move to get it."

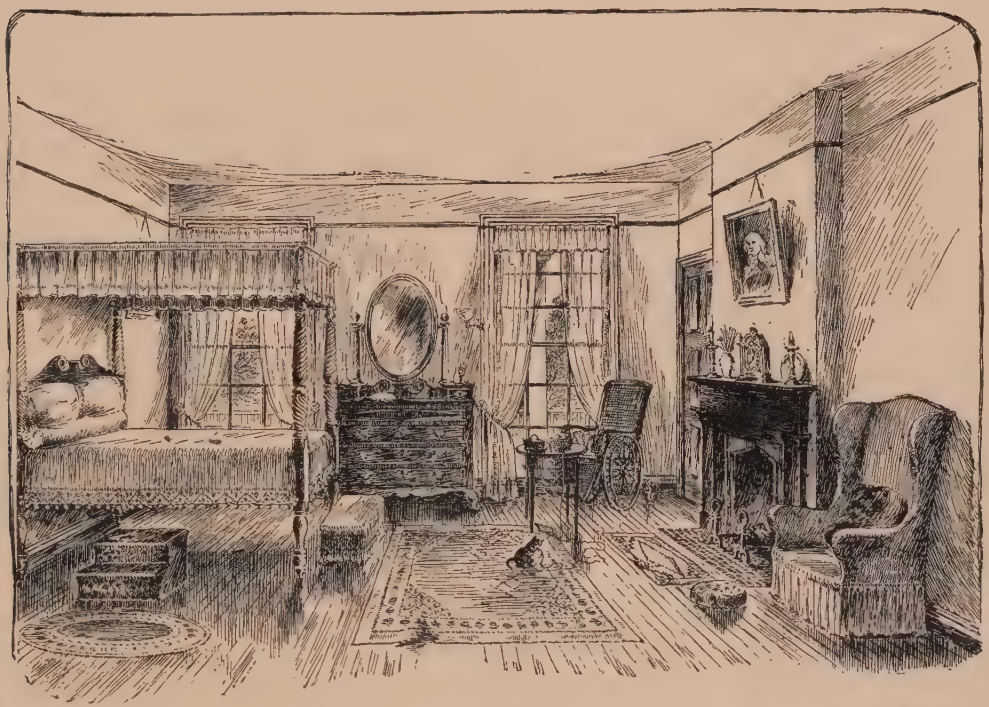
Another lady, a relative of the Lees, who was a small child during the war, was playing near "707" one morning, when a lady came along and handed her a scrap of paper. "Run in, little girl," she said, "and ask your cousin Robert to put his name on this." The child took it and put it under a rock while she scampered off with her playmates. When she got tired of playing she concluded it would be rather pleasant to ask the General to put his name on the paper, and she ran upstairs to his little office. When she handed it to him he said: "Don't you think this is a very dirty piece of paper for a gentleman to write upon?"

But as soon as he perceived that the child felt badly, he went into Mrs. Lee's closet and got her a piece of cake. Then he took her on his lap and gave her the cake and a kiss. When she was leaving he said: "You must come again."

The pleasure of the interview to the child was the cake, and before she said she would come she looked at the closet. "Yes," said the General, although the child had not spoken, "you shall have a piece of cake then, too."

The serious conclaves at "The Mess" did not prevent children from running in and out. The General and his wife loved to have them around. One little girl used to ride the General's horse from the stable to his door, then she would run up to his office and have a chat and a jog on his knee. One morning she said: "General, I certainly do want a lock of your hair!" "You shall have it," he replied, and he put his head in her lap while she clipped off a lock just above his neck. The child and the great General have passed over the river, but the lock of hair is preserved by the only female captain of the Confederacy. Every child regarded General

Lee as the embodiment of power without knowing why, and his wife as holding a part of his sceptre. There were two little girls whose father had been sent on a mission full of risk and responsibility. As often as General Lee had a dispatch he would walk to Governor Street to tell the mother that her husband was well. The children were very demure while the visit lasted, but no sooner was the drawing-room door shut after General Lee than they seemed



MRS. LEE'S BEDROOM.

to lose their minds—they fell upon each other and pulled and scuffled. The battle was fierce up to a certain point, but the instant that one of the children succeeded in getting on the chair upon which the General sat she was declared victor.

In 1862 every heart in the South was bursting with hope. Richmond was the rendezvous, and it was considered an impregnable citadel. Its population was increased by 20,000 souls. At

night there were twinkling lights from every story of every building in town. A whole family often kept house in one or two rooms; and frequently people walked the streets far in the night hunting for a shelter.

The neighborhood of "The Mess" was taken by prominent people; on one side were the Cabells, on the other was General George W. Randolph; next to him were the Tripletts (Mary Triplett, one of the most beautiful women in America, was General Lee's prime favorite); three doors from them lived Dr. Minnigerode, the rector of St. Paul's, and pastor of both Lee and Davis.

The Randolphs were very gay—they had big receptions, and young officers and pretty girls always around. The Lees were, in contrast, extremely quiet. When they heard of expenditure for social pleasure they could not restrain a groan, they were desperately in earnest about helping the soldiers.

When a "Titian-haired" war belle was married to a dashing Confederate general, she obtained through the blockade sixty yards of tulle for her bridal veil and gown. It was a thing almost unknown for brides to have "store clothes" of any pretension. A calico dress, or a homespun, or something of their mother's, or their grandmother's, was the regulation outfit. The tulle wedding dress caused a great deal of gossip.

"Oh," said General Lee, when it was discussed at "The Mess," "if she would only give it to me to make my soldiers some breeches." Dear simple heart, with all of his power he did not know the consistency of tulle.

The life at Richmond then was a shifting panorama; sick people were coming in and well ones going out. It was a restless turmoil—one day of hope, a night of anguish, a morning of joy or sorrow. In these varying scenes Mrs. Lee's chamber was a "Mecca." Seated in her wheeled chair, she listened, and strengthened, and smiled even when her own heart ached.

There was not a man or woman at "The Mess" who ever heard Mrs. Lee complain. The brightness of her nature, amidst uncertainty and pain, was wonderful. Her eyes would shine

whenever her husband came in from camp. Often he rode in just to see her for an hour, each gaining fresh courage from communion with the other. Their devotion was beautiful. Mrs. Lee's sense of duty was akin to his, too. The soldiers thought of her with tenderest love, and prayed God to bless her for saving their poor frosted feet. The General would take her socks back with him to camp and distribute them to his "boys." With an acute sense of honor he directed Major Janney to make a distinction between the socks made from Government yarn, and those made from the yarn which Mrs. Lee bought. The former were charged against the soldiers, the latter given without cost.

THE LEE MEMORIAL WINDOWS IN ST. PAUL'S—LOWER WINDOW.

On Sundays when General Lee was at home he read the Episcopal service in Mrs. Lee's room, and the whole family assembled to hear him. There is much

unwritten history in that square, back room, now full of books and curios. One listens and almost hears the roll of the wheels of the invalid chair, the click of the busy needles, the low conferences of the husband and wife, and the notes of "God moves in a mysterious way," or "Rock of Ages," sung by brave men and a band of stout-hearted women.

THE LEE MEMORIAL WINDOWS IN ST. PAUL'S—UPPER WINDOW.

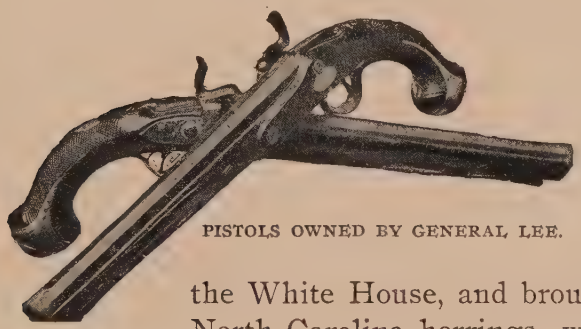
The color lasts, although the material is wasted. The spirit survives if the bodies are but dust.

The only thing owned by General Lee which the chamber holds to-day is a pair of English pistols taken from a British officer more than a century ago. They were presented by Colonel Massie to "Light Horse Harry," and later returned by Robert E. Lee to Colonel Massie's son, with a characteristic note. The pistols lie in a velvet lined box, along with a red silk sash which the same English officer wore, and which to-day has not a broken thread.

"The Mess" was a mutual aid society. The men were cheerful

for the girls; the girls in turn kept up for "Mother," who generally managed to keep up herself.

Mildred was the little housekeeper, and toward the end there were hard times at "The Mess." The larder was uncertain, the appetites regular. Sam, the major domo, had an uneasy life, for he foraged industriously, and found little but rye-coffee, sorghum and corn-meal. Sometimes Mrs. Lee got a box from the North, sent by some loving friend, the contents of which she at once forwarded to those whom she knew needed it, keeping for herself only what other people would not take. When Richmond friends sent her a package of tea or a little loaf sugar, she always wished to share it with "The Mess;" of course they would not permit it, and frequently made little ruses that she might *enjoy* an unusual dainty.



PISTOLS OWNED BY GENERAL LEE.

On one occasion General Stuart went down to the White House, and brought back to Richmond six North Carolina herrings, which he presented to Mrs. Lee. She regarded them as such a treat that she could not think of eating them all herself; so she sent three of them to her dear friend Mrs. S——, of Brook Hill. There was great excitement when the herrings arrived, and half a dozen girls went to sleep with visions of a tempting breakfast. Alas! in the morning a sad tale awaited them. An inconsiderate cat had devoured one herring; the best cow had lost her cud at a favorable time, and needed a salt fish to restore it; and when the last herring was being brought in for the table, some hungry soldiers passed, and to their lot it fell. "The best laid plans," etc.

At the time of the battles around Richmond General Lee sent a courier to "Brook Hill," to warn the ladies that the army was swinging around and there would be sharp fighting, and to advise them to come to "The Mess." The night before "Seven Pines"

General Lee stayed there, too, but not to sleep. His firm tread resounded all night; his great anxious heart throbbed with foreboding for the morrow's destiny. In the morning he came down dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes, his form erect, his hair black, his countenance glorious with fortitude and hope. "Traveller" (his Confederate Gray, as he called him) stood at the door. He mounted and rode slowly down toward Ninth street amidst the silent homage of the crowd. The officers of "The Mess" stood on the steps with the ladies, among whom was Miss Mary Lee, who waved to the General as long as she could see him.

"You don't seem afraid for him," some one said to her.

"A soldier's daughter never knows fear," was her proud reply.

The strain of expected battle was too much for one of the visitors at "The Mess," and she became really ill; and medicine being scarce, like everything else, the only remedy at hand was a bottle of hot water. Mr. S—— had a keen sense of humor, and when he took his family home he remarked to one of the officers: "There is a bottle upstairs—*use* it." Visions of a "brandied lark" arose. Invitations to a few friends were issued, among whom was General Hood, who came eager for a little punch. Amidst speeches and a song the bottle was uncorked; but James River water has the color, not the tone, for exhilaration.

There was a victory for Lee at this time, which Mrs. Lee took quietly. A lady, wild with joy, exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Lee! how can you be so calm? Aren't you proud? Aren't you elated?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lee, "I am thankful—that is all. If he suffered defeat to-morrow, those who adore to-day might then condemn. No; I know the General always does his best, and I am content to be quiet when he is victorious and calm when he suffers defeat."

Once alone did her courage seem utterly to forsake her. After the tragedy of "Yellow Tavern" she was indeed disconsolate. "Jackson is dead," she exclaimed, "and now Stuart is gone. What

will become of us? What will my poor husband do? It seems that God has turned his face from us." But she gathered up her strength, and through the darkest days tried to soothe others by her perfect resignation.

The Lees always made an annual visit to Shirley, the birthplace of R. E. Lee's mother, and Mrs. Lee and Mildred were there when General Butler came up the James River. Everybody was uneasy lest Mrs. Lee should be taken prisoner, or in some way molested; and finally Mr. Carter sent her and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Chapman Leigh, by flag of truce, to Aiken's Landing, thence to Richmond. Mildred stayed at Shirley some time longer.

DR. MINNIGERODE, MRS. LEE'S PASTOR.

General McClellan sent a guard of four cavalry officers to guard the Shirley house. One day the oldest of these officers said to Mrs. Carter: "I hear that a daughter of General Lee is in this house. I was in the Mexican War with Lee, and loved and honored him above any man living, and I should be so proud if his daughter would come out and speak to me."

When Mr. Carter was told this, he said: "I'll be hanged if Mildred does go to speak to him if she won't be the only one in this house who will."

Miss Mildred took a different view of the matter. When she heard of the soldier's wish she came out and shook hands with him, and they had a long talk. He told the great chieftain's daughter about the service in Mexico under her father. Many times as he spoke he wiped the tears from his eye. Mildred listened feelingly, and told what she might of her father's present life. When she returned to the house she expected to find her uncle indignant; but, on the contrary, he was amused at her independence, and assured her that she had more sense than the rest of the household put together.

At the time of the evacuation, when Richmond was a maddening bedlam, Mrs. Lee alone was calm and perfectly helpless. People entirely frantic rushed from pillar to post, the streets ran with whiskey, and the mob got on its knees beside the gutters and sipped the fiery stream. Fire broke loose and the whole city was in danger. The fire reached Eighth and Franklin streets, and the house next door to "The Mess" caught. But Mrs. Lee would not move. Friends besought her to fly. Four times did a Union officer come, in a carriage and four horses, to take her away, and so eager was he to move her that he ordered the trunks to be thrown out of the window, but she refused to budge, ordered the soldiers out and made her daughter Mary keep the door of the house, which caught fire several times, but was promptly extinguished; and Mrs. Lee's own words were: "That it was impossible to exaggerate the kind attention of the Union soldiers to her."

When the warrior returned from Appomattox to "The Mess" she was waiting for him, and the comfort of the situation she lovingly administered. The fact that accentuates the interest of "707 East Franklin Street" is that General Lee came here from Appomattox, rode up to the door on "Traveller," walked up the broad, stone steps with head erect and a steady eye—upstairs to his wife's retreat—two chastened souls glorious amidst defeat! The eager mob encircled the house, friend and foe clamored to behold him, but the door was closed and guarded, and those only came in who were most dear.

From that moment until the day he left Richmond he never went out of the house until after dark. Upon the back verandas he took his exercise. Here he was alone; he could ruminate and wonder if what was done had been wisely. In his defeat he was the most noble and honored hero that a people could ever know.

HALL OF GENERAL LEE'S HOUSE IN RICHMOND.

The General and Mrs. Lee, immediately after the surrender, longed to leave Richmond and to find a country place and perfect seclusion and rest. While they were looking for a home Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Cocke, of Oakford, Cumberland County, Virginia, offered them a cosy country house with so much affectionate kindness that the General could but accept it; and he was a country gentleman from that time until he was called to the presidency of Washington and Lee University. At the same time he had many offers, which he graciously declined. Some Englishman wrote him that $100,000 had been put in the Bank of England to his credit, and would be his if he would come to England to live.

When he was about to leave Richmond the girls came to "The Mess" in flocks, either with photographs for him to autograph

or to beg him to give them his picture himself. To these manifold requests he responded with ineffable sweetness.

The radiant countenance of a young girl who lived near "The Mess" often cheered the Lees in those last weeks in Richmond. One day the General looked so sad that she exclaimed: "Why will you look so heartbroken?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he answered. "My cause is dead! I am homeless—I have nothing on earth."

"Yes, you have," the girl said, cheerfully. "You have got a plenty of love and admiration! You have got buttons on your coat, and I want one!"

General Lee, with a smile, gave her the button nearest his throat, and she had it put into a beautiful setting and wore it to the day of her death.

He never gave any more buttons away. There was a command that the Confederates should not wear their buttons, and as they had no other clothes and no other buttons, the latter had to be covered with black cloth; and the General's honor prevented him from giving any more away.

Such simple interviews are treasured by all who knew General Lee or his wife. There was a magnetism of interest and sympathy for all which drew the humblest to them, and made many love them who could not appreciate the loftiness of each nature.

A very modest girl who had never before seen General Lee traveled with him down the river one day just after the war. She was emotional, and the sight of him overpowered her. She did not think he noticed her, but he did. They were both going to get off at the same landing, and he spoke to her and wanted to know if she were well wrapt up, saying that young girls were so apt to catch cold. She had her modest wardrobe in an old-fashioned bandbox studded with brass nails, and he observed that, too. "What a quaint little box!" he said; "I like it so much—don't you?" And a homely trunk was at once glorified, and a girl's tiresome journey brightened with an impression which she will ever hold.

The day the Lees left Richmond after the evacuation the General went out to say good-bye to somebody who could not come to him. As he walked up Franklin Street he saw a lady standing on the pavement by a pile of trunks. She explained that she was

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, RICHMOND, SHOWING THE LEE PEW.

in a terrible dilemma—she had locked her bonnet in one of the trunks, and could not find one thing to wear on her head.

"Get it out," said the General.

"How could I undo or tie up these dreadful trunks?" she asked.

"Oh, I can do that," he answered as he stooped down, and, in a matchless dignity which exalted the meanest act, he untied the trunks and did them up again with "war time" rope, not with leather and buckles of the present day.

Friends of Mrs. Lee remember her as she sat in the cabin of the old canal boat saying good-bye, with now and then a catch in her voice, to those who had been near her for several years. She returned to Richmond once afterward, on her way to the "White House." She then sat again in the cabin of the canal boat and held a big reception. So many people brought her flowers that tubs were set around to hold them, and the shabby canal bank appeared like a gay boulevard filled with smart people. She did not go uptown because she could only stand the change from the boat to the cars.

Once, too, she went to Arlington, but the mighty changes made her ill. "Let me get a drink of water from the spring," she said, "and then take me away." It was on this trip that she spent some days in Alexandria, and the young men of the place would bear her chair into old Christ Church on Sundays, and put her in the aisle, where, with earnest devotion, she joined in the service of a church where her great-grandmother worshiped, and where George Washington was a vestryman.

The last days at Lexington were as beautiful as the western sky above the setting sun. Mrs. Lee was a prisoner to pain, but she drew from her life every golden strand, and her husband brought only bright things into her chamber. He allowed no one to touch her chair when he was near; to push her around was his sacred privilege. He had many vexations. His immense mail brought worry as well as consolation. In it was the hallowed sympathy of friends and the bitter vituperation of enemies. Old soldiers wrote him harrowing tales of their poverty and besought him to help them, and merciless autograph fiends harassed him daily. To rise grandly above these petty cares was no mean struggle. To bury the dark side of life and reveal the brightness only, made his heart a battlefield.

"Mrs. Lee," he would say, standing behind her chair, "I have such a nice thing to tell you to-day. I have had a letter from one of 'my boys,' and he tells me that he is going to be married, and that he wishes me to give his wife the most beautiful bridal present that a woman could desire. He wants me to write her a letter and sign it with my name."

Such were the incidents that cheered him, the simple homage of the men who had fought with him. In the country about Lexington he often rode, and evidences of the tender feeling which the people bore him were daily manifested. Once a plain working woman, as he passed her cottage, begged him to stop and come in. As he got from his horse, she sounded a wild blast with a tin horn, and at once a swarm of children ran toward her from every quarter.

"Oh, General," she cried, "these are my little children. Please give every one of them your blessing." And with the gentleness of a mother he invoked the divine favor upon the little ragged crowd.

From these rides he returned to his wife in her chair and retailed every pleasant incident of each day's wandering.

At Lexington Mrs. Lee was quite as busy as she was in her chamber at "707" during the war. The little church was in a struggling condition, and she began to work diligently for it. She ordered from a Richmond artist *carte-de-visite* photographs of General and Mrs. Washington, reproduced from the portraits at Arlington. These she colored and offered for sale. The demand was so great for these pictures that she was kept busy. Her little work-table, which stood beside her chair, was full of packages which she sent far and near, and a letter written by her at this time touchingly illustrates her original industry:

"Thanks, my dear K., for your exertions in behalf of our society. I received the $3.00 safely and send the pictures, which I am sorry are not better; but my brushes and materials for work are so indifferent that none but an artist can understand my difficulties. I had hoped to send the pair I promised to Mrs. Read this week, but have none ready. I will send you what I can collect, but your letter only got here Saturday, so I have had but little time to prepare. I want to tell you also that I have so many more orders for pictures than I can fill that I fear my poor old eyes will give out, and I shall not sell any more for less

than $1.00 apiece for those that are autographed and coloured, and half a dollar for General Washington *not* coloured. 1 dollar apiece for all the others I send, even those of General Lee as a young man, as those are *very rare*. Those I send you for your Scotch friends I charge $1.50 for, as they only expected to give that; but I am sorry I have not the other pair to send—perhaps they would take out the other $1.50 in some of the other pictures, if not, I will finish them next week and send them to you by mail. If I do not hear from you I shall conclude they have taken some of these; and now I want you to execute a commission for me that requires *some tact*. I cannot get any more pictures from Mr. D. unless he will *sell them*, which I know he will not do if he knows *I* want them; so you must go there and tell him you want 25 pictures of General and Mrs. Washington on the *albumenized card*, for a country fair, and ask him to have them gotten ready at once, not *too dark* nor too light. The usual price when you get them that way is 10 cts. apiece or 10 for a dollar. You can ask him if he sells them for that, and take some of the money you sell the pictures I send for, and buy me the value of $2.50 even if he asks more for them. If you will take them and put them in an envelope with a 2 ct. stamp, and tear off the corner that the postmaster may see they are only photographs, they will come safely directed to me here. Now I beg you will not let him imagine they are for me. I write in great haste,

"Yours, M. C. LEE."

This characteristic glimpse of an earnest woman is full of pathos. Quite an interesting story is connected with a picture of General Lee and the K. to whom Mrs. Lee frequently writes. K. used to knit yarn vests for General Lee during the war. After one of these parcels had been received by him he sent her a letter of thanks and photograph of himself, which never reached her. After the war the letter was published in an Albany paper; the destination of the picture is not known. When General Lee found this out he presented his young friend with another picture of himself. Some years afterward the girl went to England, and formed many charming acquaintances, among whom was Major-General Grenfell, of the British army, who asked some American friends one day for an autograph of General Lee. The young Americans refused to do it; but this friend of the Lees pondered over his request and made a resolution. When she came home she sent General Grenfell the little autographed photograph which General Lee had given her in place of the one which had gone in the wrong direction. In his letter of thanks General Grenfell says: "It

will find an honorable place in my collection with autographs of Napoleon, Wellington, Ney, Marlborough, Blucher, Lord Raglan, General Gordon and other distinguished soldiers."

In another letter, written in the Lexington days, we catch some notes of Mrs. Lee's daily life:

"LEXINGTON, February 12, 1866.

"I acknowledge my remissness, my dearest cousin, in not sooner replying to your sweet letter, but I had so little of any interest to tell you that I thought I would wait awhile.

"The General and Custis have both written something for Mrs. Burwell, and I thought I would just slip in this little piece, which will answer until I could send you something more satisfactory. Mildred got a letter from Shirley not long since, in which he wrote very cheerfully. We rarely hear from Mary; she is a bad correspondent. Agnes is rather better. She is now in Norfolk and did talk of going to Brandon; but Dr. Ritchie's death may make some difference in her plans.

The General sends you much love, and says if he was only able he would mount his horse and ride down to see you. I should love to see your dear little baby. What a comfort she must be to you! My youth was renewed in my little darling Rob.* How I did grieve for him, yet now I know it is best for him to be safe in the arms of his Heavenly Father! The girls would enjoy a visit to you very much, but I do not think they will get home before late in the spring, and then they cannot leave again directly.

"Mildred sends a great deal of love, and says she should like to go and see you. Can't you come to see us? You ought to have come while we were in Richmond, as we were so much more accessible.

"I am glad Willy is with you. Tell him the General says there is plenty of work for the young men to do everywhere in the country, and they need not leave it to seek employment. Rob has set in at Romancoke, but says it is so lonely there he will marry any woman who will build him a house. I do not know, my dear cousin, if I wrote you how kind everybody here is to us. Scarcely a day elapses but something nice or useful is not sent us, and I can truly say the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places.

"If I could forget my dear home † I would be content and happy, though I often feel as if I could not die in peace anywhere else, but that day may come upon me unawares, and it may matter but little to me where I am in that hour when flesh and heart shall fail.

"I am sorry to hear you have had so much trouble with your servants. I did not think Nancy would ever leave you. Where has she gone? I hope after a

* "Rooney" Lee's little son. † Arlington.

year or two we shall be able to get good white servants. I have been very fortunate in getting two very good women from Nelson County, Va. One formerly belonged to Cousin Polly Cabell; and we have a tolerable man; he is at least respectable, though not very energetic. I see a good deal of the Pendletons. They are very kind and agreeable. Let me hear from you very soon.

"Yours affectionately, M. C. LEE."

The brief years of the life at Lexington were peaceful and even after her husband joined Jackson and A. P. Hill Mrs. Lee's spirit was resigned. She wrote, in 1869, to a friend at the Rockbridge baths:

"I intended to have written to you to-day, my dear K., and, indeed, for several days past, but have been so overwhelmed with the carpets which Agnes has sent down in my room for me to sew that I have not even been able to collect my ideas.

"I am so sorry to hear that you all are not coming this way, for now I don't know when I shall see you. The General is very anxious to go down to tell you good-bye, but he has a wretched cold, so I fear you will not see him. He sends his best love to you, and says if he does not get down you may know the reason. I must beg that you will leave that kitten as a legacy to me. Ask Mr. M. to send it the first opportunity. Tell me its name.

"I enclose you $2 to get some muslin for our society aprons. We do not care to spend much now, as we are making up a large sum for our parsonage, but if you hear of any great bargains let me know. I will try and send a few pictures for your table if you will write me when your fair begins; and I will not trouble you with many commissions as you will be so busy.

"You must go and see Mr. D. and tell him I want fifteen pictures of Mrs. Washington and eleven of General Washington. His are so much better than I can get here. I have an order from Baltimore, and I want some printed very nicely, not too dark or too light, and without any spots on them. I should greatly prefer sending the money for them. If you can, please find out if there is anything that I could send which would be acceptable to him, and let me know.

"Anything you have to send me you can give to Jane, who is the maid on the canal boat that leaves Richmond Wednesday evening. I will tell her to call at Mr. R.'s. She is very reliable. When you send the muslin put a line in the bundle to let me hear how you are, and the price of that plain ruffling No. 2. I have some of No. 1. Write me how many pictures you would like to have, your album seems to be such a nice one.

"I suppose you are going to Brandon; I envy you the privilege. I have relinquished the idea of going to the 'White House' before Spring, though I do long to see that darling boy; * I have his little face constantly before me. Agnes wrote a letter to B. to-day. The General received one from J., enclosing a check for

* "Rooney's" son.

our church. The weather has been cloudy; I hope it will clear before our Parisian friends arrive next Wednesday. We expected Mr. Chapman Leigh, but he has not come, and I fear Mr. Wickham is worse.

"I enclose a letter to Mr. D., asking him to give you some photographs, which you will send with the muslin. I have kept my letter, hoping that the General would be able to get to see you Saturday; but it rained hard all day, and to-day he is laid up with a cold which always affects him rather more seriously than most people. I hope he may be relieved soon. He sends a great deal of love and his sincere regrets about not seeing you all again. Custis cannot leave him, but unites in adieus and regrets. Mildred was charmed with the mats.

"Aff. M. C. Lee.

"P. S.—Get as much muslin as you can for the money."

The cold was never entirely cured, and, after the final separation, she writes again to the same friend:

"There have been also some deaths, one a mother who has left six young children. Such is life—the bridals follow the funerals. How many that I have known and loved are gone! My ties to earth are fast loosening, and now that the light of my existence has disappeared from my horizon the prospect is drear and gloomy. Yet I do not repine, withal so many comforts are spared me, so many kind friends to sympathize with me, and, above all, I know that my loss is his gain. He needed rest from all the toils and cares of his eventful life—the glorious rest of heaven. My soul rejoices when I think of him there, so far above all the petty interest of earth, with nothing to mar his perfect bliss; a few more years and I shall go to him. * * * Perhaps you did not know that I had a granddaughter nearly a month old called Tabb Bolling. Robbie is much charmed with his little 'Tista.'"

She rises from her desolation to rejoice and take an interest in other's joys. After all it matters not though a mortal span be enveloped in clouds, if the purity of a life sends forth a light which will illuminate the human horizon till earth shall be no more.

Mrs. Lee had said she could not die in peace away from Arlington, and perhaps it was a divine blessing that in her wanderings along the shore of the river of death, she was seeing her babes at Arlington, and plucking violets from the sunny garden walks of her beloved home.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Character and Campaigns of General Lee.

By Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A

It never has been so much the Military Academy associations, though they are, like all college ties, often the strongest and most lasting—not so much these as the regular army affiliations which have begotten an intimacy and fellowship between officers and officers and between family and family seldom met with elsewhere.

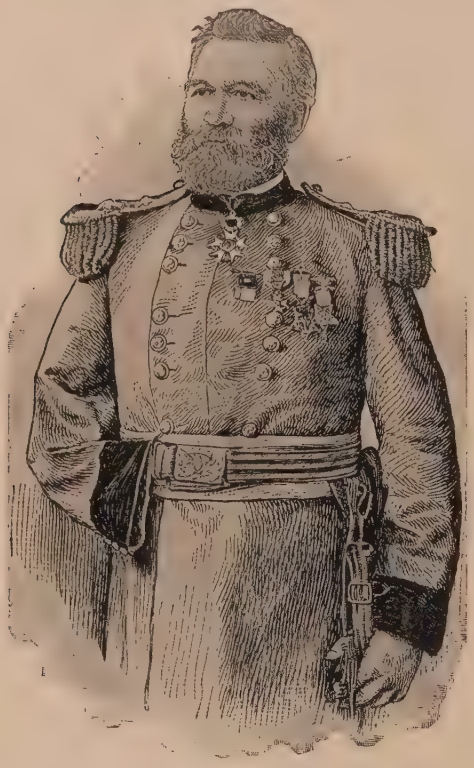
When, in 1861, certain States undertook to secede from the American Union, this intimacy was the hardest to break. Affectionate letters were exchanged between devoted friends even after they were arrayed in hostile attitude, the one to the other.

The letters written by General Robert E. Lee about that time to friends, which have already found their way into print, indicate how his mind and heart were torn by conflicting sentiments; and it is evident that the army ties were among the strong cords difficult for him to break. His Mexican service had been grand. Scott believed that there was no engineer officer superior to Lee; and all his associates throughout that eventful war awarded Lee the palm for ability in planning, energy in preparation, and faultless execution of all work committed to him or that fell within his professional province. After the active campaigning in Mexico was over, there were boards organized to study our defences, give plans embracing their distribution and the detail of their construction; and suitable officers were placed in charge of specific works. Lee's name appears at the head of such organizations, and still lingers where strong forts were planned and put up; for example, he was the directing engineer in charge of the works near Baltimore, and he constructed Fort Carroll between 1848 and 1852. Just before

the war he had had the general superintendency of the permanent forts near the Narrows in New York harbor, and the principal parts of Fort Wadsworth were under his immediate direction.

In 1852, when his son Custis was a cadet (the writer of this article belonging to the same class), Colonel Lee was assigned to the superintendency of the Military Academy of West Point. For the few years he remained in command no officer could have filled that trying post with more worthiness; wherever placed he excelled in executive talent. I remember my first impression of him as a man and an officer when, just after his arrival, he was walking about the buildings accompanied by Colonel Brewerton, the superintendent whom he was soon to follow, and one or two other persons. In front of our new barracks he seemed to be taking cognizance of the situation in a general way; a little later, within doors, he appeared to be looking into the new and varied duties which would soon devolve upon him. He wore an undress uniform. To cadets who make much of figure he was indeed a well-proportioned man, neither too tall nor too short. His hair was just turning gray, and his shapely head was as fine as if chiseled by an expert. But what impressed me most at the time was when I had, casually, the opportunity to note the expression of his face, and particularly when something caused him to smile. His large eyes had then a brighter look, and his face lighted up all over in the sunshine of his smile. Probably no man better combined the dignity of a proud man with the geniality of a friendly spirit than Robert E. Lee. So I felt at my first interview with him, and again later when I visited his official sanctum, and not less so was my impression at his own home. I had a nearer view at one time when he paid me a friendly visit, because I was ill in hospital, having been sent there by an injury received in the riding hall, deemed at the time very serious. As he quietly talked to me at my bedside I said to myself: "Colonel Lee is my friend, but I must never approach too near him; he is gracious, but evidently condescending." His frontier life after he became colonel of the Second Cavalry, as it shines out through his letters before referred to, is intensely interesting. We note his constant and tender

concern for his wife and family; his uniform care for the soldiers under his command; and his interest, scarcely less, in the families of the few married enlisted men around him. He was like a common father to them all, and never neglected to provide for their comfort. When there was no chaplain or clergyman present, Colonel Lee conducted the funeral services for a soldier, or for a child from a soldier's family, though it seemed to cost him real pain of heart to do so, and he greatly desired to be relieved from such touching personal efforts. When the church's important days of observance, like Easter and Christmas, were approaching, he greatly longed to be with his family that he himself might participate with them in the rites of the occasion. The songs, the praises, the petitions, the readings—he provided for all these as well as he could far away on the frontier of Texas; but his desire to mingle with his home people in these observances was beyond expression.



OLIVER O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL U.S.A.

There was another feature in Lee's correspondence that has surprised all who were not in his immediate confidence—that is to say, that wherein he gives his ideas of the Union and of slavery. Before secession, Lee was evidently deeply attached to the American Union; and, as trouble approached, he hoped, almost against all grounds for hope, that there would be no secession, and particularly that Virginia would not attempt to go out of the Union. Again, slavery, so far as any published letters that I have seen develop his thought, was not to his liking, and he was looking for the time

to come when he could see slavery closed out forever. When one has these glimpses into Lee's private life and genuine sentiments, he has much food for reflection. How could a revolution like that of 1861 have been inaugurated, and could such a dreadful war have been possible, if Southern men had been like Robert E. Lee?—highly educated, faithful to duty, a loyal servant of the Government throughout a long war, eminent in the public service during years of peace, a devoted family man, a friend to fellow-officers, to enlisted men and their families whenever they came under his supervision; a man of prayer and Christian observance, a friend of the American Union, and not a friend of slavery, further than to care properly for the slaves he had inherited, anxious to be rid of slavery as soon as wisely practicable—surely this was not material out of which to construct rebellion, secession, revolution or war. How, then, can Lee's course in 1861 be accounted for? His eminent nephew, General Fitzhugh Lee, has condensed it all into one expression, viz., "The Commonwealth of Virginia." We must emphasize this one statement which was ever on the lips of many good men in 1860 and '61, to wit: "My first allegiance is due to my State!" The sequence for Lee was not unnatural. First he was ordered to Washington; second, while there the Gulf States were going through the process of withdrawal from the Union. Suddenly, almost unexpectedly, and apparently against a majority of Union men, Virginia decided to go with the others. Now, while every eye was strained to see what would be done next, and when the Government needed its ablest military man, Lee, through General Frank P. Blair as messenger, was offered the command of the army of the United States. His reply, in substance, was: "My first allegiance is due to Virginia. I cannot take the offer; I decline it." Now evidently the trouble of his mind increased. I do not wonder that he is reported, just before leaving, to have walked the floor an entire night. At last Lee went to General Scott and endeavored to show his old commander how that he, having declined promotion, could not with proper self-respect stay longer in the army. He might be obliged to march into Virginia, to fight against her flag and her

people. "I cannot, because my first allegiance is due to that Commonwealth."

Scott, Farragut, Thomas, Newton, Craighill, Robert Williams, Gibbon, Junius Wheeler, B. F. Davis, and many other National Southern officers, each said, in effect: "My first allegiance is due to the old Government of the United States." And that was the dividing line. The decision to be made, look at it as we will, was not an easy one. Its determination strained the Southern man more than the Northern, because of the Southerner's inherited teaching — the doctrine of State Sovereignty.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD IN WAR TIME.

Of course all this is old. It is all settled now. But one cannot rightly apprehend or discuss the career of so large a man as Robert E. Lee, without showing the cause of his leaving his Government—a Government which had always favored him, crowned him with honor, and, strange to tell, just before he turned away from her flag, had offered him the command of her armies. Under similarly trying circumstances, General Hardee's exclamation a short time before he turned Southward, is well remembered: "Howard, there will be two Governments very soon established, and I don't want to belong to a Northern Confederacy."

Often have I been asked: "Independent of his personal character, where do you class General Lee among the generals of the last Civil War?" First, I may say that the elements which constitute personal character enter largely into the summation which

distinguishes a great leader. And they can never be ignored in any clear view of his life-work. If we chose Lee's first campaign, that of West Virginia, which took place during the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862, it will help to illustrate his qualities. He had opposed to him a fellow-engineer officer—General Rosecrans. Rosecrans chose a superb position, a sort of mountain stronghold. He was ready to take the offensive against Lee, if he found Lee off his guard. Lee himself did not wish to be idle. He had great hopes of clearing West Virginia of Union forces. Rosecrans was apparently moving for battle. Careful reconnoissances were made by Lee, and a good plan fixed upon. The detached column, under a subordinate, found its way through hardship and suffering to Rosecrans' most vulnerable points for an attack. But the subordinate, who had been over-confident, found his enemy too strong for him when he arrived before newly prepared works.

An engineer officer, primarily, is disposed to stand on the defensive. But both Lee and Rosecrans were more enterprising than ordinary army engineers. The reason for Rosecrans accomplishing so little in West Virginia, after his phenomenal success against Garnett and Pegram, was the presence of his wary antagonist, General Lee; and the reason Lee effected so little, leaving out all the difficulties of a territory too tough for campaigning, at best, and the hindrances of the weather and the season—things which pertained to both with equal force—was the presence of his able opponent, General Rosecrans. Grant or Sherman, Joseph E. or Albert Sidney Johnston—any of these would have risked more, secured better results, or perhaps precipitated some disaster. Surely Lee husbanded his resources, saved the lives of his men, bore with equanimity the cavils of the press, and determined calmly to bide his time.

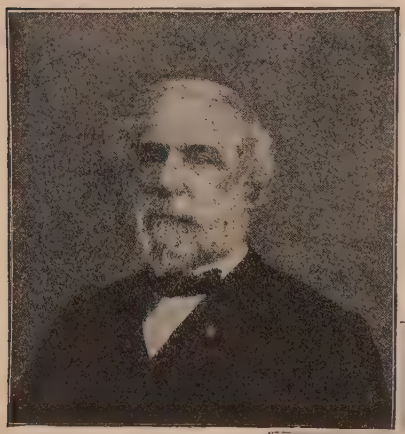
Probably no thinking men, however sanguine their hopes had been, men who were capable of judging, thought any less of Lee after that fruitless campaign than before its inception. Sometimes the Fabian is the true policy. The strong man knows as well when to wait with patience, as when to labor with diligence. A brilliant

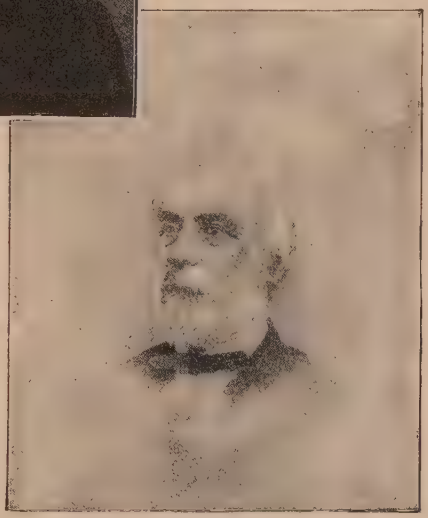
success is not always the true gauge of either a financier or a military commander.

His second campaign began after Fair Oaks [Seven Pines]. It was a large army, from 80,000 to 100,000, to receive from such able hands as those of General Joseph E. Johnston. He had opposed to him a tremendous force—at least 15,000 more than his own. With confidence he entered upon the new campaign, and accepted the heavy responsibility. He fortified Richmond, nobody could excel him in that. He rearranged and intrenched his men, thus keeping them busy and affording them shelter and speedy rest. He studied McClellan's new position, almost in sight of Richmond, on the right bank of the treacherous Chickahominy, and carefully examined McClellan's flank-cover beyond, at Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek and vicinity. His cavalry roamed over all the spaces to the right, to the rear and to the left of his 100,000 opponents. Stonewall Jackson, fortunate in the divided commanders arrayed against him near the Shenandoah, was doing wonders up there in West Virginia, where Lee himself had accomplished next to nothing. Lee, apparently for valley operations, reinforced Jackson, and then called his subordinate, with all his new accessions, to his own left flank. Being ready, Lee pushed forward Stuart's cavalry, followed in succession by Jackson, D. H. Hill, Longstreet and A. P. Hill, far around the Union right, while Huger and Magruder held fast with complete works in front McClellan. It was to be a succession of fierce assaults by which it was expected to break communication, capture all depots, force a battle and perhaps defeat and capture an army. No general ever better planned a campaign.

McClellan had many of the qualities of Lee. In the virtues of private character they were not unlike. As careful and complete engineers they were intellectually abreast. Both obtained the love and confidence of their soldiers. Lee was McClellan's superior, however, in enterprise—in that quickness which enabled him to plan and take a prompt offensive, and persistently carry it on to an ultimate conclusion. McClellan's change of base was the best

counter-move he could make. It was magnificently executed. But, with 15,000 men more than Lee, why was it necessary to wait there a month at the Chickahominy so patiently to be fully reconnoitered and disastrously encompassed? Why was he obliged to fight successfully battle after battle, and then fall back? The answer is: it was the generalship of Robert E. Lee and of Stonewall Jackson, in face of hard fighting, which accomplished the results. Still, McClellan saved his army from decisive defeat, from destruction and from capture. Had the winds of fortune blown strongly in his favor, McClellan might possibly have inaugurated from Harrison's Landing a subsequent successful campaign. But events would not wait for him.





LATER PORTRAITS OF GENERAL LEE.

Longstreet's opinion of Lee's generalship at the Chickahominy is rather high praise. But I think it is not understated. He says: "Passing in critical review the events of the campaign, they served. He failed to disclose a flaw as it was projected by the Confederate chief." The flaws, as in nearly all military affairs, did exist, and will be found here and there in a faulty execution. For the success of the National cause and the final integrity of the Union, we rejoice over those flaws as Providences, which saved us from dire destruction. The usual measure of a general, *ceteris paribus*, is applied to his success in the execution. The finale at Harrison's Landing was not so decisive and complete as was another on a smaller scale which had

taken place at Fort Donelson. In the Pope campaign, succeeding the Chickahominy, Lee seems to have been bolder than in the first trial with McClellan. General Pope, by some of his preliminary orders, unfortunately offended many of his comrades in arms, and angered, to a man, his Confederate opponents. His dispositions below the Rappahannock were not bad but Pope, new to the East, and having those half demoralized divisions from the valley to collect in one host and to use without time for reorganization, had a difficult task to perform. Lee, with Stonewall Jackson, his right arm, struck Pope's front, August 9th, 1862, a Cedar Run, and gave him a heavy blow. He hoped, indeed, to get up his whole army and crush Pope before he could obtain help from McClellan, who just then was coming by water and by land for the purpose of reinforcing this fiery general. Pope, in catching Lee's design through a captured dispatch, brought his army back behind the Rappahannock. Then immediately followed Lee's most hazardous enterprise. Lee divided his army; a part, including Stuart's cavalry, under Jackson, were to run through the gaps in the Bull Run Range and attain Manassas Junction, in Pope's rear, half way between him and Washington; and then, also, Lee purposed to work against Pope's front and right, so as to form speedy junction of his divided parts for final battle. Wonderful to tell, notwithstanding Pope's prompt and

A LATER PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEE.

able dispositions and later ample reinforcement from McClellan, Lee's feat was actually accomplished; but it was mainly Jackson's consummate generalship which gave Lee his results. For, Jackson, after doing the required damage at Manassas and southward, suddenly flew to Centerville as a decoy, and then, coming back by Sudley Ford, of the Bull Run, west and north of the Centerville Pike, caught detached divisions of Pope and secured, while fighting, a junction with Longstreet. Longstreet had the head of Lee's marching column by way of Thoroughfare Gap. There was so much hurly-

VALLEY TURNPIKE.

burly and confusion, that few, if any, of Pope's generals understood the mysteries of the situation. A single Union division, well handled, might have checked Longstreet at the ugly mountain pass, at least long enough for Pope, who had plenty of brave men, to have utterly defeated Stonewall Jackson's venturesome detachment. Lee gained the Pope campaign; and he was, doubtless, wise not to push on immediately, as his ardent advisers urged, to attempt the National capital; for, at this time, Washington was grandly fortified, and never before better defended by veteran divisions.

Lee's Maryland trip in 1862, which immediately followed the "Second Manassas" victory, was the logical outcome of his preceding military successes. Politically it was not a success; and, even in a military point of view, McClellan came out best. Yet had Maryland been as ready then as Virginia was at the time of her visitation to join the booming Confederacy, we would have lost Baltimore and Washington, and very likely the great cause for which we were contending. Lee, with an army now smaller than that of McClellan, fought the battle of Antietam with masterly tactics. Our Union soldiers behaved well; but our commander secured little unity of action on the battle-field, and did not so skillfully use his reserves as to gather up a complete fruitage. In strategic performance, however, under very trying relations with his own government, McClellan sturdily met and overcame his able adversary.

TAKEN AT LEXINGTON ABOUT 1868.

Burnside succeeded McClellan. He was, as a man, one that everybody loved—noble-spirited, generous and brave; but at this time he was overwhelmed by the new responsibilities which he reluctantly assumed. He marched for Falmouth; declined Sumner's offer to ford the Rappahannock and take the Fredericksburg Heights, on his arrival, before any considerable portion of Lee's army could get there; waited over a week for his bridge, which gave Lee ample time to come up and prepare the Marye Hill and all the Fredericksburg front, to select position for his batteries, to build forts and dig trenches, cover stone walls with earth, and make the place ready for his seventy odd thousand defenders. One hasn't the heart to repeat the details of the bloody struggle which ensued. "A grand sight," says Lee's nephew, "as Lee witnessed it from

Lee's Hill in the centre of his lines, and Burnside through his field-glass from a more secure position two miles in rear of the battlefield. . . . A grand army seeks offensive battle, makes isolated attacks by fractional forces, remains in position, and secretly, in the midst of a violent storm, recrosses the river during the night with a loss of 12,653." Lee lost, all told, but 5,377, and very few of them on or near the terrible central heights.

THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD FROM OLD DUNKARD CHURCH.

Here, again, came to our National cause a sad defeat, and Lee enjoyed the palm of victory in a defensive battle.

Burnside soon gave place to Hooker. The latter had been very successful as a division and corps commander. His sharp criticisms and his intelligent comments upon past campaigns and leaders gave the impression to members of Mr. Lincoln's administration that he was the ablest available officer for this succession. He formed a plan of campaign against Lee, still on the heights of Fredericksburg, to be put in execution the last of April and the first few days of May, 1863. His plan was every whit as good

as that of Lee against McClellan east and south of Richmond, and it was similar, only Hooker was to turn Lee's left by the way of the upper fords of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and not the right. Again, the first stages of the movement were as successful as Lee's had been. But when Hooker appeared in force beyond Lee's left, Lee did what McClellan did not do—he took the offensive at once against all the moving troops without the slightest

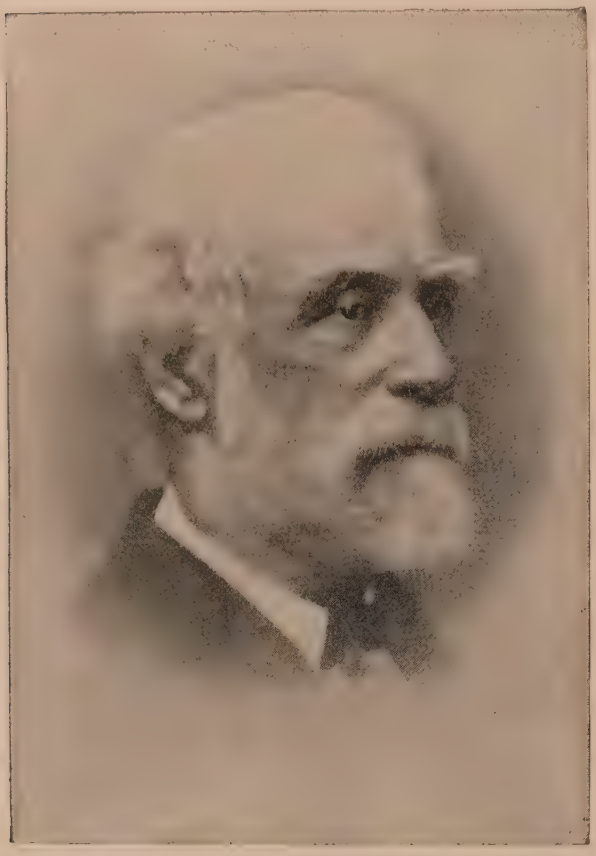
PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD—ANTIETAM.

hesitation. Nevertheless, on the first day of May, Hooker's right was moved forward easterly to meet Lee's attacking lines, and was apparently doing good work, when, by Hooker's orders, for some unknown reason, the Union troops were ordered back to the untenable position where they had halted after crossing the Rapidan. This movement enabled Lee, first, to defeat the Sixth Corps, which was across the river and nearest Fredericksburg, and then occupy Hooker's main troops with a small force and send a large one, apparently in retreat, commanded by Stonewall Jackson, far around under the cover of the thick wilderness and beyond

Hooker's flanking force. Being deceived by this movement, thinking it an organized retreat, Hooker sent the Third Corps, considerably reinforced, to follow up Jackson's retreating column. Sickles, commanding this advance, had no more than a rear-guard affair; while Jackson, getting into position about six o'clock in the evening of the 2d of May, overwhelmed the Eleventh Corps, left isolated on Hooker's extreme right, and already robbed of its reserve. Jackson forced it back, after about an hour's resistance, to the other troops near the Chancellorsville House. The next day Hooker's army, having taken a position between the two rivers, fought defensively without any very heavy loss. A council of war was held, and Hooker's army was withdrawn to its old position at Falmouth. It is difficult to discuss the causes of this defeat; but it is my conviction that our commander could not cope with the situation in that blind-wilderness country after the action had gone beyond his original anticipation, and that Lee and his officers, more familiar with the country, were better able to manœuvre. Furthermore, Hooker's entire cavalry was absent on a raid. Could Hooker have known what Lee, through Stonewall Jackson, was actually doing, he could easily have frustrated his bold and daring effort, which produced such a success. The loss to the Southern army of the indomitable Jackson on that field very much lessened the Confederate triumph, but certainly, by every estimate, Lee had overmatched his antagonist.

General Hooker, after his return, lost many men by desertion, and many more by expiration of service, yet he succeeded in getting his diminishing army (now about 88,000) into very good fighting condition. Some time in June Lee had worked out in his brain another plan of operations similar to that of the Antietam campaign. He passed over the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley, descended that valley, defeating and capturing some detachments, and cleared the way for a march into Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, Hooker followed Lee's movements by inner lines, gaining some reinforcements, and keeping between him and Washington. Hooker next crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry.

Just as Lee was passing into Pennsylvania, Hooker, in person, went from Edwards Ferry to Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, and from that point telegraphed to Washington his resignation, unless he could be allowed the 10,000 men stationed there (French's Division). The next day, at Frederick, Md., his resignation was accepted, and he was relieved by General Meade. Meade, now finding Lee with his main body at Chambersburg, having Confederate divisions out as far as Carlisle and York, immediately made a dispersion of his force till his right corps was near Manchester, his centre at Taneytown, and his left near Gettysburg. Lee had made Hooker's mistake of Chancellorsville; he had ordered or allowed his cavalry, under Stuart, to cross the Potomac at Seneca, below his enemy in order to make a raid between Meade and Washington and Baltimore, and go around to Carlisle. This cavalry movement, by itself fruitful enough in results, was a source of irritation to Lee. It limited his military vision. On the contrary, Meade kept his cavalry well out on both flanks, and in close connection with his other troops. Lee suddenly determined to concentrate, doubtless for battle, at Cashtown, a place about eight miles west of Gettysburg—a place



LAST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEE.

wisely chosen, because he could bring together his divisions at least a day earlier than Meade.

The first day of July, Reynolds, commanding the left wing—viz., three corps of Buford's division of cavalry—began a battle with Lee's advance on the Oak or Seminary Ridge. He commenced when but one of his divisions beside the cavalry had arrived. As he was posting the next division on the field, he was slain. Howard, who succeeded him, was present in person, and very soon after this took the Cemetery Ridge, and placed there a division of the Eleventh corps and his reserve batteries, sending out the rest of the Eleventh to the right and rear of the First corps, in echelon. He also ordered up the Third from Emmitsburg, the remaining corps of the wing. He continued the fight, having, of course, reported the situation to his commander at Taneytown. After a hard struggle against A. P. Hill and Ewell, Howard, having on the field thus far but 22,500 all told, against more than double his numbers, was compelled to order a retreat to the chosen Cemetery Ridge. This retreat was hard pressed by the enemy, yet the main position was secured, and soon so thoroughly manned, not only by the remnant of the First and Eleventh corps, but by the Third and the Twelfth. Meade had first sent up General Hancock to represent him, during the afternoon of the first day, and he himself came on the field before dawn the 2d of July. Meade arranged his troops successively from McAllister's Mill around the fish-hook position by Culp's Hill, Cemetery Ridge, and on to Little Round Top, a line about five miles in extent, with cavalry beyond his right. Lee enveloped him with a line some eight miles in extent with cavalry to the left. The two armies were about equally matched, numbering in the neighborhood of 100,000 each. When Lee brought up all the troops he desired, he commenced his attack upon Meade's left, which occupied the Peach Orchard and the Devil's Den. For these points and Little Round Top, there was a long, bloody struggle, which ended in preserving to Meade, not the Peach Orchard and the Emmitsburg Road, but the line of the Round Tops.

A night fight on his right lost Meade his works in the woods near McAllister's Mill, but the darkness saved the Baltimore Pike

and his near supply trains from capture. Thus far it was only a drawn battle with the morale against Meade. At dawn of the third day, Slocum, with his own and other troops, especially artillery, simultaneously with Ewell commanding Lee's left corps, entered upon a terrific battle, which ended, after some five hours and a half, in Slocum regaining his lost barricades and strong positions.

Lee's final effort is denominated "Pickett's charge." A heavy column of infantry, differently estimated in strength, moved from his

LEE MAUSOLEUM AT LEXINGTON.

right, in a diagonal direction, to break Meade's centre. No column ever encountered a heavier front and flank fire. Lee's attack failed, and the battle of Gettysburg was over.

Lee, very skillfully after his defeat, withdrew by steady marches to Williamsport, Md. Meade followed him, confronted him at the river crossing, and certainly it was remarkable generalship on Lee's part that enabled him to hold there, build a bridge of boats and cross his command to the other shore of the Potomac almost without loss.

There has always been a deep sadness in my heart whenever I have brought before my mind the figure of General Lee and the part he played in the Civil War. His virtues were so many and so great as almost to make us forget that his absolute and ultimate success would have been the ruin of our Nation.

It has not been attempted to carry the study of Lee's campaigns beyond those mentioned in which the writer performed his small part in the opposite army, where he had opportunities of personal observation. In all the western campaigns, General Joseph E. Johnston, in confronting Sherman, perhaps as able a strategist as we had, showed marvelous quickness of apprehension and manœuvred a smaller force with unsurpassed ability. The circumstances, however, of his situation were at all times so diverse from those pertaining to the eastern armies, that it would be unfair to Lee or himself to institute a comparison. The President of the Confederacy, however, made no mistake in confiding a large army to General Johnston; and did not commit a grievous error in relieving him and replacing him by Hood, just as Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly did, from a military point of view, in replacing McClellan by Burnside. But whether Lee, with Johnston's army pitted against Sherman, could have accomplished as much or more is like every other unsolved question.

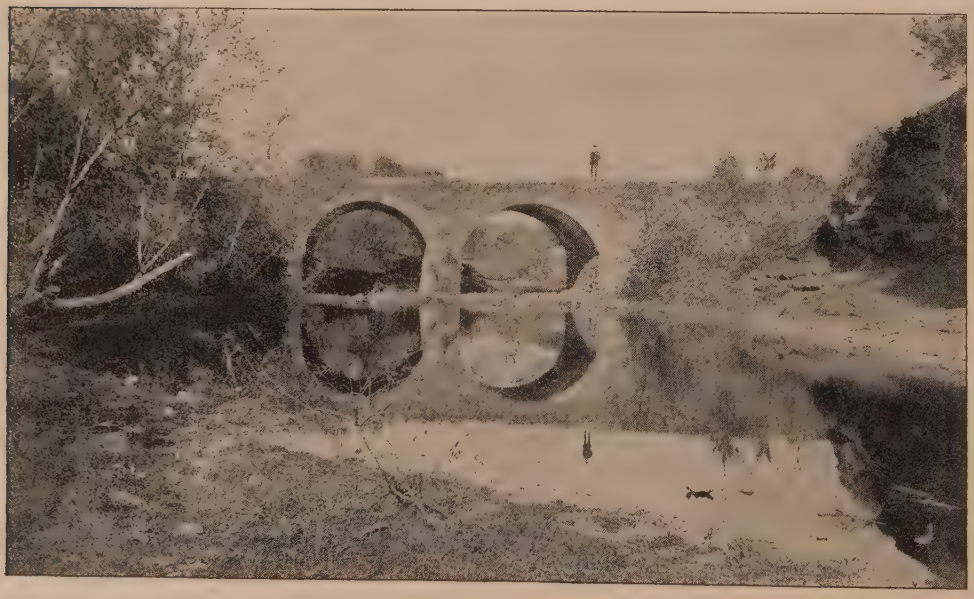
The final trial between Lee and Grant was a long one and a hard one, as everybody knew would be the case when Grant was put in command. Grant saw plainly that it was of little use to exercise simple strategy, to study places, communications or even States as objective points on which to operate. The ultimate National success, at whatever cost, would turn upon making Lee's army of Northern Virginia his steady objective.

General Grant must meet that army day after day and week after week; be always ready to take the offensive, and take it resolutely and persistently until the final consummation. Grant's utterances, such as "Fighting it out on this line," and, when told that his army was weary and broken, his reply, "So is the enemy," and when almost insuperable hindrances checked his advance, his

repetition of the same old order, "Move forward by the left flank!"—all these indicate a quality of soul providentially adequate to the situation. At last, without a shadow of yielding, as at Donelson, Fort Henry and Vicksburg, he captured an army; and so did he finally finish his work with Lee. Then, at last, the great commander of the Confederacy was conquered at Appomattox.

Grant's generalship was as phenomenal as his success—a success, however, which does not abate the generalship of his sturdy opponent, Robert E. Lee.

God grant that our ablest and best men may ever hereafter be found, not asunder, but together, on the side of the American Union.



BRIDGE AT BULL RUN.

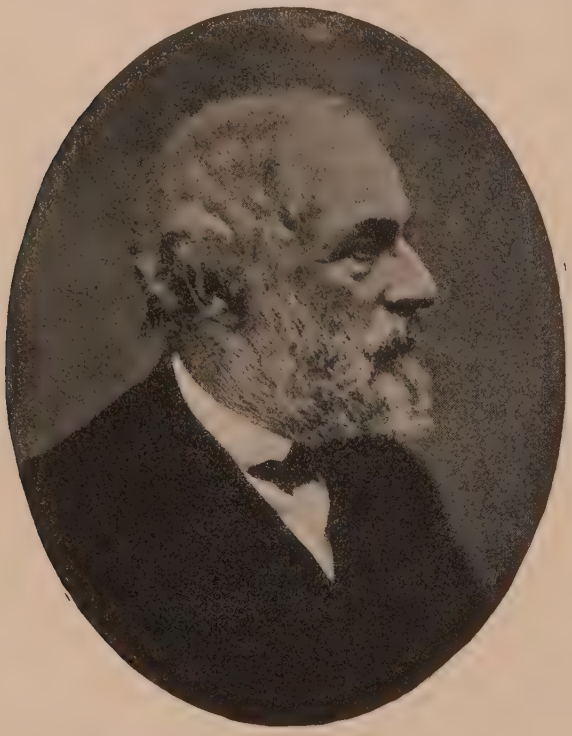
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Personal Traits of General Lee.

By Thomas L. Rosser,
Major-General Confederate States Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia.

So much has been said and written about the family, education and military exploits of General Robert Edward Lee, of Virginia, that I am sure that my readers feel that they are well acquainted with him, yet in all that I have read or heard related about this great man, I have neither seen nor heard anything about his marked personal peculiarities, and until these are known a correct estimate of his character cannot be made. There is always a halo about great characters in history which too often obscures their humanity, and classes them with the myths, so to speak, and while there may be perhaps no objection to this, I think it well that we should not lose sight of the human traits in their composition, even if for no other reason than that these show the weaknesses which added to the burdens they had to carry. While General Lee was strong mentally, free from all disorders which rankle in and disease the soul, and warp the high attributes of intelligence, or chain it to the earth, he also possessed a strong humanity, and was richly endowed with all human appetites and passions, and the conflict with him was which of these to gratify, which to obey, or how to restrain them within proper limits. Possessed of a splendid physique, he was an athlete. Like Washington, he could jump and swim with the most expert, and there was none who could do or endure more than he. There was no finer horseman, and none a better judge or greater admirer of a horse than he. He knew his generals by their horses, and was the closest observer in the army of the condition of the cavalry and artillery horses, and also the transportation of mules. The colonel of cavalry who neglected his

horses was rarely promoted, however able a tactician or strategist, or however brave in battle. On one occasion, while on the march, the cavalry halted at the summit of a long and steep hill and the troopers were lounging along the roadside waiting for orders to move when General R. E. Lee passed on through to the front, and, seeing that the saddles had slipped back out of their proper places on the backs of the horses, he called up each colonel and directed him to have the saddles adjusted, and at the end of the march he sent for the cavalry commanders, and gave them specific directions, and some wholesome advice concerning the care of the backs of the cavalry horses on the march. All who have had experience in marching up and down steep hills know that the saddles will slip to the rear in climbing and crowd forward while descending a hill, and time is saved and mercy bestowed on the horse to halt and adjust the saddle at the summit and at the foot of each and every long steep hill encountered upon the march. Nothing seemed to escape the watchful eye of General Lee. One day, in the Wilderness, during the fiercest grappling we had with Grant, the writer was riding with General Lee, and while passing a spot where early in the morning a commissary had been butchering some beeves, he noticed that the pelts were lying about on the ground. He stopped, sent a staff officer to have the commissary brought to him, then calling his attention to the wanton waste of



this public property, reminded him that those hides could be exchanged for leather, and shoes thus obtained for the poor bare-footed soldier.

On another occasion he passed a cavalry brigade halted in a lane, and saw the men of every regiment but one off in the adjoining field helping themselves to watermelons. He asked for the colonel of the regiment which was *not* pillaging, and when the colonel came up he asked him why *his* men were not out in the field helping themselves to the delicious watermelons, which were so abundant. The colonel replied, "My men, General, are not allowed to disobey your orders concerning pillaging." Several of these colonels had been recommended for promotion, and it is needless to say which of the lot was preferred—the man who obeyed orders and kept his men from pillaging was the one honored.

General Lee's habits were simple and without the least ostentation. He lived in a tent winter and summer, in all kinds and conditions of weather, dressed plainly, without ornamentation. He wore a plain, neatly fitting coat, without chevrons, and three stars on the collar without the wreath were merely to show that he was a commissioned officer, and this was the only badge of office displayed about his person, yet his uniform was always clean, his boots were always neatly polished and well fitting, his linen was always immaculately white, his neat-fitting white collar and snow-white cuffs protruding at the end of a clean and well-fitting glove were always refreshing to look at. His speech was slow, his voice musical and his manner deliberate. Social and pleasant in conversation, he never took advantage of his rank to overawe or embarrass those with whom he came in contact. His commands were positive and clear. They were always couched in pleasant language and delivered with grace, kindness and precision. He was an infallible judge of human nature and an accurate judge of men. When confronting an adversary his first aim always was to learn all that he could about the habits, disposition and general characteristics of his adversary, and after

the first encounter with him he seemed to gauge at once his depth and force, and accurately measure his ability.

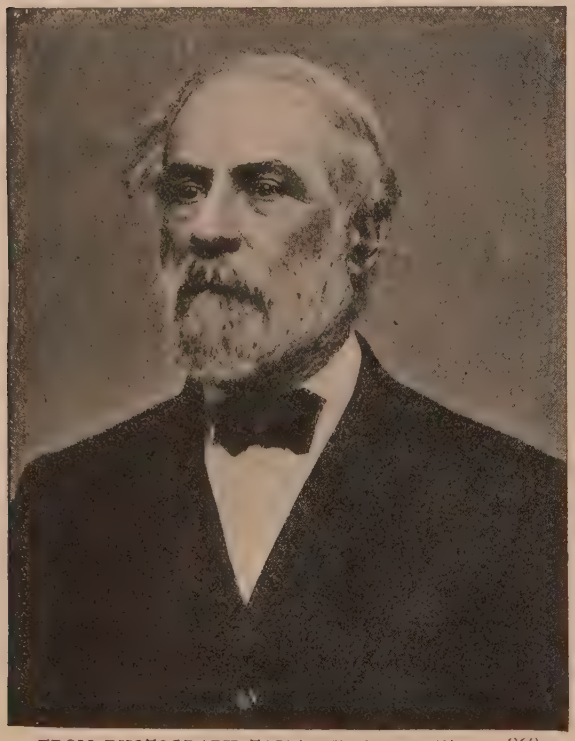
In the Seven Days' fight around Richmond he took an accurate measure of McClellan, and as the result showed the contempt in which he held him as a general by turning his back on him after Malvern Hill and leaving him with his lines of communication secure and surrounded by his transports and gunboats in James River, and within a few miles of the Capital of the Confederacy, and marched off to meet General Pope. Pope had assumed command of the Army of Virginia with the boasts and swagger of a braggart, and General Lee rightly concluded that such a man could not successfully handle the great army with which he had been entrusted, so he felt justified in violating all the rules of modern warfare by dividing his army and sending one-half of it, under Stonewall Jackson, by a long detour to the rear of Pope's entire army to attack his communications, to offer battle to such portion of his army as might be turned upon him; or to plant himself on the flank and in the rear of his retreating columns. The results in each case abundantly sustained General Lee's estimate of his antagonist; McClellan was left behind paralyzed, and Pope met, defeated and driven back panic-stricken to Washington. When General

PORTRAIT TAKEN JUST AFTER THE SURRENDER.

Lee met McClellan at Sharpsburg he was not aware that McClellan had possession of Special Order No. 191; now historic, or was fully advised of his plans, yet notwithstanding McClellan's advantage in this particular, he was unable to more than partially defeat the execution of the plans of General Lee, which the finding of that order revealed to him. At Sharpsburg it may well be said that General Lee was blind, and had thrown his cards down on the board with faces up and exposed to McClellan's view while he did not know it.

General Lee would certainly have captured General Burnside and his great army had he not been removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac along the Rappahannock. Hooker's measure was accurately taken at Chancellorsville, and he received the same treatment there which had been given McClellan at Harrison's Landing on the James. With an army less than half of Hooker's, General Lee left Hooker behind him, although Hooker's communications were secure by the Potomac and his own with Richmond exposed, and crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania. General Lee had no opportunity for studying the character of Meade before the battle of Gettysburg. Meade, like himself, had graduated at the head of his class at West Point, was an engineer, and was an able division and corps commander, and General Lee was uncomfortable as soon as he heard that Meade was in command of the Army of the Potomac, but after the fight of Gettysburg we find that Lee's estimate of Meade's ability was low, and this is evidenced at Falling Waters, where he halted his army for a week and waited for an attack from Meade, and in the following winter, it will be remembered, how anxious Lee was for a battle with Meade at Mine Run, and how disappointed he was when Meade retreated without a fight. General Lee soon fathomed the depths of Grant. He met him in the Wilderness. He saw that Grant relied entirely on his superior numbers and did not trouble himself about manœuvring. Lee was a master in the art of handling troops and believed in the military axiom that battles won by celerity of movement, combinations and surprises, are not always

by numbers. Not always to the strong is victory given, but to the vigilant, the enterprising, the active; and although his force was small, by combinations, celerity of movement and manœuvring Lee was able to oppose with great success the aggressive movement of Grant with an army three times as large as his own. Of all things, General Lee most disliked to lose ground after taking his position for battle, and all who were present on the occasion will remember how persistent he was in gaining the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania after Hancock had broken it and captured Stewart and Alleghany Johnson. Always near his lines, every movement was closely watched and all mistakes quickly corrected, and all advantages followed up and taken advantage of. One of the grandest pictures ever thrown on war's magic canvas was seen when General Lee, seeing his troops broken in the Wilderness, ordered forward the Texas brigade to retake the lines which had been lost, saying, "Come forward, men; I will lead you." A private seized the bridle of General Lee's horse and said with imperative respect: "You go to the rear, General Lee, and we will go to the front." General Lee gazed for a moment, did not show the least excitement, but with great determination he finally remarked to the soldier, "I will obey you if your brigade will obey me," and turned and rode to the rear. The soldier's conduct was heroic, patriotic and respectful—Lee's



FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LEXINGTON, 1868.

was God-like. The brigade went to the front, the lost position was regained.

By celerity, combinations and astuteness, General Lee checked Grant at every point on his march from the Rapidan to Richmond, defeated him at Cold Harbor and turned him away from Richmond, and so badly was Grant beaten at Cold Harbor, the nearest point which Grant ever got to Richmond, that he frequently said after the war was over, that the battle at Cold Harbor was the only battle which he regretted ever having fought; and here he stood at Cold Harbor in the position which McClellan had occupied two years before, and from which General Lee had driven him, but Grant had gained that position by the expenditure of rivers of blood and millions of money, and had actually accomplished no more than McClellan had done, was driven from it as McClellan had been, and sought refuge on the James as McClellan had done, for which McClellan was dishonored, yet Grant was applauded. By continuing these flank movements, at no time able to break General Lee's lines, he finally drew General Lee over to Petersburg, and failing, during the winter of 1864 and 1865, to break through the lines, although they were extended from Richmond to and beyond Petersburg, General Grant was forced to employ the same tactics—extending his left flank; and finally succeeded, on the 1st of April, 1865, in overlapping General Lee, turning his flank, and capturing his line of communication at Five Forks, and compelling the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. General Lee had anticipated this, had arranged that rations should be stored and provided for him at Amelia Courthouse, and his retreat from Petersburg and Richmond to Amelia Courthouse was successfully and comfortably conducted. When he reached Amelia

Courthouse, finding his rations were not there, as he had provided, and that there was no possible way of feeding his men or giving forage to his horses—the country not affording such—he had only one course, and that was to surrender his army. Had General Lee obtained provisions at Amelia Courthouse, there would have been no trouble in the world about his going on and meeting Johnston and uniting the two armies. They could easily, when united, have drawn Grant and Sherman into the interior, where these two hostile armies could not have been fed, neither could they have gotten supplies of ammunition, and by a few weeks of skirmishing and small battling

INTERIOR OF THE LEE MAUSOLEUM.

they could have been deprived of means of either offensive or defensive war, and in all probability the map of the world as it is to-day would have been changed.

General Lee was a most kind, humane and generous man. When Grant sent Sheridan to the rear of General Lee, in May, 1864, whilst the battle of the Wilderness was going on, Sheridan succeeded in destroying a great many supplies which were being sent up from Richmond to General Lee's army, and there were great fears in the army of scant rations and even starvation. Whilst this was causing a great deal of anxiety and some excitement in the army, General

Lee sent for General Hampton, who had been left behind by Stuart and who commanded all the cavalry then with General Lee, to confer with him and give him some instructions in reference to his duties as chief of cavalry, and when General Hampton went to General Lee he took me with him. We reached his quarters near Spottsylvania Courthouse in the morning, between daylight and sunrise. There were a number of generals grouped about him and the old general was in conversation with General Longstreet when we rode up. The sight of the chief of cavalry infuriated one of the generals of the infantry, who was standing in the group of officers, and he began at

TOMB OF GENERAL LEE.

once to upbraid us for allowing Sheridan to get in the rear and destroy the rations of his men. He talked very loud about it, had a great deal to say, and a great many criticisms to pass upon the conduct of the cavalry, stating that the rations of his men had been destroyed, and that they had been left without rations. He lost absolute control of himself, and reached a point when he declared: "And they have captured my cow, and I can have no milk for my coffee! If I were in command of this army, I would notify General Grant that, inasmuch as he had sent his cavalry to the rear and destroyed our rations, that I should not give his prisoners whom we hold here a morsel of food, and if he wanted to save them from

starvation he would have to send rations here to them." General Lee about this time having finished his conversation with General Longstreet, turned from him and walked in the direction of General Hampton and myself, and in doing so passed this irate general, who, turning to General Lee, continued: "I was just saying to these officers, General Lee, that if I were in command of this army, I would notify Grant that I had no rations for his prisoners, that he has burned the rations which were intended for my men, and that we had none to give to his prisoners, and if he wanted to save them from starvation he would have to send some to them." General Lee impatiently turned toward him but did not stop, and remarked, calling him by name: "The prisoners that we have here, General ———, are *my* prisoners; they are not General Grant's prisoners, and as long as I have any rations at all I shall divide them with *my* prisoners."

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

The Character of General Lee.

By Edmund Jenings Lee, M. D.

Character is power. It is power in a higher sense than is knowledge; a brilliant intellect can amuse and instruct, but, unless accompanied by moral worth, seldom wields great influence. A noble character exercises larger powers for good than political office or mere wealth can bestow, and yields an influence that is always effective. The potent influence of Washington upon a century of American history illustrates the grand power of a truly noble character.

Lord John Russell once declared: "It is the nature of party in England to ask the assistance of men of genius, but to follow the guidance of men of character." Alfred, the one monarch to whom English historians have awarded the title of "The Great," wrote: "So long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily." His greatest ambition was "to leave to the men that come after me a remembrance of me in good works." His historian adds: "Politically or intellectually the sphere of Alfred's action is too small to justify a comparison of him with the few whom the world claims as its greatest men. What really lifts him to their level is the moral grandeur of his life. He lived solely for the good of his people." Moral grandeur of life: there is the secret of the power wielded by such men as George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

"Truthfulness, integrity and goodness," said Samuel Smiles, "qualities that hang on no man's breath, form the essence of manly character, and he who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under

difficulties and misfortune. . . . It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage."

Can any American read these lines without seeing involuntarily rise before him the majestic figure of a Washington or a Lee? Who so strong to do good as they? Who so strong to resist evil? Who stronger to bear difficulty and misfortune? Let the camps at Valley Forge and Petersburg answer! Are they not twin heroes, models of knightly character? Alike in their grand simplicity; alike in their purity and unselfishness.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL LEE TAKEN IN LEXINGTON, VA., BETWEEN 1865 AND 1870.

In person, General Lee was notably handsome, being tall, erect, admirably proportioned, with an easy, graceful carriage. His features were nobly molded, refined and intellectual; his expression, kind and winning. As Sydney Smith said of Francis Horner, "The ten commandments were stamped upon his countenance." His manners were dignified and courteous, yet not stiff. His character was grand in its completeness; no feature predominating to mar its perfect symmetry. His reputation is twofold, based upon the character of the man and the genius of the soldier. History records the lives of

many great soldiers, and of not a few noble characters. But rarely are genius and moral grandeur found combined; when so united, Nature, proud of her handiwork, stamps the man as one of her heroes.

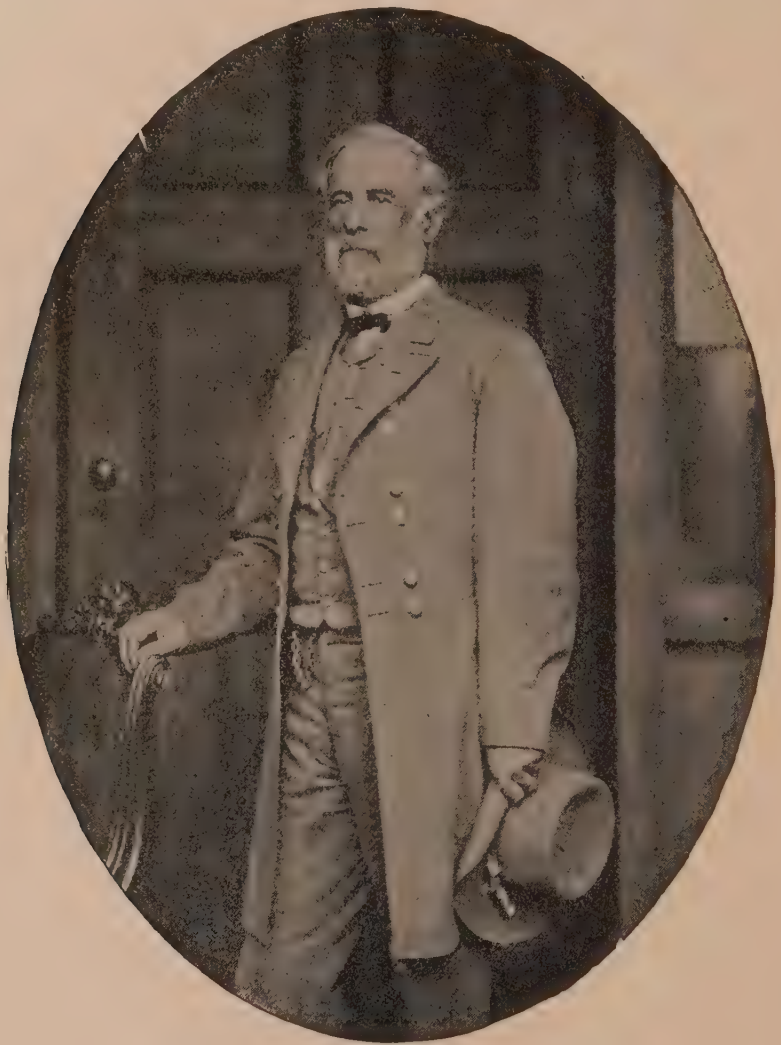
It is such a life we are now to sketch; the life of one who has attracted the love and devotion of a whole people, that has won the respect, even the admiration, of former enemies, and gained honor and reverence from foreigners. It was the rare combination of genius and humility, of strength and gentleness, of manly courage and womanly sympathy, that formed the charm of General Lee's character. Though a life-long soldier, he showed none of the traits commonly attributed to one bred in camps, and accustomed to the work of soldier life. Rather than the hardened soldier, he was a man of the tenderest heart, of the largest sympathy.

"The history of Lee's heart," wrote a Southern officer, "forms a large part of the history of the whole war." So we find him writing to his daughter, after a great battle. "The loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of blood, and to wish that I never could hear the sound of a gun again."

Of his childhood, the earliest statement extant is the comment of his father that "Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever watchful and affectionate mother. Does he strengthen his native tendency?" Robert Lee was then only ten years old; an early age to establish such a happy reputation in his father's mind. The comment of the father conveys a compliment, and evidently a deserved one, for the mother. Great men in after life frequently attribute their success to the intelligent training of their mothers, and Robert Lee may be counted one of them. A famous Englishman once declared that if "the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." If the world owes much to Mary, the mother of George Washington, it owes no less to Anne, the mother of Robert E. Lee. It is highly to the credit of the ladies of Virginia that they are seeking to raise a suitable

monument over the grave of Anne Lee. Yet she needs none; her son is her grandest monument.

It has been said that a boy who falls in love with his mother is



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.
Prom a photograph taken by Brady at his home in Richmond, April, 1865.

saved. Robert Lee's passionate devotion to his mother is proverbial. She once said to a friend, "Robert is both a son and a daughter

to me," and her grief at their separation, when he left home for West Point, was only less than his for her when they were parted by her death. His grief was excessive. One who was present has said that he could not attend the funeral ceremonies; that he paced to and fro the floor of her bedroom in inconsolable grief.

A life-long friend of General Lee remarked at the time of his death that he had never known "Robert to be censured for anything." Yet it must not be assumed that he was perfect. But it may be said that he "strengthened his native tendency" by acquiring such complete self-control as to conquer temptation and restrain evil tendencies before thought could beget action. At what cost this self-control was acquired his calm demeanor never disclosed.

At the age of eighteen, Robert Lee entered West Point. Boys are not bad judges of character. They do not readily accord leadership among themselves to any boy who has not superior qualities. It is said that George Washington even when a lad so impressed his schoolmates with his honesty and manly sincerity that they were wont to choose him as the arbiter of their boyish disputes. A similar position was given Robert Lee by his fellow cadets. The boys did not attempt to "haze" him, though the practice was rife at the time. Colonel John Macomb, U. S. A., who entered in 1828, has stated that he found cadet Lee the prominent figure of the corps at that date. The corroborative statement of General Joseph E. Johnston (as given in "Long's Memoirs of R. E. Lee") is worth quoting in full: "No one among men," wrote General Johnston, "but his own brothers, had a better opportunity to know General Lee than I. We entered the Military Academy together as classmates, and formed a friendship never impaired. It was formed soon after we met, from the fact that my father had served under his in the celebrated Lee's Legion. We had the same intimate associates, who thought, as I did, that no other youth or man so united the qualities that win warm friendship and command high respect. For he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of gay conversation, and even of fun, that made him the most agreeable of companions, while his correctness of demeanor

and language, and attention to duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority that everyone acknowledged in his heart. He was the only one of all the men that I have ever known who could laugh at the faults and follies of his friends in such a manner as to make them ashamed without touching their affection for him, and to confirm their respect and sense of his superiority.

"I saw strong evidence of the sympathy of his nature the morning after the first engagement of our troops in the valley of Mexico. I had lost a cherished relative in that action, known to General Lee only as my relative. Meeting me, he suddenly saw in my face the effect of that loss, burst into tears, and expressed his deep sympathy as tenderly in words as his lovely wife could have done."

On leaving West Point, Robert Lee was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the engineer corps; his first service was to seek leave of absence that he might take a sick colored servant to the milder climate of the far South. There he nursed him tenderly and faithfully, until death relieved the poor fellow from his sufferings; an act which illustrates his solicitude for his servants; none ever had a kinder or more faithful master. The following extract from a letter, written to one of the Arlington servants after the war, shows the feeling he ever entertained for them. Though overburdened by an immense correspondence, he found time to answer the note of a former servant and did it in these kind words: "Amanda Parks, I have received your letter of the 7th, and regret very much that I did not see you when I was in Washington. I heard, on returning to my room Sunday night, that you had been to see me, and I was sorry to have missed you, for I wanted to learn how you were, and how all the people from Arlington were getting on in the world. My interest in them is as great now as it ever was, and I sincerely wish for their happiness and prosperity. . . . I do not know why you ask if I am angry with you. I am not aware of your having done anything to give me offence, and I hope you would not say or do what was wrong. While you lived at Arlington you behaved very well, and were attentive and faithful

to your duties. I hope you will always conduct yourself in the same manner. Wishing you health, happiness and success in life."

It is not within the purpose of this brief article to attempt a review of General Lee's career, but merely to illustrate the salient features of his personal character. To say he was physically brave would be merely to mention a trait common to Americans. Yet there was one incident in his career that illustrates so well his moral and physical strength as to be well worth mentioning. It occurred during the campaign in Mexico, and so impressed General Scott that he pronounced it "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, pending the campaign." The feat alluded to was Lee's crossing, one dark and stormy night, the Pedregal, a field of volcanic rock, pathless, precipitous, difficult to cross even in daylight. The purpose of this daring night march was to communicate with General Scott that a simultaneous attack might be made at daybreak by both wings of the American army. An officer, who was present, has written thus of the attempt: "When we remember that Captain Lee left the council chamber at Contreras to pass over miles of such ground as I have described, in a pitch-dark night, without light or company, with the additional danger of wandering either to the right or

G. W. C. LEE AS A CADET AT WEST POINT IN 1854.

left and thus falling into the hands of Valencia or Santa Anna, the risk of being met by some of the straggling bands of Mexicans, which we had seen in the Pedregal, with no guide but the wind as it drove the cold rain in torrents against his face, or an occasional flash of lightning to give him a momentary glimpse of the country around him, it will be acknowledged that General Scott, considering the object for which this was done, the manner of doing it, and the results, has characterized this deed of devotion by the only terms, exalted as they are, that could appropriately describe it." Nor has time lessened the soldiers' appreciation of this daring feat. General Henry J. Hunt, U. S. A., tells us he was called upon for a speech at a meeting of military men at Boston, in 1871; General Casey had been speaking of the Mexican campaign: "I was 'dead broke' on matter for a speech," says the general, "but it occurred to me that as the Pedregal was fresh in my mind, I would give them a little more Mexican history, and I recited, glibly enough, the story. Of course I did not mention the name of the hero. I saw they all thought it was General Casey. I kept dark until the close, amidst repeated demands of 'Name him! Name him!' When I got through, and the name was again vociferously demanded, I replied: 'It is a name of which the old army was and is justly proud—that of Robert E. Lee, then captain of engineers, and since world-wide in fame as the distinguished leader of the Confederate armies.' For a moment there was unbroken silence, then such a storm of applause as is seldom heard. I remarked that I had been desirous of testing the society, which represented all shades of political opinions, and was glad to see that they could recognize heroism and greatness even in a former enemy."

It is not necessary to review the story of General Lee's thirty years' service in the United States Army; it is sufficient to say that every duty was performed with scrupulous fidelity, that he rose from grade to grade, rewarded at each promotion by the encomiums of his superior officers. General Scott, as is well known, entertained the highest admiration for him. It is said that the general on one occasion declared in the most emphatic manner: "Colonel

Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity he will prove himself the great captain of history." Adding at another time, "His services are worth millions a day to any government."

Such being his position, it was natural that the question of his duty in the Civil War crisis would be a most serious one. Being ardently attached to the army, to his comrades and to his superior officers, it necessarily cost General Lee the struggle of his life to decide his duty in the coming conflict. No wonder his wife wrote a friend: "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but he must, as a man of honor and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State." To the passionate appeal of General Scott, "For God's sake don't resign, Lee!" he could only falter the reply, "I am compelled to; I cannot consult my feelings in this matter."

Writing to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, he gave in a few simple words his reasons for resigning, ending with this pathetic sentence: "I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

Though confident of the rectitude of his own action, he never sought to decide for another, not even for his own son. After reaching Richmond, he wrote his wife, telling her their son "must consult his own judgment, reason and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong let him do better."

This is the one act of General Lee's career that opponents have censured, yet it is the one that should win him the admiration of every honorable person. It was an act of self-abnegation rarely witnessed. Consider, what did this decision mean to him? So much that words fail to describe the sacrifice. On the one side he surrendered home, property, position in the army, which offered him everything a soldier could possibly desire—wealth, fame, power. And on the other side? A subordinate position to begin with; in case of success nothing more than he had left, and in case of failure,

the loss of everything. Of this sacrifice a recent writer in a Northern paper has this to say: "Colonel Robert E. Lee was no ordinary man. He was really the master military mind of his age. He had no equal in the old army; it was only by hard knocks and practical experience that Grant developed his latent genius. On the contrary, Colonel Lee was fully equipped for his great part in the drama of war. He could have succeeded Scott in the command of the army. He could have easily mastered the situation at the outset. He could have been President of the United States. He could have spent his last days in his old home overlooking the national capital. All of these thoughts come to the visitor to-day [at "Arlington"], and everybody wonders that Colonel Lee should have been so misled by circumstances and local influences."

Colonel Lee was not misled by circumstances nor by any local influences; he was led by a pure and inexorable conscience to follow the path of duty to which his high sense of honor called him. Tennyson well described this act as the deed of one

> "Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power."

George Washington and Robert E. Lee have been frequently compared, and to the detriment of neither. Let us contrast the sentiments of these patriots as each assumed the command of his country's army. A close similarity of sentiment is noticeable. Washington wrote a friend in Virginia:

"DEAR SIR:—I am Imbarked on a tempestuous ocean from whence perhaps no friendly harbor is to be found. I have been called upon by the unanimous Voice of the Colonies to the command of the Continental Army. It is an honor I by no means aspired to. It is an honor I wished to avoid, as well from an unwillingness to quit the peaceful enjoyment of my family, as from a thorough conviction of my own Incapacity, and want of experience in the conduct of so momentous a concern; but the partiality of the Congress added to some political motives left me without a choice. May God grant, therefore, that my acceptance of it may be attended with some good to the common cause, and without Injury (from want of knowledge) to my own reputation. I can answer but for three things, a firm belief of the justice of our cause, close attention to the prosecution

of it, and the strictest Integrity. If these cannot supply the places of Ability and Experience, the cause will suffer and more than probable my character along with it, as reputation derives its principal support from success; but it will be remembered, I hope, that no desire or intimation of mine placed me in this situation. I shall not be deprived, therefore, of a comfort in the worst event if I retain a consciousness of having acted to the best of my judgment."

When appointed to the command of the Virginia forces, General Lee returned this brief acknowledgment: "Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

Of General Lee's military services as commander of the Southern army, others have fully written. Only one or two incidents of his campaigns need be noted here as best illustrating his character. In connection with the Civil War, there were four remarkable crises in General Lee's career; each of the greatest importance, each such as to test severely the metal of the man. The first of these crises was his decision as to which side he ought to espouse; of this we have written. The other three were: the defeat of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the breaking of his lines at Petersburg, and lastly, the surrender. Of his conduct on these three trying occasions, let us examine eye-witnesses.

Colonel Freemantle, an English officer, who was with the Southern army at Gettysburg, has written: "I joined General Lee, who had, in the meanwhile, come to the front on becoming aware of the disaster. General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he

met a few words of encouragement, such as 'All this will come right in the end; we'll talk it over afterward; but, in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,' etc. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted to 'bind up their hurts and take a musket' in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him. General Wilcox now came up to him, and, in very depressed tones of annoyance and vexation, explained to him the state of his brigade. But General Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said, in a cheerful manner: 'Never mind, general. All this has been *my* fault. It is *I* who have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.' In this way did General Lee, wholly ignoring self and position, encourage and reanimate his somewhat dispirited troops, and magnanimously take upon his own shoulders the whole weight of the repulse. It was impossible to look at or listen to him without feeling the strongest admiration."

The defeat of Pickett's assault at Gettysburg was undoubtedly a severe disappointment to General Lee, as he had every reason to hope for success from his well-matured plans. Moreover, he fully realized that he, as commanding general, would be censured for the failure; opportunity was offered him to place the blame upon the shoulders of those chiefly responsible for it, but this he declined to accept. After the action General Pickett submitted his report, which criticised those who had failed to properly support him as ordered.

General Lee refused to receive this report, and returned it, with the following note:

"General C. E. Pickett:—You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory; but we have the enemy to fight, and must, at this critical moment, carefully guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report will create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties only."

The next crisis in General Lee's career was the forcing of his lines at Petersburg. John Esten Cooke, who was present, writes

thus of it: "I should think it impossible for his worst enemy to regard the situation of this truly great man at the moment in question without a certain sympathy and respect. He was not only commander-in-chief, but the whole Southern Confederacy in himself, carrying upon his shoulders the heavy weight of the public care. . . . Lee was the idol almost of the people, and it was to him that the whole South looked in this dark hour, calling on him for deliverance. Up to this moment he had been in a condition to meet his great responsibility. . . . If the reader realizes what I have tried to express he may form some idea of the crushing ordeal through which General Lee was, on the 2d of April, called to pass. . . . Soon after sunrise on the 2d of April the Federal columns, in heavy mass, advanced from the outer line of works, which they had carried at daybreak, to attack General Lee in his inner intrenchments near Petersburg. When the present writer reached the vicinity of army headquarters, on the Cox Road, west of the city, a Federal column was rapidly advancing to charge a battery posted in the open field to the right of the house, and at that time firing rapidly. General Lee was on the lawn in front of his headquarters, looking through his glasses at the column as it moved at double-quick across the fields; and knowing the terrible significance of the advantage which the Federal troops had gained, I looked at General Lee to ascertain, if possible, what he thought of it. He never appeared more calm, and if the affair had been a review he could not have exhibited less emotion of any description. . . . The column pressed on, and the Federal battery opened a heavy fire on the hill, before which the southern guns—there was no infantry—withdrew. General Lee retired slowly with his artillery, riding his well known iron-gray; and one person, at least, in the company forgot the shells and sharpshooters in looking at the superb old cavalier, erect as an arrow and as calm as a May morning. When he said to an officer near, 'This is bad business, colonel,' there was no excitement in his voice, or indeed any change whatsoever in his grave and courteous tones. A shell from the Federal battery, fired at this

group, burst almost upon him, killing a horse nearby and cutting his bridle-reins. This brought a decided expression of 'fight' to the old soldier's face, and he probably felt as he did in Culpeper, when the disaster of Rappahannock bridge occurred, when he muttered, as General Stuart told me, 'I should now like to go into a charge!'

"These details may appear trivial. But the demeanor of public men on great occasions is legitimate and not uninteresting matter for history. General Lee's personal bearing upon this critical occasion, when he saw himself about to be subjected to the greatest humiliation to the pride of a soldier—capture—was admirably noble and serene. It was impossible not to be struck with the grandeur of his appearance—no other phrase describes it—or to refrain from admiring the princely air with which the old cavalry officer sat his horse."

The bearing of General Lee on these occasions calls to mind a description of Wellington, which seems applicable to Lee. Of Wellington it has been written, "No responsibility proved too heavy for his calm, assured and fertile intellect. If he made a mistake, he repaired it before the enemy could profit by it. If his adversary made one, he took advantage of it with immediate decision. Always cool, sagacious, resolute, reliant, he was never at loss for expedients, never disturbed by any unforeseen accidents, never without a clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it."

No event in Lee's career portrays so fully the grandeur of his character, or so well illustrates his superb self-control, as the final scene at Appomattox. He believed "human virtue should be equal to human calamity," and was there to test his creed. The scene on that last day of the Army of Northern Virginia is thus painted in the glowing words of a Southern orator:

"As the day dawns, a remnant of the cavalry under Fitz Lee is forming, and Gordon's infantry, scarce two thousand strong, are touching elbows for the last charge. Once more the thrilling rebel cheer rings through the Virginia woods, and with all their wonted fierceness they fall upon Sheridan's men. Ah, yes! victory still

clings to the tattered battle-flags. Yes, the troopers of our gallant Fitz are as dauntless as when they followed the plume of Stuart, 'the flower of cavaliers.' Yes, the matchless infantry of 'tattered uniforms and bright muskets' under Gordon, the brave, move with as swift, intrepid tread as when, of old, Stonewall led the way. Soldiers of Manassas, of Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, of the Wilderness, of Spottsylvania, of Cold Harbor, of Petersburg—scarred and sinewy veterans of fifty fields, your glories are still about you, your manhood is triumphant still. Yes, the blue lines break before them; two cannon and many prisoners are taken, and for two miles they sweep the field toward Lynchburg, victors still! But no—too late! too late! Behind the flying sabres and rifles of Sheridan rise the bayonets and frown the batteries of the Army of the James under Ord—a solid phalanx stands athwart the path of Fitz Lee's and Gordon's men. Too late! The die is cast! The doom is sealed! There is no escape! The eagle is quarried in his eyrie; the wounded lion is hunted to his lair!

"And so the guns of the last charge died away on the morning air; and echo, like the sob of a mighty sea, rolled up the valley of the James, and all was still. The last fight of the Army of Northern Virginia had been fought. The end had come. The smoke vanished. The startled birds renewed their songs over the stricken field; the battle-smell was drowned in the fragrance of the flowering Spring. And the ragged soldier of the South, God bless him! stood there facing the dread reality, more terrible than death—stood there to grapple with and face down despair, for he had done his all, and all was lost—*save honor*."

Seeing the strength of the force opposed to him, General Gordon sent this message: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frizzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet." On receiving this announcement General Lee said: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." This, the only wail of despair that escaped him during that trying hour, was quickly suppressed, for "it is our duty to live."

"After his interview with General Grant," writes General Long, who was present, "when General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears. As he rode slowly along the lines, hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around their noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection." In answer to these demonstrations of affection, the general could only falter a few broken sentences: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more." The next day, in his farewell address, he tells them: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

After the war General Lee was the recipient of many offers. Finally he decided, after some hesitation, fearing he could not "discharge the duties to the satisfaction of the trustees, or to the benefit of the institution, to accept the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, in the beautiful valley of Virginia. "I have been elected," he wrote "to the presidency of Washington College, and have entered upon the duties of the office in hope of being of some use to the noble youth of our country." So, while he had exchanged the uniform of the soldier for the peaceful garb of the teacher, his purpose was the same; there was only a difference in the mode of action. "I have," he declared later, "a self-imposed task, which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life." Some time after becoming president of the college, he remarked to one of the clergymen of the town: "I shall be disappointed, sir, I shall fail

in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men become real Christians. I wish you, and others of your sacred profession, to do all you can to accomplish this result."

No picture of Robert E. Lee could be complete that did not portray the religious side of his character. It was the basis upon which all else rested. It was the source of his strength, the law of his life, the guide for his every act, and the support upon which he leaned in every trial. Throughout the war almost every military dispatch or private letter written by him contained some allusion to his trust and confidence in God. As, for instance, after the second battle of Manassas, he concluded his dispatch to the Confederate President in these words: "Our gratitude to Almighty God for His mercies rises higher each day. To Him, and to the valor of our troops, a nation's gratitude is due." In his letters to his children noble sentiments, such as these, occur again and again: "Occupy yourself in aiding those more helpless than yourself. . . . Study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. . . . Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part. . . . Hold on to your purity and virtue. They will sustain you in every calamity. . . . Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world. . . . You and Custis must take care of your kind mother and sisters when your father is dead. To do that you must learn to be good. Be true, kind and generous, and pray earnestly to God to enable you to 'Keep His Commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of your life.' . . . I hope you will always be distinguished for your avoidance of the universal bane, whisky, and of every immorality. Nor need you fear to be ruled out of the society that indulges in it, for you will acquire their esteem and respect, as all venerate, if they do not practice, virtue." The hero whose example he commended to his son for imitation, was the old Puritan, Davenport, of Stamford. "There was," he wrote, "quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less."

In pages following we shall endeavor to show the influence Lee's character had over his soldiers, and how he is now regarded by the world in general. Further inspection can hardly fail to win the appreciation of those who can admire one of whom it may be said—

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

General Lee's influence over his men was remarkable. This was shown by the *morale* of his army, which seems rather to have increased than to have diminished as, with the passing years, their duties became more arduous and more dangerous. Neither defeat nor disaster, nor even starvation appear to have lessened their confidence in their commander. This influence was further shown by their obedience to his orders against pillage, even when invading the enemy's country. To prevent pillage under such conditions is most difficult at all times; with an army poorly clad and worse fed, obedience evinces wonderful control. It may be truthfully added that his slightest wish was as law to his men; to know that "Uncle Robert," as they affectionately styled their general, desired any action was sufficient to insure their ready obedience.

A comparison may not be out of place here. The Duke of Wellington was always a strict disciplinarian—one that ruled his soldiers with an inflexible will. Yet that great general could not restrain his troops, on their retreat from Madrid in 1812, from committing the most savage outrages. "Deeds of violence," says Allison, "and cruelty were prepetrated, hitherto rare in the British army, and which cause the historian to blush, not merely for his country, but for his species." Wellington, in an order issued to his army, laments these excesses, and adds, "The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed; but I am concerned to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect in the late campaign *to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever been or of which I have ever read.*" To make the contrast even greater, it need only

be added that Wellington's army committed these outrages upon their allies, the Spaniards.

"Lee is the only man whom I would follow blindfold," once exclaimed Stonewall Jackson. If such a declaration could be elicited from the taciturn, unemotional Jackson, can one wonder that the rank and file of Lee's army had such implicit confidence in him? Though the Army of Northern Virginia was composed of superb material (a

"COBBS HALL," WHERE RICHARD LEE, THE PROGENITOR OF THE VIRGINIA FAMILY LIVED, DIED AND WAS BURIED.

Northern general admits the North sent no such army into the field), it is evident that its efficiency was largely due to its commander. "The genius of Lee," says a Southern soldier, "created the grand Army of Northern Virginia. He breathed the spirit of his splendid genius into its heart; he reared it as a wise parent would a beloved offspring."

Las Casas tells us Napoleon once declared that great generals alone create great armies; that it was Cæsar, not the Romans, who conquered Gaul; Hannibal, not the Carthaginians, who almost extinguished the power of Rome; Alexander, not the Macedonians, who conquered half the known world, and so on of all great conquerors. The secret of their success, in Napoleon's opinion, was simply that they added industry to genius. "No series of great actions," said he, "is the mere work of chance; it is always the result of reflection and genius. Great men rarely fail in the most perilous undertakings. . . . When we come to inquire into the causes of their success, we are astonished to find they did everything to obtain it." This, perhaps, was the secret of General Lee's success; he did everything to secure it.

Self-denial, self-restraint, fortitude, qualities so prominent in their commanding general, were nobly reflected by his troops, and have made the Army of Northern Virginia one of the wonders of history. Little surprise is occasioned by the praise bestowed upon it by the men who felt its prowess. General Hooker thought it had "acquired by discipline alone a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times;" while Mr. Swinton exclaims, "who can ever forget that once looked upon it?—that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—the Army of Northern Virginia. . . . . which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation." Nor was the successful general of the North less appreciative of the fortitude of the Southern soldier; for General Grant wrote, in August, 1864, that, if the Southern army should be recruited by an exchange of prisoners, "We shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated." Could volumes say more for the genius of the general, or for the stubborn resolution of his men? Yet to say less of the Southern army would be to grossly disparage that great army which fought it so valiantly for four years.

Lee and his soldiers were worthy of one another. The manliness and genius of the officer were nobly seconded by the courage and endurance of the soldier. No man could hesitate to brave any

danger, or to suffer any hardship, when he knew his commander endured these, and his great responsibilities, too, without a murmur. No man could complain of scanty clothing when he had seen his general come into camp bearing in his hand a bag of home-made socks for his men. They knew all luxuries sent him by friends were promptly turned over to the sick. They knew he had refused, when solicited by a Northern officer, to arrange a special cartel of exchange for his wounded son, because he "would ask no favor for his own that he could not ask for the humblest private in the army." They had heard of his declining the present of a house in Richmond, desiring rather that the donors would use the money "to relieve the families of our soldiers, who are in need of assistance, and more worthy of it than myself." When they went into battle they felt assured that "Uncle Robert" would "do his best" for them, and that no lives would be uselessly sacrificed if he could prevent. Therefore they went forward with that assured confidence which only a trusted leader can inspire. Add to these evidences of his love for and care of his men the fact that he would ask no private to go where he would not willingly lead him. In modern warfare, it is certainly not the duty of the commanding general to lead his men in person; nevertheless, they like him to show a willingness to share their dangers. There are no less than three well authenticated instances when General Lee desired to lead his brave men. But they would never allow it. The most notable of these occasions occurred at the battle of the Wilderness. One of his staff, Colonel Charles S. Venable, tells of it: "The Texans cheered lustily. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge. When they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, 'Go back, General Lee; go back!'" Some historians like to put it in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases. 'We won't go unless you go back,' they cried."

A sergeant seized the general's bridle rein, and he was turned back. The other two incidents occurred about the same time and were of a similar nature.

His long defensive campaign against General Grant's much larger forces may perhaps be considered General Lee's greatest military achievement. It was certainly a campaign that proved the stern resolution of the general and tried to the utmost the fortitude of his men. Such campaigns require courageous endurance under any conditions. When hunger and cold aid the enemy, endurance becomes heroic. Wellington once asserted that defensive campaigns require sagacious patience as well as other strong qualities, and thought Napoleon lacked this element of a great leader. Earl Stanhope has reported Wellington as saying of Napoleon's defence of Paris, in 1814: "Excellent, quite excellent. The study of it has given me a greater idea of his genius than any other. Had he continued that system a little while longer, it is my opinion he could have saved Paris. But he lacked patience; he did not see the necessity of adhering to defensive warfare; so he imprudently threw himself on the rear of the allies. Then, of course, they marched to Paris."

So in two months the allies captured Paris, though guarded by the great Napoleon. All things considered, the disproportion between the French and the allies was no greater than that existing between the armies of Lee and Grant. Yet General Lee, after sustaining for two months repeated and severe assaults, still protected his capital and commanded an army whose *morale* "was never better," and had inflicted severe losses upon his opponent. The condition of the two armies at this time is thus contrasted by Mr. Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac: "So gloomy was the military outlook after the action on the Chickahominy, and to such a degree by consequence had the moral spring of the public mind been relaxed, that there was at this time great danger of a collapse of the war. The history of this conflict, truthfully written, will show this. Had not success elsewhere come to brighten the horizon it would have been difficult to have raised new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac,

which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, was the Army of the Potomac no more."

Of the Southern army Mr. Swinton writes: "The Confederates, elated at the skillful manner in which they had been constantly thrust between Richmond and the Union army, and conscious of the terrible price in blood they had exacted from the latter, were in high spirit, and the *morale* of Lee's army was never better than after the battle of Cold Harbor."

Perhaps a few anecdotes would convey a clearer idea of the feeling generally entertained for General Lee. One night, it is said, some of his soldiers were discussing Darwinism around their camp fires. One of their number suddenly interrupted the discussion by saying: "Well, boys, the rest of us may be descended from monkeys; but I tell you, none less than a God could have made such a man as 'Uncle Robert.'" After one of his battles the general met a young soldier whose arm had been badly shattered by a bullet. "I grieve for you, my poor boy," said the tender-hearted chief; "can I do anything for you?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy; "you can shake hands with me, general, if you will consent to take my left hand."

Some years ago this story went the rounds of the papers, said to have been told by the actor in the scene. It is here repeated from memory. After the battle of Gettysburg General Lee and staff were riding across a portion of that field, on which some wounded still lay. A Northern soldier, badly wounded lay near their route, and, seeing the Southern general, he raised himself slowly on one elbow, lifted his cap and cried: "Three cheers for President Lincoln!" General Lee, on hearing the cry, immediately wheeled his horse, rode up to the soldier and dismounted. The soldier thought the general was offended and had come to punish him for his bravado. But, instead, he raised his head and tried to arrange him so as to make his position more comfortable, saying, at the same time: "My poor fellow, I hope you will soon be better." The soldier acknowledges that he wept tears of shame after the general had gone

on, to think that he had tried to wound the feelings of so noble an enemy.

Nearby Stratford House, the birthplace of General Lee, stand several large hickory trees, which bear nuts as large as walnuts. During the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington, numbers of the veterans visited Alexandria, six miles below on the Potomac. An enterprising person established a stand near old Christ Church, where photographs of the general and about a bucketful of these nuts were offered for sale. All were readily sold to the veterans of the North, anxious to obtain souvenirs of the Southern general. It is said the supply was not nearly equal to the demand. This simple incident shows how the veterans of the North regard the soldier against whose genius they had battled so bravely.

MRS. R. E. LEE. MRS. SYDNEY SMITH LEE. MRS. W. H. FITZHUGH.
GROUP TAKEN AT THE FITZHUGH RESIDENCE, ALEXANDRIA, ABOUT 1868.

The Chancellorsville campaign illustrates General Lee's calm self-reliance in executing hazardous manœuvres. "Lee," writes Mr.

Swinton, "with instant perception of the situation, now seized the masses of his forces, and with the grasp of a Titan swung them into position as a giant might fling a mighty stone from a sling." On gaining his new position, however, he found his opponent held a stronger one. Consulting with General Jackson, he explained the relative positions of the armies and asked, "How can we get at these people, general?" "You know better than I," replied his lieutenant; "tell me your plans and I will do my best to carry them out." Lee then described his plan and, as it was outlined, it is said, Jackson's eye kindled, for he appreciated the boldness of the proposed manœuvre. But he simply replied: "Very well, sir; my men shall move at daybreak." While this flanking movement was being executed by Jackson, General Lee remained with some 14,000 men to hold his line before the huge army of General Hooker, who, had he discovered Lee's weakened condition, would assuredly have advanced to crush him. Lee's suspense, as that May day wore slowly on, must have been great; yet, as an officer who was stationed nearby tells us, the general's face did not show the least trace of anxiety.

General Lee was noted for his modesty and humility, as shown by such expressions as these, which occur time and again in his letters to his wife: "The kindness exhibited toward you as well as myself by our people, in addition to exciting my gratitude, causes me to reflect how little I have done to merit it, and humbles me in my own eyes to a painful degree. . . . I tremble for my country when I hear of the confidence expressed in me. I know too well my weakness, and that our only hope is in God."

It is a notable fact that soldiers are usually extremely jealous of their reputations, and military annals are filled with their recriminations and bickerings. Their eagerness to claim successes is only equaled by their promptness in explaining failures. Contrary to such practice, General Lee, throughout the war, invariably gave the credit for his successes to others—to some officer or to his men; but always took upon himself the blame for any failure. At Chancellorsville, Colonel Charles Marshall, a member of his staff,

tells us that a note was brought from General Jackson, congratulating General Lee upon the victory. "I shall never forget," says Colonel Marshall, "the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. With a voice broken with emotion he bade me say to General Jackson that the victory was his, and the congratulations were due him. I do not know how others may regard this incident, but for myself, as I gave expression to the thoughts of his exalted mind, I forgot the genius that won the day in my reverence for the generosity that refused its glory."

So, too, at Gettysburg he took all the blame upon himself, saying, "Never mind, general; all this has been *my* fault. It is *I* who have lost this fight." Of the same battle he wrote later to a lady friend: "The army did all it could. I fear I required of it impossibilities. But it responded nobly and cheerfully; and, though it did not win a victory, it conquered a success." Again, at Appomattox, when one of his staff exclaimed, "Oh, General! what will history say of the surrender of this army in the field?" he replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question, colonel. The question is: Is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." So he was ever ready to "take all the responsibility," provided the action was in the line of duty.

It may be truthfully asserted that General Lee did not care for fame. That he might perform his duty seemed to be his one thought. Results and reputation he left in the hands of Providence. There is, perhaps, no trial more severe to human nature than to bear in silence some undeserved calumny. In such a position was General Lee placed for many months after his campaign in West Virginia; but he never sought by word or deed to relieve himself of the imputation of failure. Once, when the direct question was asked him why he did not fight, General Lee replied, in substance, says General Long, "that his men were in good spirits, and would doubtless have done their duty, but that a battle then would have been without substantial results; that the Confederates were seventy

miles from the railroad, their base of supplies; that the ordinary road was almost impassable, and that it would have been difficult to procure two days' supplies of provisions; that if he had fought and won the battle, and General Rosecrans had retreated, he would have been compelled to fall back at last to the source of his supplies.' 'But,' said General Starke, who was questioning him, 'your reputation was suffering, the press was denouncing you, your own State was losing confidence in you, and the army needed a victory to add to its enthusiasm.'

"At this remark, a smile lighted up the sad face of General Lee, and his reply was worthy of him: "I could not afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my men to silence public clamor.'"

Though not anxious to secure reputation for himself, General Lee was never neglectful of that of his soldiers or his country. He always spoke in the proudest terms of his army; on one occasion he declared, "The world has never seen nobler men than those who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia." A few months before his death, he wrote a relative of his desire to place on record some account of his campaigns, that justice might be done his soldiers, and added, "I am very much obliged ——— for the interest you evince in the character of the people of the South, and their defence of the rights which they believed were guaranteed by the Constitution. The reputation of individuals is of minor importance to the opinion which posterity may form of the motives which governed the South in their late struggle for the maintenance of the principles of the Constitution. I hope, therefore, a true history will be written, and justice done them."

Such are a few incidents taken at random from the eventful life of Robert E. Lee. Some portray the filial devotion of the son, others the tender love of the parent; one represents the man, another the soldier; one the grim warrior, another the peaceful teacher; one the victorious general, another the captured leader. Yet, in all, the same grand lines are plainly visible; the manly character, "Strong to do good, strong to resist evil, strong to bear

up under difficulties and misfortune," is ever prominent. As in a gem of the purest ray, perfectly cut, each facet reflects the light with equal purity and intensity, so Robert Lee, as son or brother, father or husband, friend or comrade, subaltern or commander, exhibits the full measure of the Christian gentleman, combined, always combined, with steadfast adherence to duty. After repeated attempts to analyze this noble compound, we are forced to agree with Stonewall Jackson that "Lee is a phenomenon."

It is only proper now to ask, What impression has this grand personality made upon the world? Is our civilization so advanced that we can impartially judge nobility of character, whether exhibited by friend or enemy? Lord Brougham has declared that in future ages "a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue will be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of *Washington*." How of Lee?—what does the world say of his character?

As for the South, it is almost impossible for one who has not lived among the Southern people to fully realize their enthusiastic devotion to General Lee. While the war was being waged, their feeling was one of love for the man and of pride in the soldier; since the struggle ended, to these sentiments has been added the deeper one of veneration. He has been, and is now, their idol. To any one who might challenge their enthusiasm they would reply, as Pliny said of Julius Cæsar: "As for his magnanimity, it was incomparable; and he left behind him such a precedent as I forbid all men to match or second it."

These sentiments on the part of the Southern people for General Lee are only natural. Are they shared by others?—by the people of the North or by Europeans? In answer to these questions the following extracts are well worth reproducing. At the time of his death a leading New York paper had this to say: ". . . We have long ceased to looked upon him as the Confederate leader, but have claimed him as one of ourselves; have cherished and felt proud of his military genius as belonging to us; have recounted and recorded his triumphs as our own; have extolled his virtue as reflecting upon

us. Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation that gave him birth would to-day be unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

"Never had mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without fami-

STRATFORD HOUSE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL LEE.

liarity, he united all those charms of manner which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as, in the days of his triumph, glory did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us

in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

"And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow to-day. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn with all the bitterness of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief—this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America—in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom and blossom like the distant coming spring into flowers of a heartier accord."

At a later date a Northern writer thus compared Lee and Washington: "While it may be true that America has produced no man so great as Washington—and probably never will—it is folly to say that she has not produced men like him. There were no less than two Virginians of the same type in the civil war—one on the side of the Confederacy and one on the side of the Union—Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas. In the case of Lee, especially, the character resemblance was very strong, though he was less of a statesman and more of a soldier than Washington. There was in both the same wonderful balance of faculties; the same personal pride joined to exquisite consideration for others; the same fierce courage under outward calm; the same physical grandeur of proportion and dignity of bearing; the same blending of patrician and democrat. And if Lee had been, like Washington, a successful rebel, he might have been called upon to imitate him in the establishment of the Confederacy on a permanent basis. Any close historic student may see that Lee and Washington belonged to the same type, and that the type is essentially American and essentially republican—not monarchical."

Mr. James Ford Rhodes, a Northern man, whose accurate scholarship no less than his impartial fidelity to truthfulness commends his opinions, in the third volume of his "History of the United States since the Compromise of 1850," says: "The Confederates had an advantage in that Robert E. Lee espoused their cause. To

some extent appreciated at the time, this in reality was an advantage beyond computation. . . . Drawing from a knightly race all their virtues, he inherited none of their vices. Honest, sincere, simple, magnanimous, forbearing, refined, courteous, yet dignified and proud, never lacking self-command, he was in all respects a true man. Graduating from West Point, his life had been exclusively that of a soldier, yet he had none of a soldier's bad habits. He used neither liquor nor tobacco, indulged rarely in a social glass of wine, and cared nothing for the pleasures of the table. . . . 'Duty is the sublimest word in our language,' he wrote to his son. Sincerely religious, Providence was to him a verity, and it may be truly said he walked with God.

"A serious man, he watched anxiously from his station in Texas the progress of events since Lincoln's election. Thinking 'slavery as an institution a moral and political evil,' having a soldier's devotion to his flag, and a warm attachment to General Scott, he loved the Union, and it was especially dear to him as the fruit of the mighty labors of Washington. Although believing that the South had just grievances, due to the aggression of the North, he did not think these evils great enough to resort to the remedy of revolution, and to him secession was nothing less. 'Still,' he wrote, in January, 1861, 'a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of kindness and brotherly love, has no charm for me. If the Union is dissolved and the Government is disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defence, will draw my sword on none.'

"Northern men may regret that Lee did not see his duty in the same light as did two other Virginians, Scott and Thomas; but censure's voice upon the action of so noble a soul is hushed. A careful survey of his character and life must lead the student of men and affairs to see that the course he took was, from his point of view and judged by his inexorable and pure conscience, the path of duty to which a high sense of honor called him. Could we share the thoughts of that high-minded man as he paced the broad-pillared

veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the capitol, and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia, we should be willing now to recognize in him one of the finest products of American life. For surely, as the years go on, we shall see that such a life can be judged by no partisan measure, and we shall come to look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington, whom, little more than a century ago, they delighted to call a rebel. Indeed, in all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington, and had the great work of his life been crowned with success, or had he chosen the winning side, the world would have acknowledged that Virginia could in a century produce two men who were the embodiment of public and private virtue."

"Great as he was in war," says a writer in the London *Standard*, "and surely no captain of any age ever accomplished greater things against an enemy of the same race, better armed, better provided, and outnumbering him by two or three to one on almost every battlefield—General Lee shone greater in disaster, defeat and ruin. The retreat from Richmond was a masterpiece of moral power and soldierly skill; the surrender was elevated by its circumstances into one of the grandest scenes in history. Lee was surrounded by tenfold numbers, all was lost; but his men were staunch to the last, and the temptation 'to ride along the lines, give the word and end it all' was strong indeed. He conquered it; he 'did his best' for the men who had loved and trusted him so long. . . . All Southern eyes were fixed on him, and his influence was used to keep them calm and patient, and to reattach them to the Union, which had conquered and was crushing them. Even while their wrongs were wearing out his life, he checked every utterance of resentment, every expression of hope for a future deliverance. He would allow no toasts to the 'Lost Cause,' no honors to the 'Fallen Banner.' He bore his burden with simple, unaffected, patient heroism. Other men may have approached him in war and in achievement; none capable of deeds like his ever rivaled him in endurance and submission in hopeless defeat. A Cato would

have fallen on his sword; a Brutus might have conspired; a Hannibal might have endured only in hope of revenge and retrieval. But General Lee not only endured, but submitted, and that without suffering his country to entertain even the wish to renew the struggle. . . . Wherever the English tongue is spoken his name is revered and honored—a name to which history furnishes few equals in military renown, none in moral grandeur; the name of one who realized in actual life the dreams of ideal chivalry; so great in victory that none ever surpassed, so much greater in defeat that none ever approached him; the patriot without thought of self, the hero without a shade of affectation or display; ideal soldier and perfect citizen, a Christian without pretension, and a gentleman without flaw."

The present commander of England's armies, Lord Wolseley, visited the Southern army, and has thus written of its commander: "The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as that of a rush-light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war and absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be ever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes, that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way—a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I ever read, are worthy to be classed. I have met with but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be—my friend Charles Gordon was one; General Lee was the other."

Such are the eulogiums paid to the character of Robert E. Lee. Will the calm, dispassionate judgment of history reverse their verdict?

General Lee died of a broken heart. "This," says a Northern writer, "is the most touching aspect of the great warrior's death: that he did not fall on the field of battle, either in the hour of defeat or victory, but in silent grief for sufferings which he could not relieve. There is something infinitely pathetic in the way that he entered into the condition of a whole people, and gave his last strength to comfort those who were fallen and cast down. It was this constant strain of hand and brain and heart that finally snapped the strings of life; so that the last view of him as he passes out of sight is one of unspeakable sadness. The dignity is preserved, but it is the dignity of woe. It is the same tall and stately form, yet not wearing the robes of a conqueror, but bowed down with sorrows not his own. In this mournful majesty, silent with grief beyond words, this great figure passes into history."

Writing to his son, a few years after the war, General Lee refers to the "cloud of sorrow which had been pressing upon him for years," showing clearly how heavily the afflictions of others weighed upon his sensitive heart. He writes:

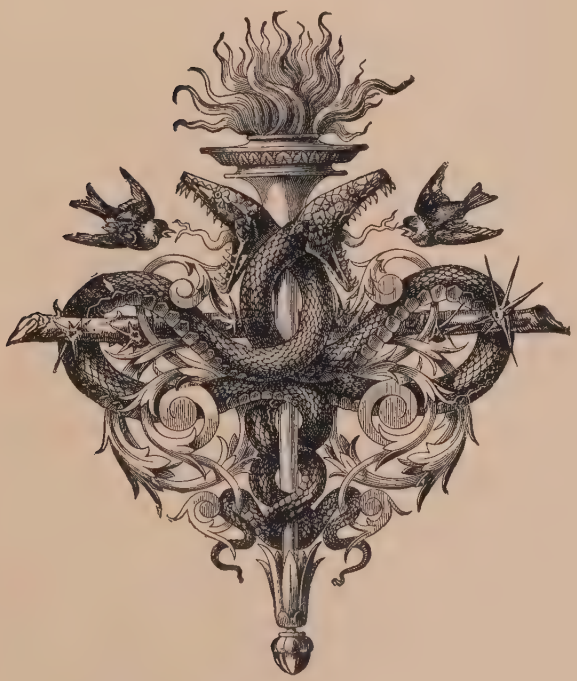
"My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. . . . When our army was in front of Petersburg, I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me as I passed well-remembered spots, and recalled the ravishes of hostile shot and shell. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their fortunes, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a cloud of sorrow, which had been pressing upon me for years, was lifted from my heart."

Such was the conduct of Robert E. Lee in peace and in war. This sketch, brief as it is, has been sufficient to illustrate the rare blending in his character of the fierce courage and indomitable resolution of the soldier with the tender pity and loving sympathy of

a woman. Always prompt to strike a blow whenever opportunity offered, he was no less ready to sympathize with those in affliction.

May we not justly conclude with the lines in which Tennyson has portrayed the Duke of Wellington? Are they not equally applicable to Robert E. Lee?

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity, sublime."



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS (BULL RUN),

As Described by General G. T. Beauregard, Commanding Army of the Potomac (afterward First Corps).

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
MANASSAS, August 26th (October 14th), 1861.

GENERAL:—Before entering upon a narrative of the general military operations in the presence of the enemy on the 21st of July I propose, I hope not unseasonably, first to recite certain events which belong to the strategy of the campaign, and consequently form an essential part of the history of the battle.

Having become satisfied that the advance of the enemy, with a decidedly superior force, both in numbers and war equipage, to attack or turn my position in this quarter, was immediately impending, I despatched, July 13th, one of my staff, Colonel Chestnut, of South Carolina, to submit for the consideration of the President a plan of operations as follows: I proposed that General Johnston should unite the bulk of the Army of the Shenandoah with that of the Potomac, then under my command, leaving sufficient forces to garrison his strong works at Winchester and to guard the fine defensive passes of the Blue Ridge, and thus hold General Patterson in check. At the same time Brigadier-General Holmes was to march hither with all of his command not essential for the defence of the position of Acquia Creek. These junctions having been effected at Manassas, an immediate impetuous attack of our combined armies upon General McDowell was to follow as soon as he approached my advanced positions at and around Fairfax Courthouse, with the inevitable result,

as I submitted, of his complete defeat and the destruction or capture of his army. This accomplished, the Army of the Shenandoah, under General Johnston, increased with a part of my forces, and rejoined as he returned by the detachments left to hold the mountain passes, was to march back rapidly into the valley, fall upon and crush Patterson with a superior force wheresoever he might be found. This I confidently estimated could be achieved within fifteen days after General Johnston should march from Winchester for Manassas. Meanwhile I was to occupy the enemy's works on this side of the Potomac, if, as I anticipated, he had been so routed as to enable me to enter them with him; or if not, to retire again for a time within the lines of Bull Run with my main force. Patterson having been virtually destroyed, then General Johnston would reinforce General Garnett sufficiently to make him superior to his opponent, General McClellan, and able to defeat that officer. This done, General Garnett was to form an immediate junction with General Johnston, who was forthwith to cross the Potomac into Maryland with his whole force, arouse the people as he advanced to the recovery of their political rights and the defence of their homes and families from an offensive invader, and then march to the investment of Washington in the rear, whilst I resumed the offensive in front.

This plan of operations, you are aware, was not accepted at the time, from considerations which appeared so weighty as to more than counterbalance its proposed advantages.

Informed of these views, and of the decision of the War Department, I then made my preparations for the stoutest practicable defence of the line of Bull Run, the enemy having now developed his purposes by the advance on and occupation of Fairfax Courthouse, from which my advance brigade had been withdrawn.

The War Department having been informed by me by telegraph on the 17th of July, of the movement of General McDowell, General Johnston was immediately ordered to form a junction of his army corps with mine, should the movement in his judgment be deemed advisable. General Holmes was also directed to push forward with two regiments, a battery and one company of cavalry.

In view of these propositions, approaching reinforcements modifying my plan of operations so far as to determine on attacking the enemy at Centreville as soon as I should hear of the near approach of the two reinforcing columns, I sent one of my aids, Colonel Chisholm, of South Carolina, to meet and communicate my plans to General Johnston, and my wish that one portion of his force should march by the way of Aldie, and take the enemy on his right flank and in reverse at Centreville. Difficulties, however, of an insuperable character, in connection with means of transportation and the marching condition of his troops, made this impracticable, and it was determined our forces should be united within the lines of Bull Run, and thence advance to the attack of the enemy.

General Johnston arrived here about noon on the 29th of July, and being my senior in rank, he necessarily assumed command of all the forces of the Confederate States then concentrating at this point. Made acquainted with my plan of operations and dispositions to meet the enemy, he gave them his entire approval, and generously directed their execution under my command.

In consequence of the untoward detention, however, of some five thousand of General Johnston's army corps, resulting from the inadequate and imperfect means of transportation for so many troops at the disposition of the Manassas Gap Railroad, it became necessary, on the morning of the 21st, before daylight, to modify the plan accepted, to suit the contingency of an immediate attack on our lines by the main force of the enemy, then plainly at hand.

The enemy's forces, reported by their best-informed journals to be 55,000 strong, I had learned from reliable sources, on the night of the 20th, were being concentrated in and around Centreville and along the Warrenton Turnpike Road to Bull Run, near which our respective pickets were in immediate proximity. This fact, with the conviction that after his signal discomfiture on the 18th of July before Blackburn's Ford—the centre of my lines—he would not renew the attack in that quarter, induced me at once to look for an attempt on my left flank, resting on the Stone Bridge, which

was but weakly guarded by men, as well as but slightly provided with artillery.

In view of these palpable military conditions, by 4.30 a. m. on the 21st of July I had prepared and dispatched orders directing the whole of the Confederate forces within the lines of Bull Run, including the brigades and regiments of General Johnston, which had arrived at that time, to be held in readiness to march at a moment's notice. At that hour the following was the disposition of our forces: Ewell's brigade, constituted as on the 18th of July, remained in position at Union Mills Ford, its left extending along Bull Run in the direction of McLean's Ford, and supported by Holmes's brigade, Second Tennessee and First Arkansas regiments a short distance to the rear—that is, at and near camp Wigfall. D. R. Jones's brigade, from Ewell's left, in front of McLean's Ford and along the stream to Longstreet's position. It was unchanged in organization, and was supported by Early's brigade, also unchanged, placed behind a thicket of young pines a short distance in the rear of McLean's Ford. Longstreet's brigade held its former ground at Blackburn's Ford, from Jones's left to Bonham's right at Mitchell's Ford, and was supported by Jackson's brigade, consisting of Colonels James F. Preston's Fourth, Harper's Fifth, Allen's Second, the Twenty-seventh, Lieutenant-Colonel Echols, and the Thirty-third (Cumming's) Virginia regiments, 2611 strong, which were posted behind the skirting of pines to the rear of Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords; and in rear of this support was also Barksdale's Thirteenth Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, which had lately arrived from Lynchburg. Along the edge of a pine thicket, in rear of and equidistant from McLean's and Blackburn's Fords, ready to support either position, I had also placed all of Bee's and Bartow's brigades that had arrived, namely: two companies of the Eleventh Mississippi, Colonel Faulkner, and Fourth Alabama, with Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments, Colonel Gartrell and Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner—in all 2732 bayonets. Bonham's brigade, as before, held Mitchell's Ford, its right near Longstreet's left, its left extending in the direction of Cocke's right. It was organized as at the end

of the 18th of July, with Jackson's brigade, as before said, as a support.

Cocke's brigade, increased by seven companies of the Eighth (Hunton's,) three companies of the Forty-ninth (Smith's) Virginia regiments, two companies of cavalry, and a battery, under Rogers, of four six-pounders, occupied the line in front and rear of Bull Run, extending from the direction of Bonham's left, and guarding Island, Ball's and Lewis's Fords, to the right of Evan's demi-brigade, near the Stone Bridge, and its left covered a farm ford about one mile above the bridge.

Stuart's cavalry, some 300 men, of the Army of the Shenandoah, guarded the level ground extending in rear from Bonham's left to Cocke's right.

Two companies of Radford's cavalry were held in reserve a short distance in rear of Mitchell's Ford, his left extending in the direction of Stuart's right. Colonel Pendleton's reserve battery of eight pieces was temporarily placed in rear of Bonham's extreme left. Major Walton's reserve battery of five guns was in position on McLean's farm, in a piece of woods in rear of Bee's right.

Hampton's Legion, of six companies of infantry, 600 strong, having arrived that morning by the cars from Richmond, was subsequently, as soon as it arrived, ordered forward to a position in the immediate vicinity of the Lewis house as a support for any troops engaged in that quarter.

The effective force of all arms of the Army of the Potomac on that eventful morning, including the garrison at Camp Pickens, did not exceed 21,833 and twenty-nine guns. The Army of the Shenandoah, ready for action on the field, may be set at 6000 and twenty guns. (That is, when the battle began. Smith's brigade and Fisher's North Carolina came up later, and made total of Army of the Shenandoah engaged, of all arms, 8334. Hill's Virginia Regiment, 550 men, also arrived, but was posted as reserve to right flank.) The brigade of General Holmes mustered about 1265 bayonets, six guns, and a company of cavalry about ninety strong.

Informed at 5.30 a. m. by Colonel Evans that the enemy had deployed some 1200 men (these were what Colonel Evans saw of General Schenck's brigade of General Tyler's division and two other heavy brigades, in all, over 9000 men and thirteen pieces of artillery—Carlisle's and Ayre's batteries; that is, 900 men and two six-pounders confronted by 9000 men and thirteen pieces of artillery in his immediate front, I at once ordered him, as also General Cocke, if attacked, to maintain their position to the last extremity.

In my opinion the most effective method of relieving that flank was by a rapid, determined attack with my right wing and centre on the enemy's flank and rear at Centreville, with due precautions against the advance of his reserves from the direction of Washington. By such a movement I confidently expected to achieve a complete victory for my country by 12 m.

These new dispositions were submitted to General Johnston, who fully approved them, and the orders for their immediate execution were at once issued.

Brigadier-General Ewell was directed to begin the movement, to be followed and supported successively by Generals D. R. Jones, Longstreet and Bonham, respectively, supported by their several appointed reserves. The cavalry, under Stuart and Radford, were to be held in hand, subject to future orders and ready for employment, as might be required by the exigencies of battle.

About 8.30 a. m. General Johnson and myself transferred our headquarters to a central position, about a half a mile in rear of Mitchell's Ford, whence we might watch the course of events. Previously, as early as 5.30, the Federalists in front of Evans's position (Stone Bridge) had opened with a large thirty-pounder Parrott rifled gun, and thirty minutes later with a moderate, apparently tentative, fire from a battery of rifled pieces, directed first in front of Evans's, and then in the direction of Cocke's position, but without drawing a return fire and discovery of our positions, chiefly because in that quarter we had nothing but eight six-pounder pieces which could not reach the distant enemy.

As the Federalists had advanced with an extended line of skirmishers in front of Evans, that officer promptly threw forward the two flank companies of the Fourth South Carolina regiment and one company of Wheat's Louisiana battalion, deployed as skirmishers to cover his small front. An occasional scattering fire resulted, and thus the two armies in that quarter remained for more than an hour, while the main body of the enemy was march-

"STONEWALL" JACKSON IN BATTLE.

ing his devious way through the Big Forest to take our forces in the flank and rear.

By 8.30 a. m. Colonel Evans, having become satisfied of the counterfeit character of the movement on his front, and persuaded of an attempt to turn his left flank, decided to change his position to meet the enemy, and for this purpose immediately put in motion to his left and rear six companies of Sloan's Fourth South Carolina

regiment, Wheat's Louisiana battalion's five companies, and two six-pounders of Latham's battery, leaving four companies of Sloan's regiment under cover as the sole immediate defence of the Stone Bridge, but giving information to General Cocke of his change of position and the reason that impelled it.

Following a road leading by the old Pittsylvania (Carter) mansion, Colonel Evans formed in line of battle some four hundred yards in rear, as he advanced, of that house, his guns to the front and in position, properly supported to its immediate right. Finding, however, that the enemy did not appear on that road, which was a branch of one leading by Sudley Springs Ford to Brentsville and Dumfries, he turned abruptly to the left, and marching across the fields for three-quarters of a mile, about 9.30 a. m., took a position in line of battle, his left, Sloan's companies, resting on the main Brentsville road in a shallow ravine, the Louisiana battalion to the right, in advance some two hundred yards, a rectangular copse of wood separating them, one piece of his artillery planted on an eminence some several hundred yards to the rear of Wheat's battalion, and the other on a ridge near and in rear of Sloan's position, commanding a reach of the road just in front of the line of battle. In this order he awaited the coming of the masses of the enemy now drawing near.

In the meantime, about 7 o'clock a. m., Jackson's brigade, with Imboden's and five pieces of Walton's battery, had been sent to take up a position along Bull Run, to guard the interval between Cocke's right and Bonham's left, with orders to support either in case of need, the character and topographical features of the ground having been shown to General Jackson by Captain D. B. Harris, of the Virginia Engineers, of this army corps. So much of Bee's and and Bartow's brigades, now united, as had arrived, some 2800 muskets, had also been sent forward to the support of the position of the Stone Bridge.

The enemy, beginning his detour from the turnpike at a point nearly halfway between Stone Bridge and Centreville, had pursued a tortuous, narrow trace of a rarely used road through a dense wood,

the greater part of his way, until near the Sudley road. A division under Colonel Hunter, of the Federal regular army, of two strong brigades, was in the advance, followed immediately by another division, under Colonel Heintzelman, of three brigades and seven companies of regular cavalry and twenty-four pieces of artillery, eighteen of which were rifled guns. This column, as it crossed Bull Run, numbered over 16,000 men of all arms by their own accounts.

Burnside's brigade, which here, as at Fairfax Courthouse, led the advance, at about 9.45 a. m., debouched from a wood in sight of Evans's position some five hundred yards distant from Wheat's battalion. He immediately threw forward his skirmishers in force, and they became engaged with Wheat's command and the six-pounder gun under Lieutenant Leftwitch. The Federalists at once advanced—as they reported officially—the Second Rhode Island regiment volunteers, with its vaunted battery of six thirteen-pounder rifled guns. Sloan's companies were then brought into action, having been pushed forward through the woods. The enemy, soon galled and staggered by the fire and pressed by the determined valor with which Wheat handled his battalion until he was desperately wounded, hastened up three other regiments of the brigade and two Dahlgren howitzers, making in all quite 3500 bayonets and eight pieces of artillery, opposed to less than 800 men and two six-pounder guns. Despite the odds, this intrepid command, of but eleven weak companies, maintained its front to the enemy for quite an hour, and until General Bee came to their aid with his command. The heroic Bee, with a soldier's eye and recognition of the situation had previously disposed his command with skill, Imboden's battery having been admirably placed between the two brigades, under shelter, behind the undulations of a hill about one hundred and fifty yards north of the now famous Henry house, and very near where he subsequently fell mortally wounded, to the great misfortune of his country, but after deeds of deliberate and ever-memorable courage. Meanwhile the enemy had pushed forward a battalion

of eight companies of regular infantry and one of their batteries of six pieces (four rifled), supported by four companies of marines, to increase the desperate odds against which Evans and his men had maintained their stand with an almost matchless tenacity. General Bee, now finding Evans sorely pressed under the crushing weight of the masses of the enemy, at the call of Colonel Evans threw forward his whole force to his aid across a small stream (Young's branch and valley), and engaged the Federalists with impetuosity, Imboden's battery at the time playing from his well-chosen position with brilliant effect with spherical case, the enemy having first opened on him from a rifled battery (probably Griffin's) with elongated cylindrical shells, which flew a few feet over the heads of our men and exploded in the crest of the hill immediately in rear.

As Bee advanced under a severe fire he placed the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments, under the chivalrous Bartow, at about 11 a. m., in a wood of second-growth pines, to the right and front of and nearly perpendicular to Evans's line of battle; the Fourth Alabama to the left of them, along a fence, connecting the position of the Georgia regiments with the rectangular copse in which Sloan's South Carolina companies were engaged, and into which he also threw the Second Mississippi. A fierce and destructive conflict now ensued. The fire was withering on both sides, while the enemy swept our short thin lines with their numerous artillery, which, according to their official reports at this time consisted of at least ten rifled guns and four howitzers. For an hour did these stout-hearted men of the blended commands of Bee, Evans and Bartow breast an unintermitting battle storm, animated surely by something more than ordinary courage of even the bravest men under fire. It must have been indeed the inspiration of the cause and consciousness of the great stake at issue which thus nerved and animated one and all to stand unawed and unshrinking in such extremity.

Two Federal brigades of Heintzelman's division were now brought into action, led by Rickett's superb light battery of six ten-pounder

rifled guns, which, posted on an eminence to the right of the Sudley Road, opened fire on Imboden's battery, about this time increased by two rifled pieces of the Washington Artillery under Lieutenant Richardson, and already the mark of two batteries, which divided their fire with Imboden, and two guns under Lieutenants Davidson and Leftwitch of Latham's battery, posted as before mentioned.

At this time confronting the enemy we had still but Evans's eleven companies and two guns, Bee's and Bartow's four regiments, the two companies Eleventh Mississippi, under Lieutenant-Colonel Liddell, and the six pieces under Imboden and Richardson. The enemy had two divisions of four strong brigades including seventeen companies of regular infantry, cavalry and artillery, four companies of marines, and twenty pieces of artillery. Against these odds, scarcely credible, our advance position was still for a while maintained, and the enemy's ranks constantly broken and shattered under the scorching fire of our men; but fresh regiments of the Federalists came upon the field. Sherman's and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division, as is stated in their reports, numbering over six thousand bayonets, which had found a passage across the run about eight hundred yards above the stone bridge, threatened our right. Heavy losses had now been sustained on our side, both in numbers and in the personal worth of the slain. The Eighth Georgia regiment had suffered heavily, being exposed as it took and maintained its position, to a fire from the enemy, already posted within a hundred yards of their front and right, sheltered by fences and other cover. It was at this time that Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner was severely wounded, as also several other valuable officers. The adjutant of the regiment, Lieutenant Branch, was killed, and the horse of the regretted Bartow was shot under him. The Fourth Alabama also suffered severely from the deadly fire of the thousands of muskets which they so dauntlessly confronted under the immediate leadership of Bee himself. Its brave colonel (E. J. Jones) was dangerously wounded, and many gallant officers fell, slain, or *hors de combat.*

Now, however, with the surging mass of over fourteen thousand Federal infantry pressing on their front, and under the incessant fire of at least twenty pieces of artillery, with the fresh brigades of Sherman and Keyes approaching, the latter already in musket range, our lines gave back, but under orders from General Bee. The enemy, maintaining their fire, pressed their swelling masses onward as our shattered battalions retired. The slaughter for the moment was deplorable, and has filled many a Southern home with life-long sorrow. Under this inexorable stress the retreat continued until arrested by the energy and resolution of General Bee, supported by Bartow and Evans, just in rear of the Robinson house, and Hampton's Legion, which had been already advanced, and was in position near it. Imboden's battery, which had been handled with marked skill, but whose men were almost exhausted, and the two pieces of Walton's battery, under Lieutenant Richardson, being threatened by the enemy's infantry on the left and front, were also obliged to fall back. Imboden, leaving a disabled piece on the ground, retired until he met Jackson's brigade, while Richardson joined the main body of his battery near the Lewis house.

As our infantry retired from the extreme front, the two six-pounders of Latham's battery, before mentioned, fell back with excellent judgment to suitable positions in the rear, where an effective fire was maintained upon the still advancing lines of the Federalists, with damaging effect, until their ammunition was nearly exhausted, when they too joined their captain. From the point, previously indicated, where General Johnston and myself had established our headquarters, we heard the continuous roll of musketry and the sustained din of the artillery, which announced the serious outburst of the battle on our left flank, and we anxiously but confidently awaited similar sounds of conflict from our front at Centreville, resulting from the prescribed attack in that quarter by our right wing.

At 10.30 a. m., however, this expectation was dissipated from Brigadier-General Ewell informing me, to my profound disappointment, that my orders for his advance had miscarried, but in

consequence of a communication from General D. R. Jones he had just thrown his brigade across the stream at Union Mills. But, in my judgment, it was now too late for the effective execution of the contemplated movement, which must have required quite three hours for the troops to get into position for the attack. Therefore it became immediately necessary to depend on new combinations and other dispositions suited to the now pressing exigency. The movement of the right and centre, already begun by Jones and Longstreet, was at once countermanded, with the sanction of General Johnston, and we arranged to meet the enemy on the field he had chosen to give us battle. Under these circumstances our reserves not already in movement were ordered up to support our left flank, namely, Holmes's two regiments, a battery of artillery, under Captain Lindsay Walker, of six guns, and Early's brigade. Two regiments from Bonham's brigade, with Kemper's four six-pounders, were also called for and, with the sanction of General Johnston, Generals Ewell, Jones (D. R.), Longstreet and Bonham were directed to make a demonstration to their several fronts, to retain and engross the enemy's reserves and any forces on their flank and at and around Centreville. Previously our respective chiefs of staff, Major Rhett and Colonel Jordan, had been left at my headquarters to hasten up and give directions to any troops that might arrive from Manassas.

The orders having been duly despatched by staff officers, at 11.30 a. m. General Johnston and myself set out for the immediate field of action, which we reached in the rear of the Robinson and Widow Henry's houses at about 12 m., and just as the commands of Bee, Bartow and Evans had taken shelter in a wooded ravine behind the former, stoutly held at the time by Hampton with his Legion, which had made a stand there after having previously been as far forward as the turnpike, where Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, an officer of brilliant promise, was killed and other severe losses were sustained. Before our arrival upon the scene General Jackson had moved with his brigade of five Virginia regiments from his position in reserve, and had judiciously taken post below the brim

of the plateau, nearly east of the Henry house and to the left of the ravine and woods occupied by the mingled remants of Bee's Bartow's and Evans's commands, with Imboden's battery and two of Stanard's pieces placed so as to play upon the oncoming enemy, supported in the immediate rear by Colonel J. F. Preston's and Lieutenant-Colonel Echol's regiments, on the right by Harper's and on the left by Allen's and Cummings's regiments.

As soon as General Johnston and myself reached the field we were occupied with the reorganization of the heroic troops, whose previous stand, with scarce a parallel, has nothing more valiant in all the pages of history, and whose losses fitly tell why at length their ranks had lost their cohesion. It was now that General Johnston impressively and gallantly charged to the front, with the colors of the Fourth Alabama regiment by his side, all the field officers of the regiment having been previously disabled. Shortly afterward I placed S. R. Gist, adjutant and inspector-general of South Carolina, a volunteer aid of General Bee, in command of this regiment, and who led it again to the front as became its previous behavior.

As soon as we had thus rallied and disposed our forces I urged General Johnston to leave the immediate conduct of the field to me, while he, repairing to "Portici," the Lewis house, should urge reinforcements forward. At first he was unwilling, but reminded that one of us must do so, and that properly it was his place, he reluctantly, but fortunately, complied; fortunately because from that position, by his energy and sagacity, his keen perception and anticipation of my needs, he so directed as to insure the success of the day.

As General Johnston departed for "Portici," Colonel Bartow reported to me with the remains of the Seventh Georgia Volunteers, Gartrell's, which I ordered him to post the left of Jackson's line in the edge of a belt of pines bordering the southeastern rim of the plateau, on which the battle was now to rage so long and so fiercely. Colonel William Smith's battalion of the Forty-ninth Virginia Volunteers having also come up by my orders, I placed

it on the left of Gartrell's, as my extreme left at the time. Repairing then to the right, I placed Hampton's Legion, which had suffered greatly, on that flank, somewhat to the rear of Harper's regiment, and also the seven companies of the Eighth (Hunton's) Virginia regiment, which, detached from Cocke's brigade by my orders and those of General Johnston, had opportunely reached the ground. These with Harper's regiment constituted a reserve to protect our right flank from an advance of the enemy from the quarter of the Stone Bridge, and served as a support for the line of battle which was formed on the right by Bee's and Evans's commands, in the centre by four regiments of Jackson's brigade, with Imboden's four six-pounders, Walton's five guns (two rifled), two guns (one piece rifled) of Stanard's and two six-pounders of Rogers's battery, the latter under Lieutenant Heaton, and on the left by Gartrell's reduced ranks and Colonel Smith's battalion, subsequently reinforced, Falkner's Second Mississippi regiment, and by another regiment of the Army of the Shenandoah, just arrived upon the field—the Sixth (Fisher's) North Carolina. Confronting the enemy at this time my forces numbered at most not more than 6500 infantry and artillery, with but thirteen pieces of artillery and two companies (Carter's and Hoge's) of Stuart's cavalry.

The enemy's force now bearing hotly and confidently down on our position, regiment after regiment of the best-equipped men that ever took the field, according to their own official history of the day, was formed of Colonels Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions, Colonels Sherman's and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division, and of the formidable batteries of Ricketts, Griffin and Arnold (regulars), and Second Rhode Island and two Dahlgren howitzers —a force of over 20,000 infantry, seven companies of regular cavalry and twenty-four pieces of improved artillery. At the same time perilous heavy reserves of infantry and artillery hung in the distance around the Stone Bridge, Mitchell's, Blackburn's and Union Mills Fords, visibly ready to fall upon us; and I was also assured of the existence of other heavy corps at and around Centreville and elsewhere within convenient supporting distance.

Fully conscious of this portentious disparity of force, as I posted the lines for the encounter, I sought to infuse into the hearts of my officers and men the confidence and determined spirit of resistance to this wicked invasion of the homes of a free people which I felt. I informed them that reinforcements would rapidly come to their support, and that we must at all hazards hold our posts until reinforced. I reminded them that we fought for our homes, our firesides and for the independence of our country. I urged them to the resolution of victory or death on that field. These sentiments were loudly cheered wheresoever proclaimed, and I then felt reassured of the unconquerable spirit of that army, which would enable us to wrench victory from the host then threatening us with destruction.

Oh! my country! I would readily have sacrificed my life and those of all the brave men around me to save your honor and to maintain your independence from the degrading yoke which those ruthless invaders had come to impose and render perpetual; and the day's issue has assured me that such emotions must have animated all under my command.

In the meantime the enemy had seized upon the plateau on which Robinson's and the Henry houses are situated—the position first occupied in the morning by General Bee before advancing to the support of Evans. Ricketts's battery of six rifled guns, the pride of the Federalists, the object of their unstinted expenditure in outfit, and the equally powerful regular light battery of Griffin, were brought forward and placed in immediate action, after having, conjointly with the batteries already mentioned, played from former positions with destructive effect upon our forward battalions.

The topographical features of the plateau, now become the stage of the contending armies, must be described in outline. A glance at the map will show that it is enclosed on three sides by small water-courses, which empty into Bull Run within a few yards of each other, a half-mile to the south of the Stone Bridge. Rising to an elevation of quite one hundred feet above the level of Bull Run at the bridge, it falls off on three sides to the level of the

inclosing streams in gentle slopes, but which are furrowed by ravines of irregular direction and length, and studded with clumps and patches of young pines and oaks. The general direction of the crest of the plateau is oblique to the course of Bull Run in that quarter, and to the Brentsville and Turnpike Roads, which intersect each other at right angles. Immediately surrounding the two houses before mentioned are small open fields of irregular outline, not exceeding one hundred and fifty acres in extent. The houses occupied at the time, the one by the Widow Henry, and the free negro Robinson, are small wooden buildings, the latter densely embowered in trees and environed by a double row of fences on two sides. Around the eastern and southern brow of the plateau an almost unbroken fringe of second-growth pines gave excellent shelter for our marksmen, who availed themselves of it with the most satisfactory skill. To the west, adjoining the fields, a broad belt of oaks extends directly across the crest on both sides of the Sudley Road, in which during the battle regiments of both armies met and contended for the mastery. From the open ground of this plateau the view embraces a wide expanse of woods and gently undulating open country of broad grass and grain fields in all directions, including the scene of Evans's and Bee's recent encounter with the enemy, some twelve hundred yards to the northward.

In reply to the play of the enemy's batteries our own artillery had not been either idle or unskillful. The ground occupied by our guns, on a level with that held by the batteries of the enemy, was an open space of limited extent, behind a low undulation just at the eastern verge of the plateau, some five or six hundred yards from the Henry house. Here, as before said, thirteen pieces, mostly six-pounders, were maintained in action; the several batteries of Imboden, Stanard, Pendleton (Rockbridge Artillery) and Alburtis, of the Army of the Shenandoah, and five guns of Walton's and Heaton's section of Roger's battery, of the Army of the Potomac, alternating to some extent with each other, and taking part as needed; all from the outset displaying that marvelous capacity of our people as artillerists which has made them, it would appear, at once the terror and

admiration of the enemy. As was soon apparent, the Federalists had suffered severely from our artillery and from the fire of our musketry on the right, and especially from the left flank, placed under cover, within whose galling range they had been advanced; and we are told in their official reports how regiment after regiment thrown forward to dislodge us was broken, never to recover its entire organization on that field.

In the meantime, also, two companies of Stuart's cavalry (Carter's and Hoge's) made a dashing charge, down the Centreville and Sudley Road, upon the Fire Zouaves, then the enemy's right on the plateau, which added to the disorder wrought by our musketry on that flank. But still the press of the enemy was heavy in that quarter of the field, as fresh troops were thrown forward to outflank us, and some three guns of a battery, in an attempt to obtain a position, apparently to enfilade our batteries, were thrown so close to the Thirty-third regiment, Jackson's brigade, that that regiment, springing forward, seized them, but with severe loss, and was subsequently driven back by an overpowering force of Federal musketry.

Now, full 2 o'clock p. m., I gave the order for the right of my line, except my reserves, to advance to recover the plateau. It was done with uncommon resolution and vigor, and at the same time Jackson's brigade pierced the enemy's centre with the determination of veterans and the spirit of men who fought for a sacred cause; but it suffered seriously. With equal spirit the other parts of the line made the onset, and the Federal lines were broken and swept back at all points from the open ground of the plateau. Rallying soon, however, as they were strongly reinforced by fresh regiments, the Federalists returned, and by weight of numbers pressed our lines back, recovered their ground and guns, and renewed the offensive.

By this time, between half-past two and three o'clock p. m., our reinforcements pushed forward, and directed by General Johnston to the required quarter, were at hand just as I had ordered forward, to a second effort for the recovery of the disputed plateau, the whole line, including my reserve, which at this crisis of the battle I felt called upon to lead in person. This attack was general, and was shared in

by every regiment then in the field, including the Sixth (Fisher's) North Carolina regiment, which had just come up and taken position on the immediate left of the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment. The whole open ground was again swept clear of the enemy, and the plateau around the Henry and Robinson houses remained finally in our possession, with the greater part of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, and a flag of the First Michigan regiment, captured by the Twenty-seventh regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Echols, of Jackson's brigade.

This part of the day was rich with deeds of individual coolness and dauntless conduct, as well as well-directed embodied resolution and bravery, but fraught with the loss to the service of the country of lives of inestimable preciousness at this juncture. The brave Bee was mortally wounded at the head of the Fourth Alabama and some Mississippians. In the open field near the Henry house, a few yards distant, the promising life of Bartow, while leading the Seventh Georgia regiment, was quenched in blood. Colonel F. J. Thomas, acting chief of ordnance, of General Johnston's staff, after gallant conduct and most efficient service, was also slain. Colonel Fisher, Sixth North Carolina, likewise fell, after soldierly behavior at the head of his regiment with ranks greatly thinned.

Withers's Eighteenth regiment, of Cocke's brigade, had come up in time to follow this charge, and in conjunction with Hampton's Legion, captured several rifled pieces, which may have fallen previously in possession of some of our troops, but if so had been recovered by the enemy. These pieces were immediately turned and effectively served on distant masses of the enemy by the hands of some of our officers.

While the enemy had thus been driven back on our right entirely across the turnpike and beyond Young's Branch on our left, the woods yet swarmed with them, when reinforcements opportunely arrived in quick succession and took position in that portion of the field. Kershaw's Second and Cash's Eighth South Carolina regiments, which had arrived soon after Withers's, were led through the oaks just east of the Sudley-Brentsville Road, brushing some of

the enemy before them, and taking an advantageous position along and west of that road, opened with much skill and effect on bodies of the enemy that had been rallied under cover of a strong Federal brigade posted on a plateau in the southwest angle formed by intersection of the turnpike with the Sudley-Brentsville road. Among the troops thus engaged were the Federal regular infantry.

At the same time Kemper's battery, passing northward by the Sudley-Brentsville road, took position on the open space, under orders of Colonel Kershaw, near where an enemy's battery had been captured, and was opened with effective results upon the Federal right, then the mark also of Kershaw's and Cash's regiments. Preston's Twenty-eighth regiment, of Cocke's brigade, had by that time entered the same body of oaks, and encountered some Michigan troops, capturing their brigade commander, Colonel Wilcox.

Another important accession to our forces had also occurred about the same time, 3 o'clock p. m. Brigadier-General E. K. Smith, with some 1700 infantry of Elzey's brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, and Beckham's battery, came upon the field from Camp Pickens, Manassas, where they had arrived by railroad at noon. Directed in person by General Johnston to the left, then so much endangered, on reaching a position in rear of the oak woods south of the Henry house and immediately east of the Sudley road, General Smith was disabled by a severe wound, and his valuable services were lost at that critical juncture; but the command devolved upon a meritorious officer of experience, Colonel Elzey, who led his infantry at once somewhat farther to the left, in the direction of the Chinn house, across the road, through the oaks skirting the west side of the road, and around which he sent the battery under Lieutenant Beckham. This officer took up a most favorable position near that house, whence with a clear view of the Federal right and centre, filling the open fields to the west of the Sudley-Brentsville road, and gently sloping southward, he opened fire with his battery upon them with deadly and damaging effect.

Colonel Early, who by some mischance did not receive orders until two o'clock which had been sent him at noon, came on the

ground immediately after Elzey, with Kemper's Seventh Virginia, Hays's Seventh Louisiana and Barksdale's Thirteenth Mississippi regiments. This brigade, by the personal direction of General Johnston, was marched by the Holkham house across the fields to the left, entirely around the woods through which Elzey had passed, and under a severe fire, into a position in line of battle near Chinn's house, outflanking the enemy's right.

At this time, about 3.30 p. m., the enemy, driven back on their left and centre, and brushed from the woods bordering the Sudley road, south and west of the Henry house, had formed a line of battle of truly formidable proportions, of crescent outline, reaching on their left from vicinity of Pittsylvania (the old Carter mansion), by Mathews's and in rear of Dogan's, across the turnpike near to Chinn's house. The woods and fields were filled with their masses of infantry and their carefully preserved cavalry. It was a truly magnificent, though redoubtable, spectacle as they threw forward in fine style, on the broad, gentle slopes of the ridge occupied by their main lines, a cloud of skirmishers, preparatory for another attack.

But as Early formed his line, and Beckham's pieces played upon the right of the enemy, Elzey's brigade, Gibbon's Tenth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart's First Maryland, and Vaughn's Third Tennessee regiments, Cash's Eighth and Kershaw's Second South Carolina, Withers's Eighteenth and Preston's Twenty-eighth Virginia advanced in an irregular line, almost simultaneously, with great spirit, from their several positions upon the front and flanks of the enemy in their quarter of the field. At the same time, too, Early resolutely assailed their right flank and rear. Under this combined attack the enemy was soon forced, first, over the narrow plateau in the southern angle made by the two roads so often mentioned, into a patch of woods on its western slope, thence back over Young's Branch and the turnpike into the fields of the Dogan farm and rearward, in extreme disorder, in all available directions toward Bull Run. The rout had now become general and complete.

About the time that Elzey and Early were entering into action a column of the enemy (Keyes's brigade of Tyler's division) made its way across the turnpike between Bull Run and the Robinson house, under cover of a wood and brow of the ridges, apparently to turn my right, but was easily repulsed by a few shots from Latham's battery, now united and placed in position by Captain D. B. Harris, of Virginia Engineers, whose services during the day became his character as an able, cool and skillful officer, and from Alburtis's battery, opportunely ordered by General Jackson to a position to the right of Latham's, on a hill commanding the line of approach of the enemy, and supported by portions of regiments collected together by the staff officers of General Johnston and myself.

Early's brigade meanwhile, joined by the Nineteenth Virginia regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Strange, of Cocke's brigade, pursued the now panic-stricken, fugitive enemy. Stuart, with his cavalry, and Beckham, had also taken up the pursuit along the road by which the enemy had come upon the field that morning, but soon, cumbered by prisoners who thronged his way, the former was unable to attack the mass of the fast-fleeing, frantic Federalists. Withers's, R. T. Preston's, Cash's and Kershaw's regiments, Hampton's Legion and Kemper's battery also pursued along the Warrenton road by the Stone Bridge, the enemy having opportunely opened a way for them through the heavy abatis which my troops had made on the west side of the bridge several days before; but this pursuit was soon recalled in consequence of a false report which unfortunately reached us that the enemy's reserves, known to be fresh and of considerable strength, were threatening the position of Union Mills Ford.

Colonel Radford, with six companies of Virginia cavalry, was also ordered by General Johnston to cross Bull Run and attack the enemy from the direction of Lewis's house. Conducted by one of my aids, Colonel Chisholm, by the Lewis Ford to the immediate vicinity of the Suspension Bridge, he charged a battery with great gallantry, took Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, a prisoner, and captured the Federal colors

of that regiment, as well as a number of the enemy. He lost, however, a promising officer of his regiment, Captain Winston Radford.

Lieutenant-Colonel Munford also led some companies of cavalry in hot pursuit, and rendered material service in the capture of prisoners, and of cannon, horses, ammunition, etc., abandoned by the enemy in their flight. Captain Lay's company of the Powhatan Troops and Utterback's Rangers, Virginia volunteers, attached to my person, did material service under Captain Lay in rallying troops broken for the time by the onset of the enemy's masses.

During the period of the momentous events, fraught with the weal of our country, which were passing on the blood-stained plateau along the Sudley and Warrenton roads, other portions of the line of Bull Run had not been void of action of moment and of influence on the general result.

While Colonel Evans and his sturdy band were holding at bay the Federal advance beyond the turnpike, the enemy made repeated demonstrations with artillery and infantry upon the line of Cocke's brigade, with the serious intention of forcing the position, as General Schenck admits in his report. They were driven back with severe loss by Latham's (a section) and Rogers's four six-pounders, and were so impressed with the strength of that line as to be held in check and inactive, even after it had been stripped of all its troops but one company of the Nineteenth Virginia regiment, under Captain Duke, a meritorious officer; and it is worthy of notice that in this encounter of our six-pounder guns, handled by our volunteer artillerists, they had worsted such a notorious adversary as the Ayres (formerly Sherman's) battery, which quit the contest under the illusion that it had weightier metal than its own to contend with.

The centre brigades, Bonham's and Longstreet's, of the line of Bull Run, if not closely engaged, were, nevertheless, exposed for much of the day to an annoying, almost incessant, fire of artillery of long range; but by a steady, veteranlike maintenance of their

positions they held virtually paralyzed all day two strong brigades of the enemy, with their batteries (four) of rifled guns.

As before said, two regiments of Bonham's brigade—Second and Eighth South Carolina Volunteers—and Kemper's battery took a distinguished part in the battle. The remainder—Third (Williams's), Seventh (Bacon's) South Carolina Volunteers, the Eleventh (Kirkland's) North Carolina regiment, six companies of the Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, Shields's battery, and one section of Walton's battery, under Lieutenant Garnett—whether in holding their post or taking up the pursuit, officers and men, discharged their duty with credit and promise.

Longstreet's brigade, pursuant to orders prescribing his part of the operations of the centre and right wing, was thrown across Bull Run early in the morning, and under a severe fire of artillery was skillfully disposed for an assault of the enemy's batteries in that quarter, but was withdrawn subsequently, in consequence of the change of plan already mentioned and explained. The troops of this brigade were: First (Major Skinner), Eleventh (Garland's), Twenty-fourth (Lieutenant-Colonel Hairston), Seventeenth (Corse's) Virginia regiments; Fifth North Carolina (Lieutenant-Colonel Jones) and Whitehead's company of Virginia cavalry. Throughout the day these troops evinced the most soldierly spirit.

After the rout, having been ordered by General Johnston in the direction of Centreville in pursuit, these brigades advanced nearly to that place, when, darkness intervening, General Bonham thought it proper to direct his own brigade and that of General Longstreet back to Bull Run.

General D. R. Jones early in the day crossing Bull Run with his brigade, pursuant to orders indicating his part of the projected attack by our right wing and centre on the enemy at Centreville, took up a position on the Union Mills and Centreville road, more than a mile in advance of the run. Ordered back, in consequence of the miscarriage of the orders to General Ewell, the retrograde movement was necessarily made under a sharp fire of artillery.

At noon this brigade, in obedience to new instructions, was again thrown across Bull Run to make demonstration. Unsupported by other troops, the advance was gallantly made until within musket range of the enemy's force—Colonel Davies's brigade, in position near Rocky Run—and under the concentrated fire of their artillery. In this affair the Fifth (Jenkins's) South Carolina and Captain Fontaine's company of the Eighteenth Mississippi regiment are mentioned by General Jones as having shown conspicuous gallantry, coolness and discipline under a combined fire of infantry and artillery. Not only did the return fire of the brigade drive to cover the enemy's infantry, but the movement unquestionably spread through the enemy's ranks a sense of insecurity and danger from an attack by that route on their rear at Centreville, which served to augment the extraordinary panic which we know disbanded the entire Federal army for the time.

This is evident from the fact that Colonel Davies, the immediate adversary's commander, in his official report, was induced to magnify one small company of our cavalry which accompanied the brigade into a force of 2000 men; and Colonel Miles, the commander of the Federal reserves at Centreville, says the movement caused painful apprehensions for the left flank of their army.

General Ewell, occupying for the time the right of the line of Bull Run, at Union Mills Ford, after the miscarriage of my orders for his advance upon Centreville, in the afternoon was ordered by General Johnston to bring up his brigade into battle, then raging on the left flank. Promptly executed as this movement was, the brigade, after a severe march, reached the field too late to share the glories as they had the labors of the day. As the important position at the Union Mills had been left with but a slender guard, General Ewell was at once ordered to retrace his steps and resume his position, to prevent the possibility of its seizure by any force of the enemy in that quarter. Brigadier-General Holmes, left with his brigade as a support to the same position in the original plan of the battle, had also been called to the left, whither he marched with the utmost speed, but not in time to join actively in the battle.

Walker's rifled guns of the brigade, however, came up in time to be fired with precision and decided execution at the retreating enemy, and Scott's cavalry, joining in the pursuit, assisted in the capture of prisoners and war munitions.

The victory, the details of which I have thus sought to chronicle as fully as were fitting an official report, it remains to record, was dearly won by the death of many officers and men of inestimable value, belonging to all grades of our society. In the death of General Bernard E. Bee the Confederacy has sustained an irreparable loss, for, with great personal bravery and coolness, he possessed the qualities of an accomplished soldier and an able, reliable commander. Colonels Bartow and Fisher, and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, of Hampton's Legion, in the fearless command of their men, gave earnest of great usefulness to the service had they been spared to complete a career so brilliantly begun. Besides the field officers already mentioned as having been wounded while in the gallant discharge of their duties, many others also received severe wounds, after equally honorable and distinguished conduct, whether in leading their men forward or in rallying them when overpowered or temporarily shattered by the largely superior force to which we were generally opposed.

The subordinate grades were likewise abundantly conspicuous for zeal and capacity for the leadership of men in arms. To mention all who, fighting well, paid the lavish forfeit of their lives, or at least crippled, mutilated bodies, on the field of Manassas, cannot well be done within the compass of this paper, but a grateful country and mourning friends will not suffer their names and services to be forgotten and pass away unhonored.

Nor are those officers and men who were so fortunate as to escape the thick-flying, deadly missiles of the enemy less worthy of praise for their endurance, firmness and valor than their brothers in arms whose lives closed or bodies were maimed on that memorable day. To mention all who exhibited ability and brilliant courage were impossible in this report; nor do the reports of brigade and other subordinate commanders supply full lists of all actually

deserving of distinction. I can only mention those whose conduct came immediately under my notice, or the consequence of whose actions happened to be signally important. It is fit that I should, in this way, commend to notice the dauntless conduct and imperturbable coolness of Colonel Evans; and well, indeed, was he supported by Colonel Sloan and the officers of the Fourth South Carolina regiment; as also Major Wheat, than whom no one displayed more brilliant courage until carried from the field shot through the lungs, though happily not mortally stricken. But in the desperate, unequal, conflict to which these brave gentlemen were for a time necessarily exposed, the behavior of officers and men generally was worthy of the highest admiration; and assuredly hereafter all there present may proudly say, We were of that band who fought the first hour of the battle of Manassas. Equal honors and credit must also be awarded in the pages of history to the gallant officers and men who, under Bee and Bartow, subsequently marching to *their* side, saved them from destruction, and relieved them from the brunt of the enemy's attack. The conduct of General Jackson also require mention as eminently that of an able, fearless soldier and sagacious commander—one fit to lead his efficient brigade. His prompt, timely arrival before the plateau of the Henry house, and his judicious disposition of his troops, contributed much to the success of the day. Although painfully wounded in the hand, he remained on the field to the end of the battle, rendering invaluable assistance.

Colonel William Smith was as efficient as self-possessed and brave. The influence of his example and his words of encouragement were not confined to his immediate command, the good conduct of which is especially noticeable, inasmuch as it had been embodied but a day or two before the battle.

Colonels Harper, Hunton and Hampton, commanding the reserve, attracted my notice by their soldierly ability, as with their gallant commands they restored the fortunes of the day at a time when the enemy, by a last desperate onset with heavy odds, had driven our forces from the fiercely contested ground around the

Henry and Robinson houses. Veterans could not have behaved better than these well led regiments. High praise must also be given to Colonels Cocke, Early and Elzey, brigade commanders; also to Colonel Kershaw, commanding for the time the Second and Eighth South Carolina regiments. Under the instructions of General Johnston these officers reached the field at an opportune, critical moment, and disposed, handled and fought their respective commands with sagacity, decision and successful results, which have been described in detail.

Colonel J. E. B. Stuart likewise deserves mention for his enterprise and ability as a cavalry commander. Through his judicious reconnoissance of the country on our flank he acquired information, both of topographical features and the positions of the enemy, of the utmost importance in the subsequent and closing movements of the day on that flank, and his services in the pursuit were highly effective.

Captain E. P. Alexander, Confederate States engineers, gave me seasonable and material assistance early in the day with his system of signals. Almost the first shot fired by the enemy passed through the tent of his party at the Stone Bridge, where they subsequently firmly maintained their position in the discharge of their duty—the transmission of messages of the enemy's movements—for several hours under fire. Later Captain Alexander acted as my aid-de-camp in the transmission of orders and in observation of the enemy.

I was efficiently served throughout the day by my volunteer aids, Colonels Preston, Manning, Chestnut, Miles, Rice, Hayward and Chisholm, to whom I tender my thanks for their unflagging, intelligent and fearless discharge of the laborious, responsible duties intrusted to them. To Lieutenant S. W. Ferguson, aid-de-camp, and Colonel Hayward, who were habitually at my side from twelve noon until the close of the battle, my special acknowledgments are due. The horse of the former was killed under him by the same shell that wounded that of the latter. Both were eminently useful to me, and were distinguished for coolness and courage until the enemy gave way and fled in wild disorder in every direction—a scene the President

of the Confederacy had the high satisfaction of witnessing, as he arrived on the field at that exultant moment.

I also received, from the time I reached the front, such signal service from H. E. Peyton, at the time a private in the Loudoun Cavalry, that I have called him to my personal staff. Similar services were also rendered me repeatedly during the battle by T. J. Randolph, a volunteer acting aid-de-camp to Colonel Cocke. Captain Clifton H. Smith, of the general staff, was also present on the field, and rendered efficient service in the transmission of orders.

It must be permitted me here to record my profound sense of my obligations to General Johnston for his generous permission, to carry out my plans with such modifications as circumstances had required. From his services on the field as we entered it together, already mentioned, and his subsequent watchful management of the reinforcements as they reached the vicinity of the field, our countrymen may draw the most auspicious auguries.

To Colonel Thomas Jordan, my efficient and zealous assistant adjutant-general, much credit is due for the intelligence and promptness with which he discharged all the laborious and important duties of his office.

Valuable assistance was given me by Major Cabell, chief officer of the quartermaster's department, in the sphere of his duties—duties environed by far more than the ordinary difficulties and embarrassments attending the operations of a long-organized regular establishment.

Captain R. B. Lee, chief of subsistence department, had just entered upon his duties, but his experience and long and varied services in his department made him as efficient as possible.

Captain W. H. Fowle, whom Colonel Lee had relieved, had previously exerted himself to the utmost to carry out orders from these headquarters to render his department equal to the demands of the service. That it was not entirely so it is due to justice to say was certainly not his fault.

Deprived by sudden severe illness of the medical director, Surgeon Thomas H. Williams, his duties were discharged by Surgeon

R. L. Brodie to my entire satisfaction; and it is proper to say that the entire medical corps of the army at present, embracing gentlemen of distinction in the profession, who had quit lucrative practice, by their services in the field and subsequently, did honor to their profession.

The vital duties of the ordnance department were effectively discharged under the administration of my chief of artillery and ordnance, Colonel S. Jones.

At one time, when reports of evil omen and disaster reached Camp Pickens, with such circumstantiality as to give reasonable grounds of anxiety, its commander, Colonel Terrett, the commander of the intrenched batteries, Captain Sterrett, of the Confederate States Navy, and their officers, made the most efficient possible preparations for the desperate defence of that position in extremity; and in this connection I regret my inability to mention the names of those patriotic gentlemen of Virginia by the gratuitous labor of whose slaves the intrenched camp at Manassas had been mainly constructed, relieving the troops from that laborious service, and giving opportunity for their military instruction.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Williamson, the engineer of these works, assisted by Captain D. B. Harris, discharged his duties with untiring energy and devotion as well as satisfactory skill.

Captain W. H. Stevens, Engineer Confederate States Army, served with the advanced forces at Fairfax Courthouse for some time before the battle. He laid out the works there in admirable accordance with the purposes for which they were designed, and yet so as to admit of ultimate extension and adaptation to more serious uses as means and part of a system of real defence when determined upon. He has shown himself to be an officer of energy and ability.

Major Thomas G. Rhett, after having discharged for several months the laborious duties of adjutant-general to the commanding officer of Camp Pickens, was detached to join the Army of the Shenandoah just on the eve of the advance of the enemy, but volunteering his services, was ordered to assist on the staff of

General Bonham, joining that officer at Centreville on the night of the 17th, before the battle of Bull Run, where he rendered valuable services until the arrival of General Johnston, on the 20th of July, when he was called to the place of chief of staff of that officer. It is also proper to acknowledge the signal services rendered by Colonels B. F. Terry and F. Lubbock, Texas, who had attached themselves to the staff of General Longstreet. These gentlemen made daring and valuable reconnoissances of the enemy's positions, assisted by Captains Goree and Chichester; they also carried orders to the field, and on the following day accompanied Captain Whitehead's troop to take possession of Fairfax Courthouse. Colonel Terry, with his unerring rifle, severed the halyard, and thus lowered the Federal flag found still floating from the cupola of the courthouse there. He also secured a large Federal garrison flag, designed, it is said, to be unfurled over our intrenchments at Manassas.

In connection with the unfortunate casualty of the day—that is, the miscarriage of the orders sent by courier to Generals Holmes and Ewell to attack the enemy in the flank and reverse at Centreville, through which the triumph of our arms was prevented from being still more decisive, I regard it in place to say a divisional organization, with officers in command of divisions, with appropriate rank, as in European service, would greatly reduce the risk of such mishaps, and would advantageously simplify the communications of a general in command of a field with his troops. While glorious for our people, and of crushing effect upon the morale of our hitherto confident and overwhelming adversary, as were the events of the battle of Manassas, the field was only won by stout fighting, and, as before reported, with much loss, as is precisely exhibited in the papers herewith, and being lists of the killed and wounded. The killed outright numbered 369, and wounded, 1483, making in aggregate, 1852.

The actual loss of the enemy will never be known, it may now only be conjectured. Their abandoned dead, as they were buried by our people where they fell, unfortunately were not enumerated, but many parts of the field were thick with their corpses as

but few battlefields have ever been. The official reports of the enemy are studiously silent on this point, but still afford us data for an approximate estimate. Left almost in the dark in respect to the losses of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions, first, longest and most hotly engaged, we are informed that Sherman's brigade, Tyler's division, suffered in killed, wounded and missing 609, that is about 18 per cent of the brigade. A regiment of Franklin's brigade (Gorman's) lost twenty-one per cent; Griffin's (battery) loss was 30 per cent; and that of Keyes's brigade, which was so handled by its commander as to be exposed only to occasional volleys from our troops, was at least 10 per cent. To these facts add the repeated references in the reports of the more reticent commanders to the "murderous" fire to which they were habitually exposed, the "pistol range" volleys and galling musketry of which they speak as scourging their ranks, and we are warranted in placing the entire loss of the Federalists at 4500 in killed, wounded and prisoners. To this may be legitimately added as a casualty of the battle the thousands of fugitives from the field who have never rejoined their regiments, and who are as much lost to the enemy's service as if slain or disabled by wounds. These may not be included under the head of missing, because in every instance of such report we took as many prisoners of those brigades or regiments as are reported missing.

A list appended exhibits some 1460 of their wounded and others who fell into our hands and were sent to Richmond, namely, three colonels, one major, thirteen captains, thirty-six lieutenants, two quartermasters, five surgeons, seven assistant-surgeons, two chaplains, fifteen citizens and 1376 enlisted men. Some were sent to other points, so that the number of prisoners, including wounded who did not die, may be set down as not less than 1600. Besides these a considerable number, who could not be removed from the field, died at several farm houses and field hospitals within ten days following the battle.

To serve the future historian of this war, I will note the fact that among the captured Federalists are officers and men of forty-

seven regiments of volunteers, besides from some nine different regiments of regular troops, detachments of which were engaged. From their official reports we learn of a regiment of volunteers engaged, six regiments of Miles's division and five regiments of Runyon's brigade, from which we have neither sound nor wounded prisoners. Making all allowances for mistakes, we are warranted in saying that the Federal army consisted of at least fifty-five regiments of volunteers, eight companies of regular infantry, four

STONEWALL CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER, VA.

of marines, nine of regular cavalry and twelve batteries of forty-nine guns. These regiments at one time, as will appear from a published list appended marked K, numbered in the aggregate 54,140, and average 964 each. From an order of the enemy's commander, however, dated July 18, we learn that 100 men from each regiment were directed to remain in charge of their respective camps.

Some allowance must further be made for the sick and details, which would reduce the average to 800 men. Adding

the regular cavalry, infantry and artillery present, an estimate of their force might be made. *

A paper appended, marked L, exhibits in part the ordnance and supplies captured, including some twenty-eight field pieces of the best character of arm, with over 100 rounds of ammunition for each gun; thirty-seven caissons, six forges, four battery wagons, sixty-four artillery horses completely equipped, 500,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, 4500 sets of accoutrements, over 500 muskets, some nine regimental and garrison flags, with a large number of pistols, knapsacks, swords, canteens, blankets, a large store of axes and intrenching tools, wagons, ambulances, horses, camp and garrison equipage, hospital stores and some subsistence. Added to these results may rightly be noticed here that by this battle an invading army, superbly equipped, within twenty miles of their base of operations, has been converted into one virtually besieged and exclusively occupied for months in the construction of a stupendous series of fortifications for the protection of its own capital.

I beg to call attention to the reports of the several subordinate commanders for reference to the signal parts played by individuals of their respective commands. Contradictory statements found in these reports should not excite surprise when we remember how difficult, if not impossible, it is to reconcile the narrations of bystanders, or participants, in even the most inconsiderable affair, much less the shifting, thrilling scenes of a battlefield.

Accompanying are maps showing the positions of the armies on the morning of July 21, and of three several stages of the battle; also of the line of Bull Run north of Blackburn's Ford. These maps, from actual surveys made by Captain D. B. Harris, assisted by Mr. John Grant, were drawn by the latter with a rare accuracy worthy of high commendation.†

In conclusion, it is proper, and doubtless expected, that through this report my countrymen should be made acquainted with some

* See strength of Union army, July 21, 1861, as reported by Confederate authority, in the July number of Confederate War Journal.

† Summarized in the casualties of the Army of the Potomac, July 21, 1861, in this number of Confederate War Journal.

of the sufficient causes that prevented the advance of our forces and prolonged vigorous pursuit of the enemy to and beyond the Potomac. The War Department has been fully advised long since of all those causes, some of which are only proper to be here communicated. An army which had fought as ours on that day, against uncommon odds, under a July sun, most of the time without water and without food, except a hastily snatched, scanty meal at dawn, was not in condition for the toil of an eager, effective pursuit of an enemy immediately after the battle.

On the following day an unusually heavy, unintermitting fall of rain intervened to obstruct our advance with reasonable prospect of fruitful results. Added to this the want of a cavalry force of sufficient numbers made an efficient pursuit a military impossibility.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

General S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.

THE SEVEN DAYS BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND, VA.

The Battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill (Cold Harbor), White Oak Swamp, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, etc., as Described by General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Commanding Second Corps.

HEADQUARTERS OF SECOND CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, February 20, 1862.

GENERAL:—I have the honor herewith to submit to you a report of the operations of my corps in the battle of Cold Harbor and other engagements before Richmond.

On June 17th last, leaving the cavalry and Chew's battery under Brigadier-General Robertson near Harrisonburg, Whiting's division, then near Staunton, and Ewell's and Jackson's, near Weyer's Cave, Augusta County, Va., moved toward Richmond. Lawton's brigade, subsequently of Jackson's division, being part at Staunton and part near Weyer's Cave, moved with the troops nearest their positions. Subsequently Colonel Munford, with his cavalry, marched in the same direction.

On June 25th we reached the vicinity of Ashland, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, about twelve miles from Richmond.

The division of Brigadier-General Whiting embraced the Texas brigade, General Hood, and the Third brigade, Colonel Law commanding, with the batteries of Reilly and Balthis.

The division of Major-General Ewell, the Fourth brigade, General A. Elzey; the Seventh brigade, General Trimble; the Eighth brigade, Colonel I. G. Seymour, and the Maryland line. Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, with the batteries of Brockenbrough, Carrington and Courtney.

Jackson's division, the First brigade, General Charles S. Winder; the Second brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Cun-

ningham commanding; the Third brigade, Colonel S. V. Fulkerson commanding and the Fourth brigade, General A. R. Lawton, with the batteries of Poague, Carpenter and Wooding.

On the morning of the 26th, in pursuance of instructions from the commanding general, I took up the line of march for Cold Harbor, Whiting's division in front.

Pursuing the Ashcake Road, we crossed the Central Railroad about 10 a. m. Approaching the Totopotomoy Creek, the Federal pickets crossed to the south side of the stream and partially destroyed the bridge, and, by felling trees across the road farther on, attempted to delay our advance. After the Texas skirmishers had gallantly crossed over, and Reilly shelled the woods for the purpose of driving the enemy from it, in order that we might safely effect a lodgment beyond the creek, Whiting rapidly repaired the bridge and the march was resumed.

That night the three divisions bivouacked near Hundley's Corner. While there some skirmishing took place with detachments of the enemy, in which Brockenbrough's battery, the First Maryland, Thirteenth Virginia and Sixth Louisiana regiments participated.

We were now approaching the ground occupied by that portion of the grand army of McClellan which was posted north of the Chickahominy. His right was then resting upon Mechanicsville, from which point his lines extended some miles down the river. As our route that day inclined toward the south, and brought us in the direction, but to the left, of Mechanicsville, we distinctly heard the rapid and continued discharges of cannon, announcing the engagement of General A. P. Hill with the extreme right of the enemy.

Early the next morning (27th) the three divisions resumed the march, General Ewell in the lead. After crossing Beaver Dam we halted to dislodge a force of the enemy observed on our right near the intersection of the road then occupied by us with the road leading from Mechanicsville to Bethesda Church. But the Federals observing the division of General D. H. Hill, then coming into

view, and which was advancing from Mechanicsville toward the point of intersection, and at the same time seeing General Ewell moving down from my command, they promptly abandoned their position and fell back. The enemy seen by us, as before stated, on our right, having fallen back, and the road being open for pressing farther along his rear, the march was resumed toward Walnut Grove Church, where I again halted until General A. P. Hill came up. Continuing to carry out the plan of the commanding general, I inclined to the left and advanced on Cold Harbor, while General A. P. Hill moved toward the same point by a different road to the right. The enemy having obstructed the road which I had taken, and adopted the additional precaution to delay my march by defending the obstructions with sharpshooters, it became necessary for the purpose of saving time, to take a road still farther to the left. The time consumed in this delay threw me in rear of General D. H. Hill, who had moved by Bethesda Church. Upon reaching and passing Cold Harbor about half a mile his division was opened upon by a heavy fire from a position on his right, and also from artillery in his front.

Soon after General A. P. Hill became engaged, and being unacquainted with the ground, and apprehensive, what appeared to me to be the respective positions of the Confederate and Federal forces engaged, that if I then pressed forward our troops would be mistaken for the enemy and be fired into, and hoping that Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet would soon drive the Federals toward me, I directed General D. H. Hill to move his division to the left of the road, so as to leave between him and the wood on the right of the road an open space across which I hoped the enemy would be driven. Thus arranged, it was in our power to distinguish friend from foe in case the enemy should be driven as expected. Major-General Stuart, who had been covering my left with his cavalry, was also posted so as to charge should the Federals attempt to retreat to the Pamunkey by Cold Harbor; but it soon becoming apparent, from the direction and sound of the firing, that General A. P. Hill was hard pressed, I ordered a general

advance of my entire corps, which commenced with General D. H. Hill upon the left, and extending to the right through Ewell's, Jackson and Whiting's divisions, posted from left to right in the order named.

The Federal commander had withdrawn his troops from their positions west of the Powhite, a small tributary of the Chickahominy, and had concentrated them in strong positions near Cold Harbor and east of that creek. The ground which had been selected to receive our attack had natural advantages for defence and was strengthened by artificial works. His forces were posted upon an elevated ridge running nearly parallel with the Chickahominy, his right resting near McGehee's house, and his left upon an abrupt bluff, surmounted by artillery and protected by a deep ravine and a double line of breastworks for infantry. This position on the ridge was further favored on his right by points still more elevated rising in his rear, well adapted for batteries, from which a destructive fire could be maintained against an advancing line over the heads of his own infantry. In his front was a wood of deep and tangled undergrowth, through which a sluggish stream passed, converting into swamp or marsh the adjacent soil. This natural obstruction was further increased by felled timber designed to retard the advance of our troops and to keep them as long as possible exposed to fire.

In advancing to the attack General D. H. Hill had to cross this swamp, densely covered with tangled undergrowth and young timber. This caused some confusion and a separation of regiments. On the farther edge of the swamp he encountered the enemy. The conflict was fierce and bloody. The Federals fell back from the wood under the protection of a fence, ditch and hill. Separated now from them by an open field some four hundred yards wide, he promptly determined to press forward. Before doing so, however, it was necessary to capture a battery on his left which could enfilade his line upon its advance. To effect this he sent two regiments of Elzey's brigade, which had become separated from their command, to go in rear of the battery, and ordered Colonel

(Alfred) Iverson, with the Twentieth North Carolina and the First and Third North Carolina regiments, to make the attack in front. The order was promptly and gallantly obeyed and carried into execution by Colonel Iverson with the Twentieth North Carolina. He was severely wounded in the advance. The battery was captured with severe loss and held for a short time—sufficiently long, however, to enable the division to move on free from its terrific fire, when it was retaken by the enemy. Again pressing forward, the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for a more obstinate defence, when at dark—under the pressure of our batteries, which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of the other occurring events of the field, and of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry, in which the troops of General C. S. Winder joined—the enemy yielded the field and fled in disorder.

In the meantime General Ewell, on General D. H. Hill's right, had moved the Fourth brigade, General Elzey, to the left of the road passing from Gaines's house to McGehee's and a portion of the Seventh, General Trimble, and the Eighth brigade into the wood on the right of that road. Having crossed the swamp and commenced the ascent of the hill, his division became warmly engaged with the enemy.

For two hours, assailed in front and flank by superior numbers, without reinforcements, Colonel Seymour, then commanding, having fallen, the Eighth brigade was drawn from the field, but the line was still held by a portion of General Trimble's. The Fifth Texas and a part of the Hampton Legion now came to his support, and rendered important service in holding the enemy in check until the arrival of General Lawton, of Jackson's division, enabled him to assume the offensive. Lawton, after aiding in clearing the front, wheeled a part of his brigade to the right, attacked the enemy in flank, and opened the way for the remainder of Trimble's brigade, which advanced to the field beyond the woods. General Ewell's troops having now exhausted their own ammunition, and, in many cases, such as they could gather from the dead and wounded, and having

been engaged for more than four hours, the most of them withdrew from the field about dusk.

The four brigades of Jackson's division did not act together during the engagement, but were called to separate fields of service. In pursuance of the order to charge the enemy's front the First Virginia brigade, commanded by General C. S. Winder, moved forward through the swamp; upon emerging into the open field, its ranks, broken by the obstacles encountered, were re-formed. Meeting at that point with the Hampton Legion, First Maryland, Twelfth Alabama, Fifty-second Virginia and Thirty-eighth Georgia, they were formed upon his line. Thus formed, they moved forward under the lead of that gallant officer, whose conduct here was marked by the coolness and courage which distinguished him on the battlefields of the Valley. The enemy met this advance with spirit and firmness. His well-directed artillery and heavy musketry played with destructive effect upon our advancing line. Nothing daunted by the fall of officers and men, thinning their ranks at every step, these brave men moved steadily forward, driving the enemy from point to point, until he was finally driven from his last position, some three hundred yards beyond McGehee's house, when night prevented further pursuit. In the charge near McGehee's house, Colonel (J. W.) Allen, of the Second Virginia Infantry, fell at the head of his regiment. Five guns, numerous small arms, and many prisoners were among the fruits of this rapid and resistless advance. General Reynolds and an officer of his staff, who lingered on this side of the river after the Federal troops had crossed over, were among the number of prisoners.

The Second brigade, by request of General Wilcox, was removed to a point of woods about half a mile from the river. When it reached there the enemy had already been repulsed at that point by a flank movement of Brigadier-General R. H. Anderson.

The Third brigade was sent to support General Whiting's attack upon the enemy's left, but reached there only in time to witness the evidences of a bloody triumph and the guns of the enemy in possession of the gallant Texas brigade. Colonel S. V.

Fulkerson, commanding the brigade, fell mortally wounded shortly after his arrival on the spot. General Lawton, of the Fourth brigade, after having rendered timely and important support, before described, to General Ewell's command, pressed to the brow of the hill, driving the enemy before him, and co-operating in that general charge late in the evening that closed the labors of the day.

On my extreme right General Whiting advanced his division through the same dense forest and swamp, emerging from the wood into the field near the public road and at the head of the deep ravine which covered the enemy's left. Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of a mile into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unfaltering step in the faces of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, while exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position.

In this charge, in which upward of 1000 men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defences by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance.

Apprehensive, from their superior numbers and sullen obstinacy, that the enemy might again rally, General Whiting called upon General Longstreet for reinforcements. He promptly sent forward General R. H. Anderson's brigade, which came in gallant style to his support, and the enemy was driven to the lower part

of the plateau. The shouts of triumph which rose from our brave men as they, unaided by artillery, had stormed this citadel of their strength, were promptly carried from line to line, and the triumphant issue of this assault, with the well-directed fire of the batteries and successful charges of Hill and Winder upon the enemy's right, determined the fortunes of the day. The Federals, routed at every point and aided by the darkness of the night, escaped across the Chickahominy.

During the earlier part of the action the artillery could not be effectively used. At an advanced stage of it Major John Pelham, of Stuart's Horse Artillery, bravely dashed forward and opened on the Federal batteries posted on the left of our infantry. Reinforced by the guns of Brockenbrough, Carrington and Courtney, of my command, our artillery numbered about thirty pieces. Their fire was well directed and effective, and contributed to the successful issue of the engagement.

On the following day, the 28th, General Ewell, preceded by a cavalry force, advanced down the north side of the Chickahominy to Dispatch Station and destroyed a portion of the railroad track.

On the 29th he moved his division to the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge, to prevent the enemy crossing at that point, but on the following day was ordered to return to co-operate with the movements of the corps.

The 28th and 29th were occupied in disposing of the dead and wounded and repairing Grapevine Bridge, over the Chickahominy, which McClellan's forces had used in their retreat and destroyed in their rear. During the night of the 29th we commenced crossing the Chickahominy, and on the following morning arrived at Savage Station, on the Richmond and York River Railroad, where a summer hospital, remarkable for the extent and convenience of its accommodations, fell into our possession. In it were about 2500 sick and wounded, besides some 500 persons having charge of the patients.

Many other evidences of the hurried and disordered flight of the enemy were now visible—blankets, clothing and other supplies

had been recklessly abandoned. D. H. Hill, who had the advance, gathered up probably 1000 stragglers and so many small arms that it became necessary to detach two regiments to take charge of them and see to the security of the prisoners.

About noon we reached White Oak Swamp, and here the enemy made a determined effort to retard our advance and thereby to prevent an immediate junction between General Longstreet and myself. We found the bridge destroyed and the ordinary place of crossing commanded by their batteries on the opposite side, and all approach to it barred by detachments of sharpshooters, concealed in a dense wood near by.

A battery of twenty-eight guns from Hill's and Whiting's artillery was placed by Colonel S. Crutchfield in a favorable position for driving off or silencing the opposing artillery. About 2 p. m. it opened suddenly upon the enemy. He fired a few shots in reply, then withdrew from that position, abandoning part of his artillery. Captain Wooding was immediately ordered near the bridge to shell the sharpshooters from the woods, which was accomplished, and Munford's cavalry crossed the creek, but was soon compelled to retire. It was now seen that the enemy occupied such a position beyond a thick intervening wood on the right of the road as enabled him to command the crossing.

Captain Wooding's battery was consequently recalled and our batteries turned in the new direction. The fire so opened on both sides was kept up until dark. We bivouacked that night near the swamp.

A heavy cannonading in front announced the engagement of General Longstreet at Frazier's farm, and made me eager to press forward; but the marshy character of the soil, the destruction of the bridge over the marsh and creek, and the strong position of the enemy for defending the passage, prevented my advancing until the following morning. During the night the Federals retired. The bridge was rapidly repaired by Whiting's division, which soon after crossed over and continued the pursuit, in which it was followed by the remainder of my corps.

At White Oak we captured a portion of the enemy's artillery, and also found another hospital with about 350 sick and wounded, which fell into our hands.

Upon reaching Frazier's farm I found General Longstreet's advance near the road. The commanding general soon after arrived, and in pursuance of his instructions I continued to press forward. The head of my advancing column was soon fired upon by the enemy, who nevertheless continued to fall back until he reached Malvern Hill, which strong position he held in force. General Whiting was directed to move to the left and take position on the Poindexter farm; General D. H. Hill to take position farther to the right; Taylor's brigade, of General Ewell's division, to move forward between the divisions of Hill and Whiting; the remainder of Ewell's division to remain in rear of the first line. Jackson's division was halted near Willie's Church, in the wood, and held in reserve.

General D. H. Hill pursued the route indicated, crossing an open field and creek. His troops were then brought in full range of the enemy's artillery and suffered severely. Brigadier-General Anderson was wounded and carried from the field. The division was halted under cover of a wood, which afforded an opportunity for a particular examination of the ground in front. The enemy in large force were found strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which in the direction of my position could be swept by his artillery, and were guarded by infantry. The nearest batteries could only be approached by traversing an open space of 300 or 400 yards, exposed to the murderous fire of artillery and infantry.

The commanding general had issued an order that at a given signal there should be a general advance of the whole line. General D. H. Hill, hearing what he believed to be the signal, with great gallantry pressed forward and engaged the enemy. Not supported by a general advance, as he had anticipated, he soon saw that it was impossible without a support to sustain himself long against such overwhelming numbers. He accordingly sent to

me for reinforcements. I ordered that portion of General Ewell's division held in reserve and Jackson's division to his relief; but from the darkness of the night and the obstructions caused by the swamp and undergrowth, through which they had to march, none reached in time to afford him the desired support.

General Hill, after suffering a heavy loss and inflicting a severe one upon the enemy, withdrew from the open field. In the meantime the reinforcements ordered—after struggling with the difficulties of their route, and exposed to the shelling of the enemy, which was continued until about 10 p. m.—came up too late to participate in the engagement that evening.

On my left General Whiting moved his division, as directed, to a field on the Poindexter farm. Batteries were ordered up. The position of the enemy, as already shown, naturally commanding, was materially strengthened by the judicious distribution of his artillery. The first battery placed in position, finding itself exposed to the superior cross fire of the enemy, was compelled to retire with loss. Bathis's, Poague's and Carpenter's batteries held their positions and fought well. The position occupied by the artillery rendering infantry support necessary, Whiting formed his line accordingly, and, supported by Trimble's brigade on his left and by the Third brigade of Jackson's division as a reserve, was directed to remain there until further orders. Some of these batteries were well served, and effectually drove back at one time an advance of the enemy upon my centre.

Toward night Whiting received orders to send General Trimble's brigade to the support of General D. H. Hill, on the right, which order was promptly executed, but the brigade did not reach its destination until after Hill had withdrawn his division to the woods.

Our troops slept in front of the Federal army during the night expecting a renewal of the action; but early the next morning the enemy had withdrawn from the field, abandoning his dead and leaving behind him some artillery and a number of small arms.

I herewith forward to you official reports of the casualties of this corps, from which it will be seen, as far as I have been able to ascertain, that in the battle of Cold Harbor, on June 27th, there were 589 killed, 2671 wounded and 24 missing; and in the engagement at Malvern Hill, on July 1st, 377 killed, 1746 wounded and 39 missing.

I regret that I have not before me the data by which to ascertain with absolute precision the losses sustained respectively at Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, or of distinguishing throughout the entire corps the number of officers killed and wounded from the enlisted men. But Brigadier-Generals Garland and Anderson, both since killed, having omitted in their reports to state the separate losses of their brigades in those two actions, and Brigadier-Generals Rodes, Colquitt and Ripley having omitted to classify their losses as between officers and men, I have, so far as it relates to the two first-named brigades, apportioned the aggregate of the reported losses between Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill according to a probable estimate of the fact, and omitted any statements of the loss of officers as distinguished from men in that division.

In the three remaining divisions—Ewell's, Whiting's and Jackson's—the returns show a loss at Cold Harbor of 30 officers killed and 99 wounded; of enlisted men, 305 killed and 1420 wounded; and at Malvern Hill, 3 officers killed and 19 wounded; of enlisted men, 38 killed and 354 wounded. The principal loss sustained by my command at Malvern Hill fell upon the division of Major-General D. H. Hill.

On July 2d, by order of the commanding general, my corps, with the exception of Major-General D. H. Hill's division, which remained near Malvern Hill, was moved in the direction of Harrison's Landing, to which point the Federals had retreated, under the shelter of their gunboats in the James River. On the morning of the 3d my command arrived near the landing, and drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and continued in front of the enemy until the 8th, when I was directed to withdraw my troops and march to the vicinity of Richmond.

The conduct of officers and men was worthy of the great cause for which they were contending.

The wounded received the special attention of my medical director, Dr. Hunter McGuire.

For the efficiency with which the members of my staff discharged their duties, I take pleasure in mentioning Colonel S. Crutchfield, chief of artillery; Colonel A. Smead, inspector-general; Major R. T. Dabney and Captain A. S. Pendleton, assistant adjutant-generals; Captain J. K. Boswell, chief engineer, and Lieutenant H. K. Douglass, assistant inspector-general. Colonels A. R. Boteler and William T. Jackson, volunteer aids, and Major Jasper S. Whiting, assistant adjutant-general, who were temporarily on my staff, rendered valuable service. The ordnance department received the special attention of Major G. H. Bier. The quartermasters and commissary departments were well managed by their respective chiefs, Majors J. A. Harman and W. J. Hawks.

Undying gratitude is due to God for this great victory, by which despondency increased in the North, hope brightened in the South, and the Capital of Virginia, and of the Confederacy was saved.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, Major-General.

BRIGADIER GENERAL R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General.

—*Confederate War Journal, May, 1894.*

[*Confederate War Journal*, May, 1894.]

Organization of the Confederate Forces during the Engagements around Richmond, Va.*

JACKSON'S CORPS.
Major-General Thomas J. Jackson.

WHITING'S DIVISION.
Brigadier-General William H. C. Whiting.

* Compiled from the reports.

First (or Texas) Brigade.

Brigadier-General John B. Hood.

Eighteenth Georgia, First Texas, Fourth Texas, Fifth Texas, Hampton Legion.

Third Brigade.

Colonel E. M. Law.

Fourth Alabama, Second Mississippi, Eleventh Mississippi, Sixth North Carolina.

Artillery.

Balthis's Battery, Staunton (Va.) Artillery, Reilly's Battery, Rowan (N. C.) Artillery.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.

*First Brigade.**

Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder.

Second Virginia, Fourth Virginia, Fifth Virginia, Twenty-seventh Virginia, Thirty-third Virginia, Carpenter's (Va.) Battery, Poague's Battery, Rockbridge (Va.) Artillery.

*Second Brigade.**

Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Cunningham, Jr.; Brigadier-General J. R. Jones.

Twenty-first Virginia, Forty-second Virginia, Forty-eighth Virginia, First Virginia Battalion (Irish), Caskie's Battery, Hampden (Va.) Artillery.

*Third Brigade.**

Colonel S. V. Fulkerson, Colonel E. T. H. Warren, Brigadier-General Wade Hampton.

Tenth Virginia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-seventh Virginia, Wooding's Battery, Danville (Va.) Artillery.

*Fourth Brigade.**

Brigadier-General A. R. Lawton.

Thirteenth Georgia, Twenty-sixth Georgia, Thirty-first Georgia, Thirty-eighth Georgia, Sixtieth Georgia (or Fourth Battalion), Sixty-first Georgia.

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Major-General Richard S. Ewell.

*Fourth Brigade.**

Brigadier-General Arnold Elzey, Colonel James A. Walker, Brigadier-General Jubal A. Early.

Twelfth Georgia, Thirteenth Virginia, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Forty-fourth Virginia, Fifty-second Virginia, Fifty-eighth Virginia.

* These brigades are numbered as of the Valley District.

*Seventh Brigade.**

Brigadier-General I. R. Trimble.

Fifteenth Alabama, Twenty-first Georgia, Sixteenth Mississippi, Twenty-first North Carolina, First North Carolina Battalion, Courtney's (Va.) Battery.

*Eighth Brigade.**

Brigadier-General Richard Taylor, Colonel I. G. Seymour, Colonel L. A. Stafford.

Sixth Louisiana, Seventh Louisiana, Eighth Louisiana, Ninth Louisiana, First Louisiana Special Battalion, Carrington's Battery, Charlottesville (Va.) Artillery.

Maryland Line.

Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.

First Maryland, Brockenbrough's Battery, Baltimore (Md.) Artillery.

HILL'S DIVISION.†

Major-General Daniel H. Hill.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General R. E. Rodes.

Third Alabama, Fifth Alabama, Sixth Alabama, Twelfth Alabama, Twenty-sixth Alabama.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General George B. Anderson.

Second North Carolina, Fourth North Carolina, Fourteenth North Carolina, Thirtieth North Carolina.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General Samuel Garland.

Fifth North Carolina, Twelfth North Carolina, Thirteenth North Carolina, Twentieth North Carolina, Twenty-third North Carolina.

Fourth Brigade.

Colonel A. H. Colquitt.

Thirteenth Alabama, Sixth Georgia, Twenty-third Georgia, Twenty-seventh Georgia, Twenty-eighth Georgia.

Fifth Brigade.

Brigadier-General Roswell S. Ripley.

Forty-fourth Georgia, Forty-eighth Georgia, First North Carolina, Third North Carolina.

* These brigades are numbered as of the Valley District.

† Temporarily attached to Jackson's command.

*Artillery.**

Bondurant's Battery, Jeff. Davis (Ala.) Artillery, Carter's Battery, King William (Va.) Artillery, Clark's (Va.) Battery, Hardaway's (Ala.) Battery, Nelson's Battery, Hanover (Va.) Artillery, Peyton's Battery, Orange (Va.) Artillery, Rhett's (S. C.) Battery.

MAGRUDER'S CORPS.

Major-General John B. Magruder.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General David R. Jones.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General Robert Toombs.

Second Georgia, Fifteenth Georgia, Seventeenth Georgia, Twentieth Georgia.

Third Brigade.

Colonel George T. Anderson.

First Georgia (regulars), Seventh Georgia, Eighth Georgia, Ninth Georgia, Eleventh Georgia.

Artillery.

Major John J. Garnett.

Brown's Battery, Wise (Va.) Artillery, Hart's Battery, Washington (S. C.) Artillery, Lane's (Ga.) Battery,† Moody's (La.) Battery, Woolfolk's Battery, Ashland (Va.) Artillery.‡

McLAWS' DIVISION.

Major-General Lafayette McLaws.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General Paul J. Semmes.

Tenth Georgia, Fifty-third Georgia, Fifth Louisiana, Tenth Louisiana, Fifteenth Virginia, Thirty-second Virginia, Manly's (N. C.) Battery.

Fourth Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Second South Carolina, Third South Carolina, Seventh South Carolina, Eighth South Carolina, Kemper's Battery, Alexandria (Va.) Artillery.

* Bondurant's, Carter's, Hardaway's and Nelson's batteries belonged to the division. Those of Clark, Peyton and Rhett (Jones's battalion) were temporarily assigned.

† Of Cutt's battalion, temporarily attached.

‡ Of Richardson's battalion.

MAGRUDER'S DIVISION.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General Howell Cobb.

Sixteenth Georgia, Twenty-fourth Georgia, Cobb (Ga.) Legion, Second Louisiana, Fifteenth North Carolina, Troup (Ga.) Artillery.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General R. Griffith, Colonel Wm. Barksdale.

Thirteenth Mississippi, Seventeenth Mississippi, Eighteenth Mississippi, Twenty-first Mississippi, McCarthy's (Va.) Battery.

Artillery.

Colonel S. D. Lee.

Kirkpatrick's Battery,‡ Amherst (Va.) Artillery, Page's Battery, Magruder (Va.) Artillery, Read's Battery, Pulaski (Ga.) Artillery, Richardson's Battery.

LONGSTREET'S DIVISION.

Major-General James Longstreet.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General James L. Kemper.

First Virginia, Seventh Virginia, Eleventh Virginia, Seventeenth Virginia, Twenty-fourth Virginia, Roger's (Va.) Battery.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General R. H. Anderson, Colonel M. Jenkins.

Second South Carolina Rifles, Fourth South Carolina, Fifth South Carolina, Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General George E. Pickett, Colonel Eppa Hunton, Colonel J. B. Strange.

Eighth Virginia, Eighteenth Virginia, Nineteenth Virginia, Twenty-eighth Virginia, Fifty-sixth Virginia.

Fourth Brigade.

Brigadier-General Cadmus M. Wilcox.

Eighth Alabama, Ninth Alabama, Tenth Alabama, Eleventh Alabama, Anderson's Battery, Thomas (Va.) Artillery.

‡ Of Nelson's battalion, temporarily attached.

Fifth Brigade.

Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor.

Fourteenth Alabama, Second Florida, Fourteenth Louisiana, First Louisiana Battalion, Third Virginia, Maurin's Battery, Donaldsonville (La.) Artillery.

Sixth Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. S. Featherston.

Twelfth Mississippi, Nineteenth Mississippi, Second Mississippi, Battalion Smith's Battery, Third Richmond Howitzers.

Artillery.

Washington (La.) Battalion.

HUGER'S DIVISION.*

Major-General Benjamin Huger.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General William Mahone.

Sixth Virginia, Twelfth Virginia, Sixteenth Virginia, Forty-first Virginia, Forty-ninth Virginia, Grime's (Va.) Battery, Moorman's (Va.) Battery.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. R. Wright.

Forty-fourth Alabama, Third Georgia, Fourth Georgia, Twenty-second Georgia, First Louisiana, Huger's (Va.) Battery, Ross's (Ga.) Battery.†

Fourth Brigade.

Brigadier-General Lewis A. Armistead.

Ninth Virginia, Fourteenth Virginia, Thirty-eighth Virginia, Fifty-third Virginia, Fifty-seventh Virginia, Fifth Virginia Battalion, Stribling's Battery, Fauquier (Va.) Artillery, Turner's (Va.) Battery.

HILL'S (LIGHT) DIVISION.

Major-General Ambrose P. Hill.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General Charles W. Field.

Fortieth Virginia, Forty-seventh Virginia, Fifty-fifth Virginia, Sixtieth Virginia.

* Ransom's and Walker's brigades, of the Department of North Carolina, were temporarily attached to Huger's division.

† Of Cutt's battalion, temporarily attached.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General Maxcy Gregg.

First South Carolina, First South Carolina Rifles, Twelfth South Carolina, Thirteenth South Carolina, Fourteenth South Carolina.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General Joseph R. Anderson, Colonel Edward L. Thomas.

Fourteenth Georgia, Thirty-fifth Georgia, Forty-fifth Georgia, Forty-ninth Georgia, Third Louisiana Battalion.

Fourth Brigade.

Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch.

Seventh North Carolina, Eighteenth North Carolina, Twenty-eighth North Carolina, Thirty-third North Carolina, Thirty-seventh North Carolina.

Fifth Brigade.

Brigadier-General James J. Archer.

Fifth Alabama Battalion, Nineteenth Georgia, First Tennessee, Seventh Tennessee, Fourteenth Tennessee.

Sixth Brigade.

Brigadier-General William D. Pender.

Second Arkansas Battalion, Sixteenth North Carolina, Twenty-second North Carolina, Thirty-fourth North Carolina, Thirty-eighth North Carolina, Twenty-second Virginia Battalion.

Artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis M. Coleman.

Andrews's (Md.) Battery, Bachman's (S. C.) Battery, Braxton's Battery, Fredericksburg (Va.) Artillery, Crenshaw's Virginia Battery, Davidson's Battery, Letcher (Va.) Artillery,* Johnson's (Va.) Battery, Masters's (Va.) Battery, McIntosh's Battery, Pee Dee (S. C.) Artillery, Pegram's (Va.) Battery.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Major-General Theophilus H. Holmes.

Second Brigade. †

Brigadier-General Robert Ransom, Jr.

Twenty-fourth North Carolina, Twenty-fifth North Carolina, Twenty-sixth North Carolina, Thirty-fifth North Carolina, Forty-eighth North Carolina, Forty-ninth North Carolina.

* With the Reserve Artillery, Richardson's battalion.

† Temporarily attached to Huger's division.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General Junius Daniel.

Forty-third North Carolina, Forty-fifth North Carolina, Fiftieth North Carolina, Burrough's Battalion Cavalry.

*Fourth Brigade.**

Brigadier-General J. G. Walker, Colonel Van H. Manning.

Third Arkansas, Second Georgia Battalion, Twenty-seventh North Carolina, Forty-sixth North Carolina, Thirtieth Virginia, Fifty-seventh Virginia, Goodwyn's cavalry.

Artillery.

Colonel James Deshler.

Branch's (Va.) Battery, Brem's (N. C.) Battery, French's (Va.) Battery, Graham's (Va.) Battery, Grandy's (Va.) Battery, Lloyd's (N. C.) Battery.

Wise's Command.

Brigadier-General Henry A. Wise.

Twenty-sixth Virginia, Forty-sixth Virginia, Fourth Virginia Heavy Artillery, Tenth Virginia Cavalry,† Andrews's (Va.) Battery, Armistead's (Va.) Battery, French's (Va.) Battery, Rives's (Va.) Battery.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.

Brigadier-General W. N. Pendleton.

First Virginia Artillery.‡

Colonel J. T. Brown.

Coke's Battery, Macon's Battery, Richardson's Battery, Smith's Battery, Watson's Battery.

Richardson's Battalion.

Major Charles Richardson.

Ancell's (Va.) Battery, Milledge's (Ga.) battery, Woolfolk's Battery, Ashland (Va.) Artillery.

Jones's Battalion.

Major H. P. Jones.

Clark's (Va.) Battery, Peyton's (Va.) Battery, Rhett's (S. C.) Battery.

* Served also in Armistead's Brigade.

† Serving with Stuart.

‡ Only the batteries mentioned in the reports are here given.

Nelson's Battalion.

Major William Nelson.

Huchstep's (Va.) Battery, Kirkpatrick's (Va.) Battery, R. C. M. Page's Battery.

Sumter (Georgia) Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cutts.

Blackshear's Battery, Lane's Battery, Price's Battery, Ross's Battery.

*Miscellaneous.**

Chapman's Battery, Dixie (Va.) Artillery, Dabney's (Va.) Battery, Dearing's Battery, Grimes's (Va.) Battery, Hamilton's Battery.

Cavalry.

Brigadier-General James E. B. Stuart.

First North Carolina, First Virginia, Third Virginia, Fourth Virginia, Fifth Virginia, Ninth Virginia, Tenth Virginia, Cobb (Ga.) Legion, Critcher's (Va.) Battalion, Hampton (S. C.) Legion, Jeff. Davis Legion, Stuart Horse Artillery.

* Including all batteries mentioned in the reports and not otherwise accounted for.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND, VA.,

Embracing the Battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill (or Cold Harbor), and Savage Station; Engagement at White Oak Swamp Bridge; and Battles of Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill, as Described by General Robert E. Lee, Commanding the Army of Northern Virginia.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 6th, 1863.

After the battle of Seven Pines the Federal army, under General McClellan, preparatory to an advance upon Richmond, proceeded to fortify its position on the Chickahominy and to perfect the communications with its base of supplies near the head of York River. Its left was established south of the Chickahominy, between White Oak Swamp and New Bridge, defended by a line of strong works, access to which, except by a few narrow roads, was obstructed by felling the dense forests in front. These roads were commanded for a great distance by the heavy guns in the fortifications. The right wing lay north of the Chickahominy, extending beyond Mechanicsville, and the approaches from the south side were strongly defended by intrenchments. Our army was around Richmond, the divisions of Huger and Magruder, supported by those of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, in front of the enemy's left, and that of A. P. Hill extending from Magruder's left beyond Meadow Bridge.

The command of General Jackson, including Ewell's division, operating in the Shenandoah Valley, had succeeded in diverting the army of McDowell at Fredericksburg from uniting with that of McClellan. To render this diversion more decided, and effectually mask his withdrawal from the valley at the proper time, Jackson, after the defeat of Fremont and Shields, was reinforced

by Whiting's division, composed of Hood's Texas brigade and his own, under Colonel Law, from Richmond, and that of Lawton, from the South.

The intention of the enemy seemed to be to attack Richmond by regular approaches. The strength of his left wing rendered a direct assault injudicious, if not impracticable. It was therefore determined to construct defensive lines, so as to enable a part of the army to defend the city and leave the other part free to cross the Chickahominy and operate on the north bank. By sweeping down the river on that side and threatening his communications with York River, it was thought that the enemy would be compelled to retreat or give battle out of his intrenchments. The plan was submitted to His Excellency the President, who was repeatedly on the field in the course of its execution.

While preparations were in progress a cavalry expedition, under General Stuart, was made around the rear of the Federal army, to ascertain its position and movements. This was executed with great address and daring by that accomplished officer. As soon as the defensive works were sufficiently advanced General Jackson was directed to move rapidly and secretly from the valley, so as to arrive in the vicinity of Ashland by June 24th.

The enemy appeared to be unaware of our purpose, and on the 25th attacked General Huger on the Williamsburg road, with the intention, as appeared by a dispatch from General McClellan, of securing his advance toward Richmond. The effort was successfully resisted and our line maintained.

Battle of Mechanicsville.

According to the general order of battle, a copy of which is annexed, General Jackson was to march from Ashland on the 25th in the direction of Slash Church, encamping for the night west of the Central Railroad, and to advance at 3 a. m. on the 26th and turn Beaver Dam. A. P. Hill was to cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge when Jackson's advance beyond that point should be known, and move directly upon Mechanicsville. As soon as the Mechanics-

ville Bridge should be uncovered, Longstreet and D. H. Hill were to cross the latter to proceed to the support of Jackson and the former to that of A. P. Hill. The four commands were directed to sweep down the north side of the Chickahominy toward the York River Railroad, Jackson on the left and in advance, Longstreet nearest the river and in the rear. Huger and Magruder were ordered to hold their positions against any assault of the enemy, to observe his movements, and follow him closely should he retreat. General Stuart, with the cavalry, was thrown out on Jackson's left to guard his flank and give notice of the enemy's movements.

Brigadier-General Pendleton was directed to employ the reserve artillery so as to resist any approach of the enemy toward Richmond, to superintend that portion of it posted to aid in the operations of the north bank, and hold the remainder ready for use when it might be required. In consequence of unavoidable delays, the whole of General Jackson's command did not arrive at Ashland in time to enable him to reach the point designated on the 25th.

His march on the 26th was consequently longer than had been anticipated, and his progress being also retarded by the enemy, A. P. Hill did not begin his movement until 3 p. m., when he crossed the river and advanced upon Mechanicsville. After a sharp conflict he drove the enemy from his intrenchments, and forced him to take refuge in his works on the left bank of Beaver Dam, about one mile distant. This position was a strong one, the banks of the creek in front being high and almost perpendicular, and the approach to it over open fields, commanded by the fire of artillery and infantry intrenched on the opposite side. The difficulty of crossing the streams had been increased by felling the woods on its banks and destroying the bridges.

Jackson being expected to cross Beaver Dam above and turn the enemy's right, a direct attack was not made by General Hill. One of his regiments on the left of his line crossed the creek to communicate with Jackson, and remained until after dark, when it was withdrawn. Longstreet and D. H. Hill crossed the Mechanicsville Bridge as soon as it was uncovered and could be repaired, but it was

late before they reached the north bank of the Chickahominy. D. H. Hill's leading brigade, under Ripley, advanced to the support of the troops engaged, and at a late hour united with Pender's brigade, of A. P. Hill's division, in an effort to turn the enemy's left; but the troops were unable, in the growing darkness, to overcome the obstructions, and after sustaining a destructive fire of musketry and artillery at short range, were withdrawn. The fire was continued until about 9 p. m., when the engagement ceased. Our troops retained the ground on the right bank, from which the enemy had been driven.

Ripley was relieved at 3 p. m. on the 27th by two of Longstreet's brigades, which were subsequently reinforced. In expectation of Jackson's arrival on the enemy's right, the battle was renewed at dawn and continued with animation for about two hours, during which the passage of the creek was attempted and our troops forced their way to its banks where their progress was arrested by the nature of the stream. They maintained their position while preparations were being made to cross at another point nearer the Chickahominy. Before they were completed Jackson crossed Beaver Dam above, and the enemy abandoned his intrenchments and retired rapidly down the river, destroying a great deal of property, but leaving much in his deserted camps.

Battle of the Chickahominy.

After repairing the bridges over Beaver Dam the several columns resumed their march as nearly as possible as prescribed in the order; Jackson, with whom D. H. Hill had united, bore to the left in order to cut off reinforcements to the enemy or intercept his retreat in that direction. Longstreet and A. P. Hill moved nearer the Chickahominy. Many prisoners were taken in their progress, and the conflagration of wagons and stores marked the way of the retreating army. Longstreet and Hill reached the vicinity of New Bridge about noon. It was ascertained that the enemy had taken a position behind Powhite Creek prepared to dispute our progress. He occupied a range of hills, with his right resting in the vicinity of McGehee's house and his left near that

of Dr. Gaines's, on a wooded bluff which rose abruptly from a deep ravine. The ravine was filled with sharpshooters, to whom its banks gave protection. A second line of infantry was stationed on the side of the hill behind a breastwork of trees above the first; a third occupied the crest, strengthened with rifled trenches and crowned with artillery. The approach to this position was over an open plain, about a quarter of a mile wide, commanded by this triple line of fire and swept by the heavy batteries south of the Chickahominy. In front of his centre and right the ground was generally open, bounded on the side of one approach by a wood, with dense and tangled undergrowth, and traversed by a sluggish stream which converted the soil into a deep morass. The woods on the farther side of the swamp were occupied by sharpshooters, and trees had been felled to increase the difficulty of its passage and detain our advancing columns under the fire of the infantry massed on the slopes of the opposite hills and of the batteries on their crests. Pressing on toward the York River Railroad, A. P. Hill, who was in advance, reached the vicinity of New Cold Harbor about 2 p. m., where he encountered the enemy. He immediately formed his line nearly parallel to the road leading from that place toward McGehee's house, and soon became hotly engaged. The arrival of Jackson on our left was momentarily expected, and it was supposed that his approach would cause the extension of the enemy's line in that direction. Under this impression Longstreet was held back until this movement should commence. The principal part of the Federal army was now on the north side of the Chickahominy. Hill's single division met this large force with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished. They drove the enemy back and assailed him in his strong position on the ridge. The battle raged fiercely and with varying fortune more than two hours. Three regiments pierced the enemy's line and forced their way to the crest of the hill on his left, but were compelled to fall back before overwhelming numbers. The superior force of the enemy, assisted by the fire of his batteries south of the Chickahominy, which played incessantly on our columns as they

pressed through the difficulties that obstructed their way, caused them to recoil. Though most of the men had never been under fire until the day before, they were rallied, and in turn repelled the advance of the enemy. Some brigades were broken, others stubbornly maintained their positions, but it became apparent that the enemy was gradually gaining ground.

The attack on our left being delayed by the length of Jackson's march and the obstacles he encountered, Longstreet was ordered to make a diversion in Hill's favor by a feint on the enemy's left. In making this demonstration the great strength of the position already described was discovered, and General Longstreet perceived that to render the diversion effectual the feint must be converted into an attack. He resolved, with characteristic promptness, to carry the heights by assault. His columns were quickly formed near the open ground, and as his preparations were completed Jackson arrived, and his right division, that of Whiting, took position on the left of Longstreet. At the same time D. H. Hill formed on our extreme left, and after a short but bloody conflict forced his way through the morass and obstructions, and drove the enemy from the woods on the opposite side. Ewell advanced on Hill's right and engaged the enemy furiously. The First and Fourth brigades of Jackson's own division filled the interval between Ewell and A. P. Hill. The Second and Third were sent to the right. The arrival of these fresh troops enabled A. P. Hill to withdraw some of his brigades, wearied and reduced by their long and arduous conflict. The line being now complete, a general advance from right to left was ordered. On the right the troops moved forward with steadiness, unchecked by the terrible fire from the triple lines of infantry on the hill and the cannon on both sides of the river, which burst upon them as they emerged upon the plain, The dead and wounded marked the way of their intrepid advance, the brave Texans leading, closely followed by their no less daring comrades. The enemy was driven from the ravine to the first line of breast-works, over which our impetuous column dashed up to the intrenchments on the crest. These were quickly stormed, fourteen pieces

of artillery captured, and the enemy driven into the field beyond. Fresh troops came to his support, and he endeavored repeatedly to rally, but in vain. He was forced back with great slaughter until he reached the woods on the banks of the Chickahominy, and night put an end to the pursuit. Long lines of dead and wounded marked each stand made by the enemy in his stubborn resistance, and the field over which he retreated was strewn with the slain.

On the left the attack was no less vigorous and successful. D. H. Hill charged across the open ground in his front, one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery whose fire enfiladed his advance. Gallantly supported by the troops on his right, who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, he reached the crest of the ridge, and after a sanguinary struggle broke the enemy's line, captured several of his batteries, and drove him in confusion toward the Chickahominy until darkness rendered further pursuit impossible. Our troops remained in undisturbed possession of the field, covered with the Federal dead and wounded, and their broken forces fled to the river or wandered through the woods.

Owing to the nature of the country the cavalry was unable to participate in the engagement. It rendered valuable service in guarding Jackson's flank, and took a large number of prisoners. On the morning of the 28th it was ascertained that none of the enemy remained in our front north of the Chickahominy. As he might yet intend to give battle to preserve his communications, the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, supported by Ewell's division, was ordered to seize the York River Railroad, and General Stuart, with his main body, to co-operate. When the cavalry reached Dispatch Station the enemy retreated to the south bank of the river and burned the railroad bridge. Ewell, coming up shortly afterward, destroyed a portion of the track.

During the forenoon columns of dust south of the Chickahominy showed that the Federal army was in motion. The abandonment of the railroad and destruction of the bridge proved that no further attempt would be made to hold that line; but from the

position it occupied the roads which led toward James River would also enable it to reach the lower bridges over the Chickahominy and retreat down the peninsula. In the latter event it was necessary that our troops should continue on the north bank of the river, and until the intention of General McClellan was discovered it was deemed injudicious to change their disposition. Ewell was therefore ordered to proceed to Bottom's Bridge to guard that point, and the cavalry to watch the bridges below. No certain indications of a retreat to James River were discovered by our forces on the south side of the Chickahominy and late in the afternoon the enemy's works were reported to be fully manned. The strength of these fortifications prevented Generals Huger and Magruder from discovering what was passing in their front. Below the enemy's works the country was densely wooded and intersected by impassable swamps, at once concealing his movements and precluding reconnoissances except by the regular roads, all of which were strongly guarded. The bridges over the Chickahominy in rear of the enemy were destroyed and their reconstruction impracticable in the presence of his whole army and powerful batteries. We were therefore compelled to wait until his purpose should be developed. Generals Huger and Magruder were again directed to use the utmost vigilance and pursue the enemy vigorously should they discover that he was retreating. During the afternoon and night of the 28th the signs of a general movement were apparent, and no indications of his approach to the lower bridges of the Chickahominy having been discovered by the pickets in observation at those points, it became manifest that General McClellan was retreating to the James River.

Battle of Savage Station.

Early on the 29th Longstreet and A. P. Hill were ordered to recross the Chickahominy at New Bridge, and move by the Darbytown to the Long Bridge road.

Major R. K. Meade and Lieutenant S. R. Johnston, of the engineers attached to General Longstreet's division, who had been sent

to reconnoitre, found, about sunrise, the work on the upper extremity of the enemy's line of intrenchments abandoned. Generals Huger and Magruder were immediately ordered in pursuit, the former by the Charles City road, so as to take the Federal army in flank, and the latter by the Williamsburg road, to attack its rear. Jackson was directed to cross at Grapevine Bridge and move down the south side of the Chickahominy. Magruder and Huger found the whole line of works deserted and large quantities of military stores of every description abandoned or destoyed.

The former reached the vicinity of Savage Station about noon, where he came upon the rear guard of the retreating army. Being informed that the enemy was advancing, he halted and sent for reinforcements. Two brigades of Huger's division were ordered to his support, but subsequently withdrawn, it being apparent that the force in Magruder's front was covering the retreat of the main body. Jackson's route led to the flank and rear of Savage Station, but he was delayed by the necessity of reconstructing Grapevine Bridge.

Late in the afternoon Magruder attacked the enemy with one of his divisions and two regiments of another. A severe action ensued and continued about two hours, when it was terminated by night. The troops displayed great gallantry, and inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy; but, owing to the lateness of the hour and small force employed, the result was not decisive, and the enemy continued his retreat under cover of darkness, leaving several hundred prisoners, with his dead and wounded, in our hands.

At Savage Station were found about 2500 men in hospital and a large amount of property. Stores of much value had been destroyed, including the necessary medical supplies for the sick and wounded. But the time gained enabled the retreating column to cross White Oak Swamp without interruption and destroy the bridges.

Battle of Frazier's Farm.*

Jackson reached Savage Station early on the 30th. He was directed to pursue the enemy on the road he had taken, and Magruder

* Called also Glendale, or Nelson's Farm, and Charles City Road.

to follow Longstreet by the Darbytown road. As Jackson advanced he captured such numbers of prisoners and collected so many arms that two regiments had to be detached for their security. His progress was arrested at White Oak Swamp. The enemy occupied the opposite side, and obstinately resisted the reconstruction of the bridge.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill, continuing their advance on the 30th, soon came upon the enemy strongly posted across the Long Bridge road, about one mile from its intersection with the Charles City road. Huger's route led to the right of this position, Jackson's to the rear, and the arrival of their commands was awaited to begin the attack.

On the 29th General Holmes had crossed from the south side of James River with part of his division.

On the 30th, reinforced by General Wise with a detachment of his brigade, he moved down the river road and came upon the line of the retreating army near Malvern Hill. Perceiving indications of confusion, General Holmes was ordered to open the column with artillery. He soon discovered that a number of batteries, advantageously posted, supported by an infantry force superior to his own and assisted by the fire of the gunboats in the James River, guarded this part of the line.

Magruder, who had reached the Darbytown road, was ordered to reinforce Holmes, but being at a greater distance than had been supposed, he did not reach the position of the latter in time for an attack.

Huger reported that his progress was obstructed, but about 4 p. m. firing was heard in the direction of the Charles City road, which was supposed to indicate his approach. Longstreet immediately opened with one of his batteries to give notice of his presence. This brought on the engagement; but Huger not coming up, and Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak Swamp, Longstreet and Hill were without the expected support. The superiority of numbers and advantage of position were on the side of the enemy.

The battle raged furiously until 9 p. m. By that time the enemy had been driven with great slaughter from every position but one, which he maintained until he was enabled to withdraw under cover of darkness.

At the close of the struggle nearly the entire field remained in our possession, covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. Many prisoners, including a general of division, were captured, and several batteries, with some thousands of small arms, taken. Could the other commands have co-operated in the action the result would have proved most disastrous to the enemy.

After the engagement Magruder was recalled to relieve the troops of Longstreet and Hill. His men, much fatigued by their long, hot march, arrived during the night.

Battle of Malvern Hill.

Early on July 1st Jackson reached the battlefield of the previous day, having succeeded in crossing White Oak Swamp, where he captured a part of the enemy's artillery and a number of prisoners. He was directed to continue the pursuit down the Willis Church road, and soon found the enemy occupying a high range, extending obliquely across the road, in front of Malvern Hill. On this position of great natural strength he had concentrated his powerful artillery. supported by masses of infantry, partially protected by earthworks. His left rested near Crew's house and his right near Beriford's. Immediately in his front the ground was open, varying in width from a quarter to half a mile, and sloping gradually from the crest, was completely swept by the fire of his infantry and artillery. To reach this open ground our troops had to advance through a broken and thickly wooded country, traversed nearly throughout its whole extent by a swamp passable at but few places, and difficult at those. The whole was within range of the batteries on the heights and the gunboats in the river, under whose incessant fire our movements had to be executed. Jackson formed his line with Whiting's division on his left and D. H. Hill's on his right, one of Ewell's brigades occupying the interval. The rest of Ewell's and Jackson's

own divisions were held in reserve. Magruder was directed to take position on Jackson's right, but before his arrival two of Huger's brigades came up and were placed next to Hill. Magruder subsequently formed on the right of these brigades, which, with a third of Huger's, were placed under his command. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were held in reserve, and took no part in the engagement. Owing to ignorance of the country, the dense forests impeding necessary communication, and the extreme difficulty of the ground, the whole line was not formed until a late hour in the afternoon. The obstacles presented by the woods and swamp made it impracticable to bring up a sufficient amount of artillery to oppose successfully the extraordinary force of that arm employed by the enemy, while the field itself afforded us few positions favorable for its use, and none for its proper concentration. Orders were issued for a general advance at a given signal, but the causes referred to prevented a proper concert of action among the troops.

D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division and that part of Ewell's which was in reserve, but owing to the increasing darkness and intricacy of the forest and swamp they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground he had gained after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy.

On the right the attack was gallantly made by Huger's and Magruder's commands. Two brigades of the former commenced the action; the other two were subsequently sent to the support of Magruder and Hill. Several determined efforts were made to storm the hill at Crew's house. The brigades advanced bravely across the open field, raked by the fire of a hundred cannon and the musketry of large bodies of infantry. Some were broken and gave way, others approached close to the guns, driving back the

infantry, compelling the advanced batteries to retire to escape capture, and mingling their dead with those of the enemy. For want of concert among the attacking columns their assaults were too weak to break the Federal line, and after struggling gallantly, sustaining and inflicting great loss, they were compelled successively to retire. Night was approaching when the attack began, and it soon became difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The firing continued until after 9 p. m., but no decided result was gained. Part of the troops were withdrawn to their original positions, others remained on the open field, and some rested within a hundred yards of the batteries that had been so bravely but vainly assailed. The general conduct of the troops was excellent—in some instances heroic. The lateness of the hour at which the attack necessarily began gave the enemy the full advantage of his superior position and augmented the natural difficulties of our own.

After seizing the York River Railroad on June 28th and driving the enemy across the Chickahominy, as already narrated, the cavalry under General Stuart proceeded down the railroad to ascertain if there was any movement of the enemy in that direction.

He encountered little opposition, and reached the vicinity of the White House on the 29th. At his approach the enemy destroyed the greater part of the immense stores accumulated at that depot and retreated toward Fort Monroe. With one gun and some dismounted men General Stuart drove off a gunboat which lay near the White House, and rescued a large amount of property, including more than 10,000 stands of small arms, partially burned. Leaving one squadron at the White House, in compliance with his orders, he returned to guard the lower bridges of the Chickahominy.

On the 30th he was directed to re-cross and co-operate with General Jackson. After a long march he reached the rear of the enemy at Malvern Hill, on the night of July 1st, at the close of the engagement. On July 2d it was discovered that the enemy

had withdrawn during the night, leaving the ground covered with his dead and wounded, and his route exhibiting abundant evidence of precipitate retreat. The pursuit was commenced, General Stuart with his cavalry in the advance, but a violent storm which prevailed throughout the day greatly retarded our progress. The enemy harassed and closely followed by the cavalry, succeeded in gaining "Westover," on James River, and the protection of his gunboats. He immediately began to fortify his position, which was one of great natural strength, flanked on each side by a creek, and the approach to his front commanded by the heavy guns of his shipping, in addition to those mounted in his intrenchments. It was deemed inexpedient to attack him, and in view of the condition of our troops, who had been marching and fighting almost incessantly for seven days under the most trying circumstances, it was determined to withdraw, in order to afford them the repose of which they stood so much in need.

Several days were spent in collecting arms and other property abandoned by the enemy, and in the meantime some artillery and cavalry were sent below Westover to annoy his transports. On July 8th the army returned to the vicinity of Richmond.

Under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed. Its escape was due to the causes stated. Prominent among these was the want of correct and timely information; this fact, attributable chiefly to the character of the country, enabled General McClellan skillfully to conceal his retreat and to add much to the obstructions with which nature had beset the way of our pursuing columns; but regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised, and the object of a campaign which had been prosecuted after months of preparation, at an enormous expenditure of men and money, completely frustrated. More than 10,000 prisoners, including officers of rank, fifty-two pieces of artillery and upwards of 35,000 stands of small arms were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value, but

small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy. His losses in battle exceeded our own, as attested by the thousands of dead and wounded left on every field, while his subsequent inaction shows in what condition the survivors reached the protection to which they fled.

Among the dead will be found many whose names will ever be associated with the great events in which they all bore so honorable a part. For these, as well for the names of their no less distinguished surviving comrades, who earned for themselves the high honor of special commendation, where all so well discharged their duty, reference must necessarily be made to the accompanying report. But I cannot forbear expressing my admiration of the noble qualities displayed, with rare exceptions, by officers and men, under circumstances which demanded the exercise of every soldierly virtue. To the officers commanding divisions and brigades belongs the credit for the management of their troops in action. The extent of the fields of battle, the nature of the ground and the denseness of the forest rendered more than general directions impracticable.

To the officers of my staff I am indebted for constant aid during the entire period. Colonels Chilton and Long, Majors Taylor, Venable, Talcott and Marshall, and Captain Mason were continuously with me on the field. General Pendleton, chief of artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Corley, chief quartermaster; Lieutenant-Colonel Cole, chief commissary; Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander, chief of ordnance; Surgeon Guild, medical director; Colonel Lay and Lieutenant-Colonel Harvie, inspectors general, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stevens, chief engineer, attended unceasingly to their several departments.

To the whole medical corps of the army I return my thanks for the care and attention bestowed upon the wounded.

Respectfully submitted,

R. E. LEE, General.

General S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 24th, 1862.

General Order, No. 75.

I. General Jackson's command will proceed to-morrow from Ashland toward the Slash Church, and encamp at some convenient point west of the Central Railroad. Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division, will also, to-morrow evening, take position on the Chickahominy near Half Sink. At 3 o'clock Thursday morning, 26th inst., General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch, who will immediately cross the Chickahominy and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered General A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, will cross the Chickahominy near Meadow Bridge and move direct upon Mechanicsville. To aid his advance the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy will, at the proper time, open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville; and, the passage across the bridge opened, General Longstreet, with his division and that of General D. H. Hill, will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point, General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill. The four divisions, keeping in communication with each other and moving enchelon on separate roads, if practicable, the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharpshooters extending their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek and taking the direction toward Cold Harbor. They will then press forward toward the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear and forcing him down the Chickahominy. Any advance of the enemy toward Richmond will be prevented by vigorously following his rear and crippling and arresting his progress.

II. The divisions under Generals Huger and Magruder will hold their positions in front of the enemy against attack, and make such demonstrations Thursday as to discover his operations. Should

opportunity offer, the feint will be converted into a real attack; and should an abandonment of his intrenchments by the enemy be discovered he will be closely pursued.

III. The Third Virginia Cavalry will observe the Charles City road. The Fifth Virginia, the First North Carolina and the Hampton Legion (cavalry) will observe the Darbytown, Varina and Osborne roads. Should a movement of the enemy down the Chickahominy be discovered, they will close upon his flank and endeavor to arrest his march.

IV. General Stuart, with the First, Fourth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the cavalry of Cobb's Legion and the Jeff. Davis Legion will cross the Chickahominy to-morrow and take position to the left of General Jackson's line of march. The main body will be held in reserve, with scouts well extended to the front and left. General Stuart will keep General Jackson informed of the movements of the enemy on his left, and will co-operate with him in his advance. The Tenth Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Davis, will remain on the Nine-mile road.

V. General Ransom's brigade, of General Holmes's command, will be placed in reserve on the Williamsburg road by General Huger, to whom he will report for orders.

VI. Commanders of divisions will cause their commands to be provided with three days' cooked rations. The necessary ambulances and ordnance trains will be ready to accompany the divisions and receive orders from their respective commanders. Officers in charge of all trains will invariably remain with them. Batteries and wagons will keep on the right of the road. The chief engineer, Major Stevens, will assign engineer officers to each division, whose duty it will be to make provision for overcoming all difficulties to the progress of the troops. The staff departments will give the necessary instructions to facilitate the movements herein directed.

By command of General Lee.

R. H. Chilton, Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN OF 1862,

As Described by General Robert E. Lee.

HEADQUARTERS, August 19th, 1862.

The enemy having retired to the protection of the fortifications around Washington and Alexandria, the army marched on September 3rd toward Leesburg. The armies of General McClellan and Pope had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the spring and summer.

The objects of those campaigns had been frustrated, and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and in Western Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions.

Northeastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchment of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg.

The war was thus transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland.

Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult if not impracticable. The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our

army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington Government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies which its course toward the people of that State gave it reason to apprehend. At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liberties.

The difficulties that surround them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington Government than from any active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion, D. H. Hill's division, which had joined us on the second, being in advance, and between September 4th and 7th crossed the Potomac at the fords near Leesburg, and encamped in the vicinity of Fredericktown. It was decided to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, in order, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to cause the enemy to withdraw from the south bank, where his presence endangered our communications and the safety of those engaged in the removal of our wounded and the captured property from the late battlefields. Having accomplished this result, it was proposed to move the army into Western Maryland, establish our communications with Richmond through the Valley of the Shenandoah, and, by threatening Pennsylvania, induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies. It had been supposed that the advance upon Fredericktown would lead to the evacuation of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, thus opening the line of communication through the valley.

This not having occurred, it became necessary to dislodge the enemy from those positions before concentrating the army west of the mountains. To accomplish this with the least delay, General Jackson was directed to proceed with his command to Martinsburg, and, after driving the enemy from that place, to move down the

south side of the Potomac upon Harper's Ferry. General McLaws, with his own and R. H. Anderson's division, was ordered to seize Maryland Heights, on the north side of the Potomac, opposite Harper's Ferry, and Brigadier-General Walker to take possession of Loudoun Heights, on the east side of the Shenandoah, where it unites with the Potomac. These several commands were directed, after reducing Harper's Ferry and clearing the valley of the enemy, to join the rest of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

The march of these troops began on the 10th, and at the same time the remainder of Longstreet's command and the division

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ANTIETAM.

of D. H. Hill crossed the South Mountain and moved toward Boonsborough. General Stuart, with the cavalry, remained east of the mountains, to observe the enemy and retard his advance.

A report having been received that a Federal force was approaching Hagerstown from the direction of Chambersburg, Longstreet continued his march to the former place, in order to secure the road leading thence to Williamsport, and also to prevent the removal of stores which were said to be in Hagerstown. He

arrived at that place on the 11th, General Hill halting near Boonsborough to prevent the enemy at Harper's Ferry from escaping through Pleasant Valley, and at the same time to support the cavalry. The advance of the Federal army was so slow at the time we left Fredericktown as to justify the belief that the reduction of Harper's Ferry would be accomplished and our troops concentrated before they would be called upon to meet it. In that event it had not been intended to oppose its passage through the South Mountain, as it was desired to engage it as far as possible from its base.

General Jackson marched very rapidly, and, crossing the Potomac near Williamsport on the 11th, sent A. P. Hill's division directly to Martinsburg, and disposed the rest of his command to cut off the retreat of the enemy westward. On his approach the Federal troops evacuated Martinsburg, retiring to Harper's Ferry on the night of the 11th, and Jackson entered the former place on the 12th, capturing some prisoners and abandoned stores.

In the forenoon of the following day his leading division, under General A. P. Hill, came in sight of the enemy strongly intrenched on Bolivar Heights, in rear of Harper's Ferry. Before beginning the attack General Jackson proceeded to put himself in communication with the co-operating forces under General McLaws and Walker, from the former of whom he was separated by the Potomac and from the latter by the Shenandoah. General Walker took possession of Loudoun Heights on the 13th, and the next day was in readiness to open upon Harper's Ferry. General McLaws encountered more opposition. He entered Pleasant Valley on the 11th. On the 12th, he directed General Kershaw, with his own and Barksdale's brigade, to ascend the ridge whose southern extremity is known as Maryland Heights, and attack the enemy, who occupied that position with infantry and artillery by intrenchments.

He disposed the rest of his command to hold the roads leading from Harper's Ferry eastward through Weverton and northward from Sandy Hook, guarding the pass in his rear through

which he had entered Pleasant Valley with the brigades of Semmes and Mahone. Owing to the rugged nature of the ground on which Kershaw had to operate and the want of roads, he was compelled to use infantry alone. Driving in the advance parties of the enemy on the summit of the ridge on the 12th, he assailed the works the next day. After a spirited contest they were carried, the troops engaged in their defence spiking their heavy guns and retreating to Harper's Ferry. By 4.30 p. m. Kershaw was in possession of Maryland Heights.

On the 14th a road for artillery was cut along the ridge, and at 2 p. m. four guns opened upon the enemy on the opposite side of the river, and the investment of Harper's Ferry was complete. In the meantime events transpired in another quarter which threatened to interfere with the reduction of the place. A copy of the order directing the movement of the army from Fredericktown had fallen into the hands of General McClellan, and disclosed to him the disposition of our forces. He immediately began to push forward rapidly, and on the afternoon of the 13th was reported approaching the pass in South Mountain on the Boonsborough and Fredericktown road. The cavalry under General Stuart fell back before him, materially impeding his progress by its gallant resistance, and gaining time for preparations to oppose his advance. By penetrating the mountain at this point he would reach the rear of McLaws, and be enabled to relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry. To prevent this General D. H. Hill was directed to guard the Boonsborough Gap and Longstreet ordered to march from Hagerstown to his support.

On the 13th General Hill sent back the brigades of Garland and Colquitt to hold the pass, but subsequently ascertaining that the enemy was near in heavy force, he ordered up the rest of his division.

Early on the 14th a large body of the enemy attempted to force its way to the rear of the position held by Hill by a road south of the Boonsborough and Fredericktown Turnpike. The attack was repulsed by Garland's brigade, after a severe conflict, in which that

brave and accomplished young officer was killed. The remainder of the division arriving shortly afterward, Colquitt's brigade was disposed across the turnpike road; that of G. B. Anderson, supported by Ripley, was placed on the right, and Rhodes' occupied an important position on the left. Garland's brigade, which had suffered heavily on the first attack, was withdrawn, and the defence of the road occupied by it intrusted to Colonel Rosser, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, who reported to General Hill with his regiment and some artillery. The small command of General Hill repelled the repeated assaults of the Federal army, and held it in check for five hours. Several attacks on the centre were gallantly repulsed by Colquitt's brigade, and Rhodes maintained his position against heavy odds with the utmost tenacity. Longstreet, leaving one brigade at Hagerstown, had hurried to the assistance of Hill, and reached the scene of action between 3 and 4 p. m. His troops, much exhausted by a long, rapid march and the heat of the day, were disposed on both sides of the turnpike. General D. R. Jones, with three of his brigades—those of Pickett (under General Garnett), Kemper and Jenkins (under Colonel Walker)—together with Evans's brigade, was posted along the mountain on the left; General Hood, with his own and Whiting's brigade (under Colonel Law), Drayton's and D. R. Jones's (under Colonel G. T. Anderson), on the right. Batteries had been placed by General Hill in such positions as could be found, but the ground was unfavorable for the use of artillery.

The battle continued with great animation until night. On the south of the turnpike the enemy was driven back some distance, and his attack on the centre repulsed with loss. His great superiority of numbers enabled him to extend beyond both of our flanks. By this means he succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain beyond our left, and, pressing upon us heavily from that direction, gradually forced our troops back after an obstinate resistance. Darkness put an end to the combat.

The effort to force the passage of the mountain had failed, but it was manifest that without reinforcements we could not hazard

a renewal of the engagement, as the enemy could easily turn either flank. Information was also received that another large body of Federal troops had during the afternoon forced their way through Crampton's Gap, only five miles in rear of McLaws.

Under these circumstances it was determined to retire to Sharpsburg, where we would be upon the flank and rear of the enemy should he move against McLaws, and where we could more readily unite with the rest of the army. This movement was efficiently and skillfully covered by the cavalry brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, and was accomplished without interruption by the enemy, who did not appear on the west side of the pass at Boonsborough until about 8 a. m. on the following morning. The resistance that had been offered to the enemy at Boonsborough secured sufficient time to enable General Jackson to complete the reduction of Harper's Ferry.

On the afternoon of the 14th when we found that the troops of Walker and McLaws were in position to co-operate in the attack, he ordered General A. P. Hill to turn the enemy's flank and enter Harper's Ferry. Ewell's Division (under General Lawton) was ordered to support Hill, while Winder's Brigade, of Jackson's Division (under Colonel Grigsby), with a battery of artillery, made a demonstration on the enemy's right, near the Potomac. The rest of the division was held in reserve. The cavalry under Major Massie was placed on the extreme left, to prevent the escape of the enemy.

Colonel Grigsby succeeded in getting possession of an eminence of the left, upon which two batteries were advantageously posted. General A. P. Hill, observing a hill on the enemy's extreme left occupied by infantry without artillery, and protected only by an abatis of felled timber, directed General Pender, with his own brigade and those of (General) Archer and Colonel Brockenbrough, to seize the crest, which was done with slight resistance. At the same time he ordered Generals Branch and Gregg to march along the Shenandoah and take advantage of the ravines intersecting its steep banks to establish themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's works. This was accomplished during the night.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, chief of artillery of A. P. Hill's division, placed several batteries on the eminence taken by General Pender, and, under the directions of Colonel Crutchfield, General Jackson's chief of artillery, ten guns belonging to Ewell's division were placed on the east side of the Shenandoah, so as to enfilade the enemy's intrenchments on Bolivar Heights, and take his nearest and most formidable works in reverse.

General McLaws in the meantime made his preparations to prevent the force which had penetrated at Crampton's Gap from coming to the relief of the garrison. This pass had been defended by the brigade of General Cobb, supported by those of Semmes and Malone, but unable to oppose successfully the superior numbers brought against them, they had been compelled to retire with loss.

The enemy halted at the gap, and during the night General McLaws formed his command in line of battle across Pleasant Valley, about one and a half miles below Crampton (Gap), leaving one regiment to support the artillery on Maryland Heights and two brigades on each of the roads from Harper's Ferry.

The attack on the garrison began at dawn. A rapid and vigorous fire was opened from the batteries of General Jackson and those on Maryland and Loudoun Heights. In about two hours the garrison, consisting of more than 11,000 men, surrendered. Seventy-three pieces of artillery, about 13,000 small arms and a large quantity of military stores fell into our hands. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender of the Federal troops and secure the captured property, General Jackson, with his two other divisions, set out at once for Sharpsburg, ordering Generals McLaws and Walker to follow without delay. Official information of the fall of Harper's Ferry and the approach of General Jackson was received soon after the commands of Longstreet and D. H. Hill reached Sharpsburg, on the morning of the 15th, and reanimated the courage of the troops. General Jackson arrived early on the 16th and General Walker came up in the afternoon. The presence of the enemy at Crampton Gap embarrassed the movements of General McLaws. He retained the position taken during the night of the 14th to oppose an advance

toward Harper's Ferry until the capitulation of that place, when, finding the enemy indisposed to attack, he gradually withdrew his command toward the Potomac.

Deeming the roads to Sharpsburg on the north side of the river impracticable, he resolved to cross at Harper's Ferry—and march by way of Shepherdstown. Owing to the condition of his troops and other circumstances, his progress was slow, and he did not reach the

WATCHING THE BATTLE.

battlefield at Sharpsburg until some time after the engagement of the 17th began. The commands of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, on their arrival at Sharpsburg, were placed in position along the range of hills between the town and the Antietam, nearly parallel to the course of that stream, Longstreet on the right of the road to Boonsborough and Hill on the left. The advance of the enemy was delayed by the brave opposition he encountered from Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, and he did not appear on the opposite side of the Antietam

until about 2 p. m. During the afternoon the batteries on each side were slightly engaged.

On the 16th the artillery fire became warmer, and continued throughout the day. The enemy crossed the Antietam beyond the reach of our batteries and menaced our left. In anticipation of this movement, Hood's two brigades had been transferred from the right and posted between D. H. Hill and the Hagerstown Road. General Jackson was now directed to take position on Hood's left, and formed his line with his right resting on the Hagerstown road and his left extending toward the Potomac, protected by General Stuart with the cavalry and horse artillery. General Walker, with his two brigades, was stationed on Longstreet's right. As evening approached the enemy opened more vigorously with his artillery, and bore down heavily with his infantry upon Hood, but the attack was gallantly repulsed. At 10 p. m. Hood's troops were relieved by the brigades of Lawton and Trimble, of Ewell's division, commanded by General Lawton. Jackson's own division, under General J. R. Jones, was on Lawton's left, supported by the remaining brigades of Ewell.

At early dawn on the 17th the enemy's artillery opened vigorously from both sides of the Antietam, the heaviest fire being directed against our left. Under cover of this fire a large force of infantry attacked General Jackson. They were met by his troops with the utmost resolution, and for several hours the conflict raged with great fury and alternate success.

General J. R. Jones was compelled to leave the field, and the command of Jackson's division devolved on General Starke. The troops advanced with great spirit, and the enemy's lines were repeatedly broken and forced to retire. Fresh troops, however, soon replaced those that were beaten, and Jackson's men were in turn compelled to fall back. The brave General Starke was killed, General Lawton was wounded, and nearly all the field officers, with a large proportion of the men, killed or disabled.

Our troops slowly yielded to overwhelming numbers and fell back, obstinately disputing the progress of the enemy. Hood

returned to the field and relieved the brigades of Trimble, Lawton and Hays, which had suffered severely. General Early, who succeeded General Lawton in command of Ewell's division, was ordered by General Jackson to move with his brigade to take the place of Jackson's division, most of which was withdrawn, its ammunition being nearly exhausted and its numbers much reduced. A small part of the division, under Colonels Grigsby and Stafford, united with Early's brigade, as did portions of the brigades of Trimble, Lawton and Hays. The battle now raged with great violence, the small commands under Hood and Early holding their ground against many times their own numbers of the enemy, and under a tremendous fire of artillery.

Hood was reinforced by the brigades of Ripley, Colquitt and Garland (under Colonel McRae) of D. H. Hill's division, and afterward by D. R. Jones's brigade, under Colonel G. T. Anderson. The enemy's lines were broken and forced back, but fresh numbers advanced to their support and they began to gain ground. The desperate resistance they encountered, however, delayed their progress until the troops of General McLaws arrived and those of General Walker could be brought from the right. Hood's brigade, greatly diminished in numbers, withdrew to replenish their ammunition, their supply being entirely exhausted.

They were relieved by Walker's command, who immediately attacked the enemy vigorously, driving him back with great slaughter. Colonel Manning, commanding Walker's brigade, pursued until he was stopped by a strong fence, behind which was posted a large force of infantry with several batteries. The gallant colonel was severely wounded, and his brigade retired to the line on which the rest of Walker's command had halted.

Upon the arrival of the reinforcements under General McLaws, General Early attacked with great resolution the large force opposed to him. McLaws advanced at same time, and the enemy were driven back in confusion, closely followed by our troops beyond the position occupied at the beginning of the engagement. The enemy renewed the assault on our left several times,

but was repulsed with loss. He finally ceased to advance his infantry, and for several hours kept up a furious fire from his numerous batteries, under which our troops held their position with great coolness and courage. The attack on our left was speedily followed by one in heavy force on the centre. This was met by part of Walker's division and the brigades of G. B. Anderson and Rhodes, of D. H. Hill's command, assisted by a few pieces of artillery.

The enemy was repulsed and retired behind the crest of a hill, from which they kept up a desultory fire. General R. H. Anderson's division came to Hill's support, and formed in rear of his line. At this time, by a mistake of orders, General Rhodes's brigade was withdrawn from its position during the temporary absence of that officer at another part of the field. The enemy immediately pressed through the gap thus created, and G. B. Anderson's brigade was broken and retired, General Anderson himself being mortally wounded. Major-General R. H. Anderson and Brigadier-General Wright were also wounded and borne from the field.

The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery supported by a few hundred men belonging to different brigades, rallied by General D. H. Hill and other officers, and parts of Walker's and R. H. Anderson's commands, Colonel Cooke, with the Twenty-seventh North Carolina regiment, of Walker's brigade, standing boldly in line without a cartridge. The firm front presented by this small force, and the well-directed fire of the artillery, under Captain Miller, of the Washington Artillery, and Captain Boyce's South Carolina battery, checked the progress of the enemy, and in about an hour and a half he retired.

Another attack was made soon afterward a little farther to the right, but was repulsed by Miller's guns, which continued to hold the ground until the close of the engagement, supported by a part of R. H. Anderson's troops.

While the attack on the centre and left was in progress the enemy made repeated efforts to force the passage of the bridge over the Antietam, opposite the right wing of General Longstreet,

commanded by Brigadier-General D. R. Jones. This bridge was defended by General Toombs, with two regiments of his brigade (the Second and Twentieth Georgia) and the batteries of General Jones. General Toombs's small command repulsed five different assaults made by a greatly superior force, and maintained its position with distinguished gallantry.

In the afternoon the enemy began to extend his line as if to cross the Antietam below the bridge, and at 4 p. m. Toombs's regi-

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

ment retired from the position they had so bravely held. The enemy immediately crossed the bridge in large numbers and advanced against General Jones, who held the crest with less than 2000 men. After a determined and brave resistance he was forced to give way, and the enemy gained the summit.

General A. P. Hill had arrived from Harper's Ferry, having left that place at 7.30 a. m. He was now ordered to reinforce General Jones, and moved to his support with the brigades of Archer, Branch, Gregg and Pender, the last of whom was placed on the right of the line, and the other three advanced and attacked the enemy, now

flushed with success. Hill's batteries were thrown forward and united their fire with those of General Jones, and one of General D. H. Hill's also opened with good effect from the left of the Boonsborough road.

The progress of the enemy was immediately arrested, and his lines began to waver. At this moment General Jones ordered Toombs to charge the flank, while Archer, supported by Branch and Gregg, moved upon the front of the Federal line. The enemy made a brief resistance, then broke and retreated in confusion toward the Antietam, pursued by the troops of Hill and Jones, until he reached the protection of his batteries on the opposite side of the river. In this attack the brave and lamented Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch was killed, gallantly leading his brigade.

It was now nearly dark, and the enemy had massed a number of batteries to sweep the approaches to the Antietam, on the opposite side of which the corps of General Porter, which had not been engaged, now appeared to dispute our advance. Our troops were much exhausted and greatly reduced in numbers by fatigue and the casualties of battle. Under these circumstances it was deemed injudicious to push our advantage further in the face of fresh troops of the enemy, much exceeding the number of our own. They were accordingly recalled and formed on the line originally held by General Jones. While the attack on our centre was progressing General Jackson had been directed to endeavor to turn the enemy's right, but found it extending nearly to the Potomac, and so strongly defended with artillery that the attempt had to be abandoned.

The repulse on the right ended the engagement, and, after a protracted and sanguinary conflict, every effort of the enemy to dislodge us from our position had been defeated with severe loss.

The arduous service in which our troops had been engaged, their great privations of rest and food, and the long marches without shoes over mountain roads, had greatly reduced our ranks before the action began. These causes had compelled thousands of brave men to absent themselves, and many more had done so from unworthy motives.

This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side, all of whom had undergone the greatest labors and hardships in the field where they met the large army of the enemy, fully supplied and equipped, and the result reflects the highest credit on the officers and men engaged. Our artillery, though much inferior to that of the enemy in the number of guns and weight of metal, rendered most efficient and gallant service throughout the day, and contributed greatly to the repulse of the attacks on every part of the line. General Stuart, with the cavalry and horse artillery, performed the duty intrusted to him of guarding our left wing with great energy and courage, and rendered valuable assistance in defeating the attack on that part of our line.

On the 18th we occupied the position of the preceding day, except in the centre, where our line was drawn in about two hundred yards. Our ranks were increased by the arrival of a number of troops, who had not been engaged the day before, and, though still too weak to assume the offensive, we awaited without apprehension the renewal of the attack. The day passed without any demonstration on the part of the enemy, who, from the reports received, was expecting the arrival of reinforcements.

As we could not look for a material increase in strength, and the enemy's force could be largely and rapidly augmented, it was not thought prudent to wait until he should be ready again to offer battle.

During the night of the 18th the army was accordingly withdrawn to the south side of the Potomac, crossing near Shepherdstown, without loss or molestation.

The enemy advanced the next morning, but was held in check by General Fitzhugh Lee with his cavalry, who covered our movement with boldness and success. General Stuart, with the main body, crossed the Potomac above Shepherdstown and moved up the river. The next day he recrossed at Williamsport, and took position to operate on the right and rear of the enemy should he attempt to follow us. After the army had safely reached the Virginia shore with such of the wounded as could be removed and

all its trains, General Porter's corps, with a number of batteries and some cavalry, appeared on the opposite side.

General Pendleton was left to guard the ford with reserve artillery and about 600 infantry. That night the enemy crossed the river above General Pendleton's position, and his infantry support giving way, four of his guns were taken.

A considerable force took position on the right bank, under cover of their artillery on the commanding hills on the opposite side. The next morning General A. P. Hill was ordered to return with his division and dislodge them. Advancing under a heavy fire of artillery, the three brigades of Gregg, Pender and Archer attacked the enemy vigorously, and drove him over the river with heavy loss.

The condition of our troops now demanded repose, and the army marched to the Opequan, near Martinsburg, where it remained several days, and then moved to the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Winchester.

The enemy seemed to be concentrating in and near Harper's Ferry, but made no forward movement. During this time the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was destroyed for several miles, and that from Winchester to Harper's Ferry broken up to within a short distance of the latter place, in order to render the occupation of the valley by the enemy after our withdrawal more difficult.

On October 8th General Stuart was ordered to cross the Potomac above Williamsport, with 1200 or 1300 cavalry, and endeavor to ascertain the position and designs of the enemy. He was directed, if practicable, to enter Pennsylvania, and do all in his power to impede and embarrass the military operations of the enemy. This order was executed with skill, address and courage. General Stuart passed through Maryland, occupied Chambersburg, and destroyed a large amount of public property, making the entire circuit of General McClellan's army. He recrossed the Potomac below Harper's Ferry without loss.

The enemy soon after crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, and advanced southward, seizing the passes of the mountains

as he progressed. General Jackson's corps was ordered to take position on the road between Berryville and Charlestown, to be prepared to oppose an advance from Harper's Ferry or a movement into the Shenandoah Valley from the east side of the mountains, while at the same time he would threaten the flank of the enemy should he continue his march along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. One division of Longstreet's corps was sent to the vicinity of Upperville to observe the enemy's movements in front.

About the last of October the Federal army began to incline eastwardly from the mountains, moving in the direction of Warrenton. As soon as this intention developed itself Longstreet's corps was moved across the Blue Ridge, and about November 3d took position at Culpeper Courthouse, when Jackson advanced one of his divisions to the east side of the Blue Ridge. The enemy gradually concentrated about Warrenton, his cavalry being thrown forward beyond the Rappahannock in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, and occasionally skirmishing with our own, which was closely observing his movements. This situation of affairs continued without material change until about the middle of November, when the movements began which resulted in the winter campaign on the Lower Rappahannock.

The accompanying return of the medical director will show the extent of our losses in the engagements mentioned. The reports of the different commanding officers must, of necessity, be referred to for the details of these operations.

I desire to call the attention of the department to the names of those brave officers and men who are particularly mentioned for courage and good conduct by their commanders. The limits of this report will not permit me to do more than renew the expression of my admiration for the valor that shrunk from no peril and the fortitude that endured every privation without a murmur.

I must also refer to the report of General Stuart for the particulars of the services rendered by the cavalry, besides those to which I have alluded. Its vigilance, activity and courage were conspicuous, and to its assistance is due, in a great measure, the

success of some of the most important and delicate operations of the campaign.

Respectfully submitted,
R. E. LEE, General.

General S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.

—*Confederate War Journal*, January, 1895.

[*Confederate War Journal*, January, 1895.]

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Robert E. Lee Commanding, During the Maryland Campaign.*

LONGSTREET'S CORPS.

Major-General James Longstreet.

McLAWS'S DIVISION.

Major-General Lafayette McLaws.

Kershaw's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Second South Carolina, Colonel John D. Kennedy; Third South Carolina, Colonel James D. Nance; Seventh South Carolina, Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken and Captain John S. Hard; Eighth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Hoole.

Semmes's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Paul J. Semmes.

Tenth Georgia, Captain P. H. Loud; Fifty-third Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Sloan and Captain S. W. Marshborne; Fifteenth Virginia, Captains E. M. Morrison and E. J. Willis; Thirty-second Virginia, Colonel E. B. Montague.

Cobb's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Howell Cobb, Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Sanders, Lieutenant-Colonel William MacRae.

Sixteenth Georgia, Twenty-fourth Georgia, Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, Fifteenth North Carolina.

* Compiled from the reports.

Barksdale's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William Barksdale.

Thirteenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel Kennon McElroy; Seventeenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fiser; Eighteenth Mississippi, Major J. C. Campbell and Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Line; Twenty-first Mississippi, Captain John Sims and Colonel Benjamin G. Humphreys.

Artillery.

Major S. P. Hamilton, Colonel H. C. Cabell.

Manly's (N. C.) Battery, Captain B. C. Manly; Pulaski (Ga.) Artillery, Captain J. P. W. Read; Richmond (Fayette) Artillery, Captain M. C. Macon; Richmond Howitzers (First Company), Captain E. S. McCarthy; Troup (Ga.) Artillery, Captain H. H. Carlton.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Major-General Richard H. Anderson

Wilcox's Brigade.

Colonel Alfred Cumming.

Eighth Alabama, Ninth Alabama, Tenth Alabama, Eleventh Alabama.

Mahone's Brigade.

Colonel William A. Parkham.

Sixth Virginia, Twelfth Virginia, Sixteenth Virginia, Forty-first Virginia, Sixty-first Virginia.

Featherston's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Winfield S. Featherston, Colonel Carnot Posey.

Twelfth Mississippi, Sixteenth Mississippi, Captain A. M. Feltus; Nineteenth Mississippi, Second Mississippi Battalion.

Armistead's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Lewis A. Armistead, Colonel J. G. Hodges.

Ninth Virginia, Fourteenth Virginia, Thirty-eighth Virginia, Fifty-third Virginia, Fifty-seventh Virginia.

Pryor's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor.

Fourteenth Alabama, Second Florida, Eighth Florida, Third Virginia.

Wright's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. R. Wright.

Forty-fourth Alabama, Third Georgia, Twenty-second Georgia, Forty-eighth Georgia.

Artillery.

Major John S. Sanders.

Donaldsonville (La.) Artillery (Maurin's Battery), Huger's (Va.) Battery, Moorman's (Va.) Battery, Thompson's (Grimes) (Va.) Battery.

JONES'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General David R. Jones.

Toombs's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Robert Toombs, Colonel Henry L. Benning.

Second Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Holmes and Major Skidmore Harris; Fifteenth Georgia, Colonel W. T. Millican; Seventeenth Georgia, Captain J. A. McGregor; Twentieth Georgia, Colonel J. B. Cum.

Drayton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Thomas F. Drayton.

Fiftieth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Kearse; Fifty-first Georgia, Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel W. D. De Saussure.

Pickett's Brigade.

Colonel Eppa Hunton, Brigadier-General R. B. Garnett.

Eighth Virginia, Colonel Eppa Hunton; Eighteenth Virginia, Major George C. Cabell; Nineteenth Virginia, Colonel J. B. Strange, Lieutenant W. N. Wood and Captain J. L. Cochran; Twenty-eighth Virginia, Captain Wingfield; Fifty-sixth Virginia, Colonel William D. Stuart and Captain McPhail.

Kemper's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. L. Kemper.

First Virginia, Seventh Virginia, Eleventh Virginia, Seventeenth Virginia, Twenty-fourth Virginia.

Jenkins's Brigade.

Colonel Joseph Walker.

First South Carolina (Volunteers), Lieutenant-Colonel D. Livingston; Second South Carolina Rifles, Fifth South Carolina, Captain T. C. Beckham; Sixth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Steedman and Captain E. B. Cantey; Fourth South Carolina Battalion, Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.

Anderson's Brigade.

Colonel George T. Anderson.

First Georgia (Regulars), Colonel W. J. Magill; Seventh Georgia, Eighth Georgia, Ninth Georgia, Eleventh Georgia, Major F. H. Little.

Artillery.

Fauquier (Va.) Artillery (Stribling's Battery), Loudoun (Va.) Artillery (Rogers's Battery),* Turner (Va.) Artillery (Leake's Battery), Wise (Va.) Artillery (J. S. Brown's Battery).

Evans's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Nathan G. Evans, Colonel P. F. Stevens.

Seventeenth South Carolina, Colonel F. W. McMaster; Eighteenth South Carolina, Colonel W. H. Wallace; Twenty-second South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Watkins and Major M. Hilton; Twenty-third South Carolina, Captain S. A. Durham and Lieutenant E. R. White; Holcombe (S. C) Legion, Colonel P. F. Stevens; Macbeth (S. C.) Artillery, Captain R. Boyce.

Artillery.

Washington (La.) Artillery, Colonel J. B. Walton.

First Company, Captain C. W. Squires; Second Company, Captain J. B. Richardson; Third Company, Captain M. B. Miller; Fourth Company, Captain B. F. Eshleman.

Lee's Battalion.

Colonel S. D. Lee.

Ashland (Va.) Artillery, Captain P. Woolfolk, Jr.; Bedford (Va.) Artillery, Captain T. C. Jordan; Brooks (S. C.) Artillery, Lieutenant William Elliott; Eubank's (Va.) Battery, Captain J. L. Eubank; Madison (La.) Light Artillery, Captain G. V. Moody; Parker's (Va.) Battery, Captain W. W. Parker.

JACKSON'S CORPS.

Major-General Thomas J. Jackson.

Ewell's Division.

Brigadier-General A. R. Lawton, Brigadier-General Jubal A. Early.

Lawton's Brigade.

Colonel M. Douglass, Major J. H. Lowe, Colonel John H. Lamar.

Thirteenth Georgia, Twenty-sixth Georgia, Thirty-first Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Crowder; Thirty-eighth Georgia, Sixtieth Georgia, Sixty-first Georgia.

Early's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Jubal A. Early, Colonel William Smith.

Thirteenth Virginia, Captain F. V. Winston; Twenty-fifth Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Forty-fourth Virginia, Forty-ninth Virginia, Colonel William Smith; Fifty-second Virginia, Colonel M. G. Harman; Fifty-eighth Virginia.

* Left at Leesburg.

Trimble's Brigade.

Colonel James A. Walker.

Fifteenth Alabama, Captain I. B. Feagin; Twelfth Georgia, Captain Rodgers; Twenty-first Georgia, Major Thomas C. Glover; Twenty-first North Carolina, Captain Miller; First North Carolina Battalion.*

Hays's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Harry T. Hays.

Fifth Louisiana, Sixth Louisiana, Colonel H. B. Strong; Seventh Louisiana, Eighth Louisiana, Fourteenth Louisiana.

Artillery.†

Major A. R. Courtney.

Charlottesville (Va.) Artillery (Carrington's Battery), Chesapeake (Md.) Artillery (Brown's Battery), Courtney (Va.) Artillery (Latimer's Battery), Johnson's (Va.) Battery, Louisiana Guard Artillery (D'Aquin's Battery), First Maryland Battery (Dement's Battery), Staunton (Va.) Artillery (Balthis's Battery).

HILL'S (LIGHT) DIVISION.

Major-General Ambrose P. Hill.

Branch's Brigade.

Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch, Colonel James H. Lane.

Seventh North Carolina, Eighteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Purdie; Twenty-eighth North Carolina, Thirty-third North Carolina, Thirty-seventh North Carolina.

Archer's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. J. Archer; Colonel Peter Turney.

Fifth Alabama Battalion, Captain Hooper; Nineteenth Georgia, Major J. H. Neal and Captain F. M. Johnston; First Tennessee (Provisional Army), Colonel Peter Turney; Seventh Tennessee, Major S. G. Shepard and Lieutenant G. A. Howard; Fourteenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Lockert.

*Attached to Twenty-first North Carolina regiment.

† The Charlottesville Artillery, left at Richmond in August, did not rejoin the army until after the battle of Sharpsburg. John R. Johnson's and D'Aquin's batteries were the only ones present with this division at Sharpsburg, the others having been left at Harper's Ferry and Shepherdstown.

Gregg's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Maxcy Gregg.

First South Carolina (Provisional Army), Major E. McCrady, Jr., Colonel D. H. Hamilton; First South Carolina Rifles, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Perrin; Twelfth South Carolina, Colonel Dixon Barnes, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Jones and Major W. H. McCorkle; Thirteenth South Carolina, Colonel O. E. Edwards; Fourteenth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Simpson.

Field's Brigade.

Colonel Brockenbrough.

Fortieth Virginia, Forty-seventh Virginia, Fifty-fifth Virginia, Twenty-second Virginia Battalion.

Pender's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William D. Pender, Colonel R. H. Brewer.

Sixteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Stowe; Twenty-second North Carolina, Major C. C. Coles; Thirty-fourth North Carolina, Thirty-eighth North Carolina.

Thomas's Brigade.

Colonel Edward L. Thomas.

Fourteenth Georgia, Colonel R. W. Folsom; Thirty-fifth Georgia, Forty-fifth Georgia, Major W. L. Grice; Forty-ninth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Manning.

*Artillery.**

Major R. L. Walker.

Branch (N. C.) Artillery (A. C. Latham's Battery), Crenshaw's (Va.) Battery, Fredericksburg (Va.) Artillery (Braxton's Battery), Letcher (Va.) Artillery (Davidson's Battery), Middlesex (Va.) Artillery (Fleet's Battery), Pee Dee (S. C.) Artillery (McIntosh's Battery), Purcell (Va.) Artillery (Pegram's Battery).

Jackson's Division.

Brigadier-General John R. Jones, Brigadier-General W. E. Starke, Colonel A. J. Grigsby.

Winder's Brigade.

Colonel A. J. Grigsby, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Gardner (Fourth Virginia), Major R. H. Williams.

Second Virginia, Captain R. T. Colston; Fourth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Gardner; Fifth Virginia, Major H. J. Williams; Twenty-seventh Virginia, Captain F. C. Wilson; Thirty-third Virginia, Captain Golladay and Lieutenant Walton.

* Braxton's, Crenshaw's, McIntosh's and Pegram's batteries engaged at Sharpsburg. Davidson's battery had been left at Harper's Ferry, and Fleet's and Latham's batteries at Leesburg.

Taliaferro's Brigade.

Colonel E. T. H. Warren, Colonel J. W. Jackson, Colonel J. L. Sheffield.

Forty-seventh Alabama, Forty-eighth Alabama, Tenth Virginia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-seventh Virginia.

Jones's Brigade.

Colonel B. T. Johnson, Brigadier-General J. R. Jones, Captain J. E. Penn, Captain A. C. Page, Captain R. W. Withers.

Twenty-first Virginia, Captain A. C. Page; Forty-second Virginia, Captain R. W. Withers; Forty-eighth Virginia, Captain Candler; First Virginia Battalion, Lieutenant C. A. Davidson.

Starke's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William E. Starke, Colonel L. A. Stafford, Colonel E. Pendleton.

First Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel M. Nolan; Second Louisiana, Colonel J. M. Williams; Ninth Louisiana, Tenth Louisiana, Captain H. D. Monier; Fifteenth Louisiana, Appen's (La.) Battalion.

Artillery.

Major L. M. Shumaker.

Alleghany (Va.) Artillery (Carpenter's Battery), Brockenbrough's (Md.) Battery, Danville (Va.) Artillery (Wooding's Battery), Hampden (Va.) Artillery (Caskie's Battery), Lee (Va.) Battery (Raine's Battery), Rockbridge (Va.) Artillery (Poague's Battery).

HILL'S DIVISION.*

Major-General Daniel H. Hill.

Ripley's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Roswell S. Ripley, Colonel George Doles.

Fourth Georgia, Colonel George Doles; Forty-fourth Georgia, Captain Key; First North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Brown; Third North Carolina, Colonel William L. De Rosset.

Garland's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, Jr., Colonel D. K. McRae.

Fifth North Carolina, Colonel D. K. McRae and Captain T. M. Garrett; Twelfth North Carolina, Captain S. Snow; Thirteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Ruffin, Jr., Twentieth North Carolina, Colonel Alfred Iverson; Twenty-third North Carolina, Colonel D. H. Christie.

* On "Field Return," Army of Northern Virginia, for September 22d, this division appears as of Jackson's Corps.

Rodes's Brigade.

Brigadier-General R. E. Rodes.

Third Alabama, Colonel C. A. Battle; Fifth Alabama, Major E. L. Hobson; Sixth Alabama, Colonel J. B. Gordon; Twelfth Alabama, Colonel B. B. Gayle and Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Pickens; Twenty-sixth Alabama, Colonel E. A. O'Neal.

Anderson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General George B. Anderson, Colonel R. T. Bennett.

Second North Carolina, Colonel C. C. Tew and Captain G. M. Roberts; Fourth North Carolina, Colonel Bryan Grimes and Captains W. T. Marsh and D. P. Latham; Fourteenth North Carolina, Colonel R. T. Bennett; Thirtieth North Carolina, Colonel F. M. Parker and Major W. W. Sellers.

Colquitt's Brigade.

Colonel A. H. Colquitt.

Thirteenth Alabama, Colonel B. D. Fry; Sixth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Newton; Twenty-third Georgia, Colonel W. P. Barclay; Twenty-seventh Georgia, Colonel L. B. Smith; Twenty-eighth Georgia, Major T. Graybill and Captain N. J. Garrison.

*Artillery.**

Major Pierson.

Hardaway's (Ala.) Battery, Captain R. A. Hardaway; Jeff. Davis (Ala.) Artillery, Captain J. W. Bondurant; Jones's (Va.) Battery, Captain William B. Jones; King William (Va.) Artillery, Captain T. H. Carter.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.†

Brigadier-General William N. Pendleton.

Brown's Battalion,‡

Colonel J. Thompson Brown.

Powhatan Artillery (Dance's Battery), Richmond Howitzers, Second Company (Watson's Battery), Richmond Howitzers, Third Company (Smith's Battery); Salem Artillery (Hupp's Battery), Williamsburg Artillery (Coke's Battery).

* Cutt's and Jones's battalions also under D. H. Hill's command at Sharpsburg.

† Including all batteries mentioned in the reports or in the re-organization of October 4th, and not elsewhere accounted for. Brooke's, Dearing's and Nelson's Virginia batteries joined after the campaign had terminated.

‡ First Virginia Artillery.

*Cutts's Battalion.**

Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cutts.

Blackshear's (Ga.) Battery, Irwin (Ga.) Artillery (Lane's Battery), Lloyd's (N. C.) Battery, Patterson's (Ga.) Battery, Ross's (Ga.) Battery.

*Jones's Battalion.**

Major H. P. Jones.

Morris (Va.) Artillery (R. C. M. Page's Battery), Orange (Va.) Artillery (Peyton's Battery), Turner's (Va.) Battery, Wimbish's (Va.) Battery.

Nelson's Battalion.

Major William Nelson.

Amherst (Va.) Artillery (Kirkpatrick's Battery), Fluvanna (Va.) Artillery (Ancell's Battery), Huckstep's (Va.) Battery Johnson's (Va.) Battery,† Milledge (Ga.) Artillery (Milledge's Battery).

Miscellaneous.

Cutshaw's (Va.) Battery, Dixie (Va.) Artillery (Chapman's Battery), Magruder (Va.) Artillery (T. J. Page, Jr.'s Battery), Rice's (Va.) Battery, Captain W. H. Rice,‡ Thomas (Va.) Artillery (E. J. Anderson's Battery).§

CAVALRY.

Major-General James E. B. Stuart.

Hampton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Wade Hampton.

First North Carolina, Colonel L. S. Baker; Second South Carolina, Colonel M. C. Butler; Tenth Virginia; Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. B. Young; Jeff. Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin.

Lee's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Fitz Lee.

First Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel L. Tiernan Brien; Third Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Thornton; Fourth Virginia, Colonel William C. Wickham; Fifth Virginia, Colonel T. L. Rosser; Ninth Virginia.

* With D. H. Hill's division at Sharpsburg.

† Marmaduke Johnson's battery.

‡ Not mentioned between September 1st-22nd, but probably with the army in reserve.

§ Left at Leesburg.

Robertson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson.
Colonel Thomas T. Munford.

Second Virginia, Colonel T. T. Munford and Lieutenant-Colonel Burks; Sixth Virginia; Seventh Virginia, Captain S. B. Myers; Twelfth Virginia, Colonel A. W. Harman; Seventeenth Virginia Battalion.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

Captain John Pelham.

Chew's (Va.) Battery, Hart's (S. C.) Battery, Pelham's (Va.) Battery.

ORDERS FOR BATTLE OF SHILOH, OR PITTSBURG LANDING.

By General G. T. Beauregard, C. S. A., Commanding Army of the Mississippi.

Battlefield of Shiloh, Mississippi,
April 6th, via Corinth, Miss.,
Via Chattanooga, Tennessee, April 7th, 1862.

We this morning attacked the enemy in strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks to the Almighty, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every position. Loss on both sides heavy, including our commander-in-chief, General A. S. Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight.

G. T. Beauregard,
General Commanding.

General S. Cooper, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters Army of the Mississippi,
Corinth, Miss., April 3d, 1862.

Special Orders, No. 8.

I. In the impending movement the corps of this army will march, assemble and take order of battle in the following manner, it being assumed that the enemy is in position about a mile in advance of Shiloh Church, with his right resting on Owl Creek and his left on Lick Creek.

1. The Third Corps, under Major-General Hardee, will advance as soon as practicable on the Ridge road from Corinth to what is known as the Bark road, passing about half a mile northward of the Workhouse. The head of this column will bivouac, if possible, to-night at Mickey's house, at the intersection of the road from Monterey to Savannah. The cavalry, thrown well

forward during the march, to reconnoitre and prevent surprise, will halt in front of the Mickey house, on the Bark road.

2. Major Waddell, aid-de-camp to General Beauregard, with two good guides, will report for service to Major-General Hardee.

3. At 3 o'clock a. m. to-morrow the Third corps, with the left in front, will continue to advance by the Bark road until within sight of the enemy's outposts or advanced positions, when it will be deployed in line of battle, according to the nature of the ground, its left resting on Owl Creek, its right toward Lick Creek, supported on that flank by one-half of its cavalry, the left flank being supported by the other half. The interval between the extreme right of this corps and Lick Creek will be filled by a brigade or division, according to the extent of the ground, from the Second corps. These troops during the battle will also be under the command of Major-General Hardee. He will make the proper disposition of the artillery along the line of battle, remembering that the rifled guns are of long ranges and should be placed on any commanding position in rear of the infantry, to fire mainly on the reserves and second line of the enemy, but will occasionally be directed on his batteries and heads of columns.

II. The Second corps, under Major-General Braxton Bragg, will assemble on Monterey, and move thence as early as practicable, the right wing, with left in front, by the road from Monterey to Savannah, the head of column to reach the vicinity of Mickey's house, at the intersection of the Bark road, before sunset. The cavalry with this wing will take position on the road to Savannah, beyond Mickey's as far as Owl Creek, having advanced guards and pickets well to the front. The left wing of this corps will advance at the same time, also left in front, by the road from Monterey to Purdy, the head of the column to reach by night the intersection of that road with the Bark road.

This wing will continue the movement in the morning as soon as the rear of the Third corps shall have passed the Purdy road, which it will then follow.

The Second corps will then form the second line of battle about 1000 yards in rear of the first line. It will be formed, if practicable, with regiments in double columns at half distance, disposed as advantageously as the nature of the ground will admit, and with a view to facility of deployment, the artillery placed as may seem best to Major-General Bragg.

III. The First corps, under Major-General Polk, with the exception of the detached division at Bethel, will take up its line of march by the Ridge road, hence to Pittsburg, half an hour after the rear of the Third corps shall have passed Corinth, and will bivouac to-night in rear of that corps, and on to-morrow will follow the movements of said corps with the same interval of time as to-day. When its head of column shall reach the vicinity of the Mickey house it will be halted in column or massed on the line of the Bark road, according to the nature of the ground, as a reserve.

Meantime one regiment of its cavalry will be placed in observation on the road from Johnston's house to Stantonville, with advance guards and pickets thrown out well in advance toward Stantonville. Another regiment or battalion of cavalry will be posted in the same manner in the road from Monterey to Purdy, with its rear resting on or about the intersection of that road with the Bark road, having advanced guards and pickets in the direction of Purdy.

The forces at Bethel and Purdy will defend their positions, as already instructed, if attacked; otherwise they will assemble on Purdy, and thence advance with advanced guards, flankers, and all other prescribed military precautions, by the road thence to Monterey, forming a junction with the next of the First corps at the intersection of that road with the Bark road leading from Corinth.

IV. The reserve of the forces will be concentrated by the shortest and best routes at Monterey as soon as the rear of the Second corps shall have moved out of that place. Its commander will take up the best position whence to advance, as required, either in direction of Mickey's or of Pratt's house, on the direct road to

Pittsburg, if that road is found practicable, or in direction of the Ridge road to Hamburg, throwing all its cavalry on the latter road as far as its intersection with the one to Pittsburg, passing through Guersford, on Lick Creek. This cavalry will throw well forward advanced guards and vedettes toward Guersford and in the direction of Hamburg, and during the impending battle, when called to the field of combat, will move by the Guersford road. A regiment of the infantry reserve will be thrown forward to the intersection of the Gravel Hill road with the Ridge road to Hamburg, as a support to the cavalry.

The reserve will be formed of Breckinridge's, Bowen's and Statham's brigades as now organized, the whole under command of Brigadier-General Breckinridge.

V. General Bragg will detach the Fifty-first and Fifty-second regiments Tennessee Volunteers, Blount's Alabama and Desha's Arkansas battalion, and Bains's battery, from his corps, which, with two of Carroll's regiments, now en route for these headquarters, will form a garrison for the post and depot of Corinth.

VI. Strong guards will be left at the railroad bridges between Iuka and Corinth, to be furnished in due proportion from the commands at Iuka, Burnsville and Corinth.

VII. Proper guards will be left at the camps of the several regiments of the forces in the field. Corps commanders will determine the strength of these guards.

VIII. Wharton's regiment of Texas cavalry will be ordered forward at once to scout on the road from Monterey to Savannah between Mickey's and its intersection with the Pittsburg-Purdy road; it will annoy and harass any force of the enemy moving by the latter way to assail Cheatham's division at Purdy.

XI. The chief engineer of the forces will take all due measures and precautions and give all requisite orders for the repair of the bridges, causeways and roads on which our troops may move in the execution of these orders.

X. The troops, individually so intelligent, and with such great interests involved in the issue, are urgently enjoined to be observant

of the orders of their superiors in the hour of battle. Their officers must constantly endeavor to hold them in hand and prevent the waste of ammunition by heedless, aimless firing. The firing should be slow, always at a distinct mark. It is expected that much and effective work will be done with the bayonet.

By command of General A. S. Johnston.

THOMAS JORDAN, Assistant Adjutant-General.

—*Confederate War Journal*, January, 1894.

Battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing.

AS DESCRIBED BY GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD, GENERAL COMMANDING.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
CORINTH, MISS., April 11, 1862.

On the 2d ultimo, having ascertained conclusively, from the movements of the enemy on the Tennessee River and from reliable sources of information, that his aim would be to cut off my communications in West Tennessee with the Eastern and Southern States, by operating from the Tennessee River, between Crump's Landing and Eastport, as a base, I determined to foil his designs by concentrating all my available forces at and around Corinth.

Meanwhile, having called on the governors of the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana to furnish additional troops, some of them (chiefly regiments from Louisiana) soon reached this vicinity, and with two divisions of General Polk's command from Columbus, and a fine corps of troops from Mobile and Pensacola, under Major-General Bragg, constituted the Army of the Mississippi. At the same time General Johnston, being at Murfreesborough, on the march to form a junction of his forces with mine, was called on to send at least a brigade by railroad, so that we might fall on and crush the enemy, should he attempt an advance from under his gunboats.

The call on General Johnston was promptly complied with. His entire force was also hastened in this direction, and by April 1st

our united forces were concentrated along the Mobile & Ohio Railroad from Bethel to Corinth, and on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Corinth to Iuka.

It was then determined to assume the offensive and strike a sudden blow at the enemy, in position under General Grant on the west bank of the Tennessee, at Pittsburg and in the direction of Savannah, before he was reinforced by the army under General Buell, then known to be advancing for that purpose by rapid marches from Nashville via Columbia. About the same time General Johnston was advised that such an operation conformed to the expectations of the President.

By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured, in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained and abandon Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.

Want of general officers needful for the proper organization of divisions and brigades of an army brought thus suddenly together, and other difficulties in the way of an effective organization, delayed the movement until the night of the 2d instant, when it was heard, from a reliable quarter, that the junction of the enemy's armies was near at hand. It was then, at a late hour, determined that the attack should be attempted at once, incomplete and imperfect as were our preparations for such a grave and momentous adventure. Accordingly, that night at 1 a. m. the preliminary orders to the commanders of corps were issued for the movement.

On the following morning the detailed orders of movements (a copy of which is herewith, marked A) were issued, and the movement after some delay commenced, the troops being in admirable spirits. It was expected we should be able to reach the enemy's lines in time to attack him early on the 5th instant.

The men, however, for the most part, were unused to marching, and the roads, narrow and traversing a densely wooded country, became almost impassable after a severe rainstorm on the night of the 4th, which drenched the troops in bivouac; hence our forces did not reach the intersection of the roads from Pittsburg and Hamburg, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, until late Saturday afternoon.

It was then decided that the attack should be made on the next morning, at the earliest hour practicable, in accordance with the orders of movement; that is, in three lines of battle, the first and second extending from Owl Creek, on the left, to Lick Creek, on the right, a distance of about three miles, and supported by the third and the reserve. The first line, under Major-General Hardee, was constituted of his corps, augmented on the right by Gladden's brigade, of Major-General Bragg's corps, deployed in line of battle, with their respective artillery following immediately by the main road to Pittsburg and the cavalry in rear of the wings. The second line, composed of the other troops of Bragg's corps, followed the first at a distance of 500 yards in the same order as the first. The army corps under General Polk followed the second line, at a distance of about 800 yards, in lines of brigades deployed, with their batteries in rear of each brigade, moving by the Pittsburg road, the left wing supported by cavalry. The reserve, under Brigadier-General Breckinridge, followed closely the third line in the same order, its right wing supported by cavalry.

These two corps constituted the reserve, and were to support the front lines of battle by being deployed, when required, on the right and left of the Pittsburg road, or otherwise act according to the exigencies of the battle.

At 5 a. m. on the 6th instant a reconnoitring party of the enemy having become engaged with our advance pickets, the commander of the forces gave orders to begin the movement and attack as determined upon, except that Trabue's brigade, of Breckinridge's division, was detached and advanced to support the left of Bragg's corps and line of battle when menaced by the enemy, and the other

two brigades were directed to advance by the road to Hamburg to support Bragg's right; and at the same time Maney's regiment, of Polk's corps, was advanced by the same road to reinforce the regiment of cavalry and battery of four pieces already thrown forward to watch and guard Greer's, Tanner's and Borland's Fords, on Lick Creek.

At 5.30 a. m. our lines and columns were in motion, all animated, evidently, by a promising spirit. The front line was engaged at once, but advanced steadily, followed, in due order, with equal resolution and steadiness, by the other lines, which were brought successively into action with rare skill, judgment and gallantry by the several corps commanders, as the enemy made a stand with his masses rallied for the struggle for his encampments. Like an Alpine avalanche our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, until after 6 p. m., when we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick Creeks but one; nearly all of his field artillery, about thirty flags, colors and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss), and several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory, such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles; for never was an army so well provided as that of our enemy.

The remnant of his army had been driven in utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg under the shelter of heavy guns of his ironclad gunboats, and we remained undisputed masters of his well-selected, admirably provided cantonments, after over twelve hours of obstinate conflict with his forces, who had been beaten from them and the contiguous covert, but only by a sustained onset of all the men we could bring into action.

Our loss was heavy, as will appear from the accompanying return. Our commander-in-chief, General A. S. Johnston, fell mortally wounded, and died on the field at 2.30 p. m., after having shown the highest qualities of the commander and a personal intrepidity

that inspired all around him, and gave resistless impulsion to his columns at critical moments.

The chief command then devolved upon me, though at the time I was greatly prostrated and suffering from the prolonged sickness with which I had been afflicted since early in February. The responsibility was one which in my physical condition I would have gladly avoided, though cast upon me when our forces were successfully pushing the enemy back upon the Tennessee River, and though supported on the immediate field by such corps commanders as Major-Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, and Brigadier-General Breckinridge commanding the reserve.

It was after 6 p. m., as before said, when the enemy's last position was carried, and his forces finally broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburg Landing, not more than half a mile distant, and under the guns of the gunboats, which opened on our eager columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description.

Darkness was close at hand; officers and men were exhausted by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march of the preceding day through mud and water. It was, therefore, impossible to collect the rich and opportune spoils of war scattered broadcast on the field left in our possession, and impracticable to make any effective dispositions for their removal to the rear.

I accordingly established my headquarters at the Church of Shiloh, in the enemy's encampments, with Major-General Bragg, and directed our troops to sleep on their arms in such positions, in advance and rear, as corps commanders should determine, hoping from news received by a special despatch, that delays had been encountered by General Buell in his march from Columbia, and that his main force, therefore, could not reach the field of battle in time to save General Grant's shattered fugitive forces from capture or destruction on the following day.

During the night the rain fell in torrents, adding to the discomforts and harassed condition of the men. The enemy, moreover, had broken their rest by a discharge at measured intervals of

heavy shells thrown from the gunboats; therefore, on the following morning the troops under my command were not in condition to cope with an equal force of fresh troops, armed and equipped like our adversary, in the immediate possession of his depots and sheltered by such an auxiliary as the enemy's gunboats.

About 6 o'clock on the morning of April 7th, however, a hot fire of musketry and artillery, opened from the enemy's quarter on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with a fury which satisfied me I was attacked by a largely superior force. But from the outset our troops, notwithstanding their fatigue and losses from the battle of the day before, exhibited the most cheering, veteran-like steadiness. On the right and centre the enemy was repulsed in every attempt he made with his heavy columns in that quarter of the field. On the left, however, and nearest to the point of arrival of his reinforcements, he drove forward line after line of his fresh troops, which were met with a resolution and courage of which our country may be proudly hopeful. Again and again our troops were brought to the charge, invariably to win the position in issue, invariably to drive back their foe. But hour by hour, thus opposed to an enemy constantly reinforced, our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy, and by 12 m., eighteen hours of hard fighting had sensibly exhausted a large number. My last reserves had necessarily been disposed of, and the enemy was evidently receiving fresh reinforcements after each repulse; accordingly, about 1 p. m., I determined to withdraw from so unequal a conflict, securing such results of the victory of the day before as was then practicable.

Officers of my staff were immediately dispatched with the necessary orders to make the best dispositions for a deliberate, orderly withdrawal from the field, and to collect and post a reserve to meet the enemy, should he attempt to push after us.

In this connection I will mention particularly my adjutant-general, Colonel Jordan, who was of much assistance to me on this occasion, as he had already been on the field of battle on that and the preceding day.

About 2 p. m., the lines in advance, which had repulsed the enemy in their last fierce assault on our left and centre, received the orders to retire. This was done with uncommon steadiness, and the enemy made no attempt to follow.

The line of troops established to cover this movement had been disposed on a favorable ridge commanding the ground of Shiloh Church. From this position our artillery played upon the woods beyond for awhile, but upon no visble enemy and without reply. Soon satisfied that no serious pursuit would be attempted, this last line was withdrawn; and never did troops leave a battle-field in better order. Even the stragglers fell into the ranks and marched off with those who had stood more steadily by their colors.

A second strong position was taken up about a mile in rear, where the approach of the enemy was awaited for nearly an hour; but no effort to follow was made, and only a small detachment of horsemen could be seen at a distance from this last position, warily observing our movements.

Arranging through my staff officers for the completion of the movements thus begun, Brigadier-General Breckinridge was left with his command as a rear guard to hold the ground we had occupied the night preceding the first battle, just in front of the intersection of the Pittsburg and Hamburg roads, about four miles from the former place, while the rest of the army passed to the rear in excellent order.

On the following day General Breckinridge fell back about three miles, to Mickey's, which position we continued to hold, with our cavalry thrown considerably forward in immediate proximity to the battlefield.

Unfortunately, toward night of the 7th instant it began to rain heavily. This continued throughout the night; the roads became almost impassable in many places, and much hardship and suffering now ensued before all the regiments reached their encampments; but despite the heavy casualties of the two eventful days of April 6th and 7th this army is more confident of ultimate success than before its encounter with the enemy.

To Major-Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, commanding corps, and to Brigadier-General Breckinridge, commanding the reserve, the country is greatly indebted for the zeal, intelligence and energy with which all orders were executed, for the foresight and military ability they displayed in the absence of instructions in the many exigencies of the battle on a field so densely wooded and broken, and for their fearless deportment as they repeatedly led their commands personally to the onset upon their powerful adversary. It was under these circumstances that General Bragg had two horses shot under him; that Major-General Hardee was slightly wounded, his coat rent by balls and his horse disabled, and that Brigadier-General Breckinridge was twice struck by spent balls.

For the services of their gallant subordinate commanders and of other officers, as well as for the details of the battlefield, I must refer to the reports of corps, division and brigade commanders, which shall be forwarded as soon as received.

To give more in detail the operations of the two battles resulting from the movement on Pittsburg than now attempted must have delayed this report for weeks and interfered materially with the important duties of my position. But I may be permitted to say that not only did the obstinate conflict for twelve hours on Sunday leave the Confederate army masters of the battlefield and our adversary beaten, but we left that field on the next day only after eight hours' incessant battle with a superior army of fresh troops, whom we had repulsed in every attack on our lines—so repulsed and crippled, indeed, as to leave it unable to take the field for the campaign for which it was collected and equipped at such enormous expense and with such profusion of all the appliances of war.

These successful results were not achieved, however, as before said, without severe loss—a loss not to be measured by the number of the slain or wounded, but by the high social and personal worth of so large a number of those who were killed or disabled, including the commander of the forces, whose high qualities will be greatly missed in the momentous campaign impending. I deeply regret

to record also the death of the Hon. George W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who went into action with the Kentucky troops, and continually inspired them by his words and example. Having his horse shot under him on Sunday, he entered the ranks of a Kentucky regiment on Monday, and fell mortally wounded toward the close of the day. Not his State alone, but the whole Confederacy, has sustained a great loss in the death of this brave, upright and able man.

Another gallant and able soldier and captain was lost to the service of the country when Brigadier-General Gladden, commanding the First brigade, Withers's division, Second Army corps, died from a severe wound received on the 6th instant, after having been conspicuous to his whole corps and the army for courage and capacity.

Major-General Cheatham, commanding the First division, First corps, was slightly wounded, and had three horses shot under him.

Brigadier-General Clark, commanding Second division of the First corps, received a severe wound also on the first day, which will deprive the army of his valuable services for some time.

Brigadier-General Hindman, engaged in the onset of the battle, was conspicuous for a cool courage, efficiently employed in leading his men ever in the thickest of the fray, until his horse was shot under him and he was unfortunately so severely injured by the fall that the army was deprived on the following day of his chivalrous example.

Brigadier-Generals B. R. Johnson and Bowen, most meritorious officers, were also severely wounded in the first combat, but it is hoped will soon be able to return to duty with their brigades.

To mention the many field officers who died or were wounded while gallantly leading their commands into action, and the many brilliant instances of individual courage displayed by officers and men in the twenty hours of battle, is impossible at this time, but their names will be duly made known to their countrymen.

The immediate staff of the lamented commander-in-chief, who accompanied him to the field, rendered efficient service, and, either by

his side or in carrying his orders, shared his exposure to the casualties of the well-contested battlefield. I beg to commend their names to the notice of the War Department, namely: Captains H. P. Brewster, and N. Wickliffe, of the adjutant- and inspector-generals' department; Captain Theodore O'Hara, acting inspector-general; Lieutenants George Baylor and Thomas M. Jack, aids-de-camp; volunteer aids-de-camp Colonel William Preston, Major D. M. Hayden, E. W. Munford and Calhoun Benham, Major Albert J. Smith and Captain Wickham, of the quartermaster's department.

To these gentlemen was assigned the last sad duty of accompanying the remains of their lamented chief from the field, except Captains Brewster and Wickliffe, who remained and rendered valuable services as staff officers on April 7th.

Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, went upon the field with General Johnston, was by his side when he was shot, aided him from his horse, and received him in his arms when he died. Subsequently the Governor joined my staff and remained with me throughout the next day, except when carrying orders, or employed in encouraging the troops of his own State, to whom he gave a conspicuous example of coolness, zeal and intrepidity.

I am also under many obligations to my own general, personal and volunteer staff, many of whom have been so long associated with me. I append a list of those present on the field on both days, and whose duties carried them constantly under fire, namely: Colonel Thomas Jordan, Captain Clifton H. Smith and Lieutenant John M. Otey, adjutant-general's department; Major George W. Brent, acting inspector-general; Colonel R. B. Lee, chief of subsistence, whose horse was wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Ferguson and Lieutenant A. R. Chisholm, aids-de-camp; volunteer aids-de-camp Colonel Jacob Thompson, Majors Numa Augustin and H. E. Peyton, and Captains Albert Ferry and B. B. Waddell. Captain W. W. Porter, of Major-General Crittenden's staff, also reported for duty, and shared the duties of my volunteer staff on Monday. Brigadier-General Trudeau, of Louisiana Volunteers, also, for a part of the first day's conflict, was with me as a volunteer aid. Captain

E. H. Cummins, signal officer, also was actively employed as staff officer on both days.

Nor must I fail to mention that Private W. E. Goolsby, Eleventh regiment, Virginia Volunteers, orderly to my headquarters since last June, repeatedly employed to carry my verbal orders to the field, discharged the duty with great zeal and intelligence.

Other members of my staff were necessarily absent from the immediate field of battle, intrusted with responsible duties at these headquarters, namely: Captain F. H. Jordan, assistant adjutant-general, in charge of general headquarters; Major Eugene E. McLean, chief quartermaster, and Captain E. Deslonde, quartermaster's department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ferguson, aid-de-camp, early on Monday was assigned to command and directed the movements of a brigade of the Second corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Gilmer, chief engineer, after having performed the important and various duties of his place with distinction to himself, and material benefit to the country, was wounded late on Monday. I trust, however, I shall not long be deprived of his essential services.

Captain Lockett, Engineer corps, chief assistant to Colonel Gilmer, after having been employed in the duties of his corps on Sunday, was placed by me on Monday in command of a battalion without field officers.

Captain Fremaux, provisional engineers, and Lieutenants Steele and Helm, also rendered material and even dangerous service in the line of their duty.

Major-General (now General) Braxton Bragg, in addition to his duties of chief of staff, as has been before stated, commanded his corps—much the largest in the field—on both days with signal capacity and soldiership

Surgeons Foard, medical director, R. L. Brodie and S. Choppin, medical inspectors, and D. W. Yandell, medical director of the Western Department, with General Johnston, were present in the discharge of their arduous and high duties, which they performed with honor to their profession.

Captain Tom Saunders, Messrs. Scales and Metcalf, and Mr. Tully, of New Orleans, were of material aid on both days, ready to give news of the enemy's positions and movements regardless of exposure.

While thus partially making mention of some of those who rendered brilliant, gallant or meritorious service on the field, I have aimed merely to notice those whose position would most probably exclude the record of their services from the reports of corps or subordinate commanders.

From this agreeable duty I turn to one in the highest degree unpleasant; one due, however, to the brave men under me as a contrast of the behavior of most of the army who fought so heroically. I allude to the fact that some officers, non-commissioned officers and men abandoned their colors early on the first day to pillage the captured encampments; others retired shamefully from the field on both days while the thunder of cannon and the roar and rattle of musketry told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the fresh legions of the enemy. I have ordered the names of the most conspicuous on this roll of laggards and cowards to be published in orders.

It remains to state that our loss on the two days, in killed outright, was 1728; wounded, 8012, and missing, 959; making an aggregate of casualties, 10,699. This sad list tells in simple language of the stout fight made by our countrymen in front of the rude log chapel of Shiloh, especially when it is known that on Monday, from exhaustion and other causes, not 20,000 men on our side could be brought into action.

Of the losses of the enemy I have no exact knowledge. Their newspapers report it as very heavy. Unquestionably it was greater even in proportion than our own on both days, for it was apparent to all that their dead left on the field outnumbered ours two to one. Their casualties, therefore, cannot have fallen many short of 20,000 in killed, wounded, prisoners and missing. Through information derived from many sources, including the newspapers of the enemy, we engaged on Sunday the divisions of Generals Prentiss, Sherman,

Hurlbut, McClernand and Smith, of 9000 men each, or at least 45,000 men. This force was reinforced Sunday night by the divisions of Generals Nelson, McCook, Crittenden and Thomas, of Major-General Buell's army, some 25,000 strong, including all arms; also General L. Wallace's division of General Grant's army, making at least 33,000 fresh troops, which, added to the remnant of General Grant's forces—on Monday morning amounting to over 20,000—made an aggregate force of some 53,000 men, at least, arrayed against us on that day.

In connection with the results of the battle I should state that most of our men, who had inferior arms, exchanged them for the improved arms of the enemy; also, that most of the property, public and personal, in the camps from which the enemy was driven on Sunday was rendered useless or greatly damaged, except some of the tents.

With this are transmitted certain papers, to wit: Order of movement, marked A; a list of the killed and wounded, marked B; a list of captured flags, marked C, and a map of the field of battle, marked D. All of which is respectfully submitted through my volunteer aid-de-camp, Colonel Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who has in charge the flags, standards and colors captured from the enemy.

I have the honor to be, general, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD, General Commanding.

General S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General, C. S. A., Richmond, Va.

—*Confederate War Journal*, January, 1894.

[*Confederate War Journal*, January, 1894.]

Organization of the Army of the Mississippi, April 6-7, 1862, at the Battle of Shiloh.

(k., killed. m. w., mortally wounded. w., wounded.)

FIRST CORPS.*

Major-General Leonidas Polk.

First Division.

Brigadier-General Charles Clark (w.).

First Brigade.

Colonel R. M. Russell.

Eleventh Louisiana, Colonel S. F. Marks (w.), Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Barrow; Twelfth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Bell; Thirteenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Vaughan, Jr.; Twenty-second Tennessee, Colonel T. J. Freeman (w.), Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart (w.); Bankhead's Battery, Captain S. B. Bankhead.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. P. Stewart.

Thirteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Grayson (k.), Major J. A. McNeely (w.), Colonel J. C. Tappan; Fourth Tennessee, Colonel Rufus P. Neely, Lieutenant-Colonel O. F. Stiahl; Fifth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Venable; Thirty-third Tennessee, Colonel A. W. Campbell; Stanford's Battery, Captain T. T. Stanford.

Second Division.

Brigadier-General B. F. Cheatham.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson (w.), Colonel Preston Smith (w.).

Mississippi Battalion, Colonel A. K. Blythe (k.), Lieutenant-Colonel D. Herron (k.), Major Moore; Second Tennessee, Colonel J. Knox Walker; Fifteenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Tyler (w.), Major Hearn; One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee (senior), Colonel Preston Smith (w.). Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus J. Wright; Polk's Battery, Captain W. T. Polk (w.).

* The First Mississippi Cavalry, Brewer's battalion, and Cox's, Jenkins's, Lindsay's, Robins's and Tomlison's cavalry, not accounted for in this table, appear from the reports to have belonged to Polk's corps.

Second Brigade.

Colonel W. H. Stephens, Colonel Geo. Maney.

Seventh Kentucky, Colonel Chas. Wickliffe (m. w.); First Tennessee, Colonel Geo. Maney; Sixth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Jones, Colonel W. H. Stephens; Ninth Tennessee, Colonel Henry L. Douglass; Smith's Battery, Captain M. Smith.

SECOND CORPS.

Major-General Braxton Bragg.

First Division.

Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles.

First Brigade.

Colonel R. L. Gibson.

First Arkansas, Colonel James F. Fagan; Fourth Louisiana, Colonel H. W. Allen (w.); Thirteenth Louisiana, Major A. P. Avegno (m. w.), Captain E. M. Dubroca; Nineteenth Louisiana, Colonel B. L. Hodge; Bain's Battery, Captain M. Bain.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General Patton Anderson.

First Florida (battalion), Major T. A. McDonell (w.), Captain W. G. Poole, Captain W. C. Bird; Seventeenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Jones (w.), Colonel S. S. Heard; Twentieth Louisiana, Colonel August Richard; Ninth Texas, Colonel W. A. Stanley; Confederate Guards Response Battalion (two companies), Major F. H. Clack; Hodgson Battery, Captain W. I. Hodgson.

*Third Brigade.**

Colonel Preston Pond, Jr.

Sixteenth Louisiana, Major Daniel Gober (w.); Eighteenth Louisiana, Colonel Alfred Monton (w.); Thirty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel A. F. Looney; Crescent (Louisiana) Regiment, Colonel Marshall J. Smith; Ketchum's Battery, Captain W. H. Ketchum.

Second Division.

Brigadier Jones M. Withers.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. H. Gladden (k.), Colonel D. W. Adams (w.), Colonel Z. C. Deas (w.), Colonel J. Q. Loomis.

* The Orleans Guard battalion also belonged to this brigade.

Twenty-first Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Cayce; Twenty-second Alabama, Colonel Z. C. Deas (w.), Lieutenant-Colonel J. Q. Marrast; Twenty-fifth Alabama, Colonel J. Q. Loomis, Major J. D. Johnston; Twenty-sixth Alabama, Colonel Coltart (w.), Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Chadwick; First Louisiana, Colonel D. W. Adams (w.), Major F. H. Farrar; Battery, Captain Robertson.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General James R. Chalmers.

Fifth Mississippi, Colonel A. E. Fant; Seventh Mississippi, Colonel H. Mayson; Ninth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Rankin (k.); Tenth Mississippi, Colonel R. A. Smith; Fifty-second Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Lea; Battery, Captain Gage.

*Third Brigade.**

Brigadier-General J. K. Jackson.

Seventeenth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert C. Farris; Eighteenth Alabama, Colonel Eli D. Shorter; Nineteenth Alabama, Colonel Joseph Wheeler; Alabama Battalion, Arkansas Battalion, Second Texas, Colonel John C. Moore; Girardeys's Battery, Captain J. P. Girardeys.

THIRD CORPS.

Major-General W. J. Hardee.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General T. C. Hindman, Colonel R. G. Shaver.

Second Arkansas, Colonel Govan, Major R. T. Harvey, Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson (w.); Sixth Arkansas, Colonel A. T. Hawthorn; Seventh Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Dean (k.), Major James T. Martin; Third Confederate, Colonel John S. Marmaduke; Miller's Battery, Swett's Battery.

Second Brigade.†

Brigadier-General P. R. Cleburne.

Fifteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Patton (k.), Major J. T. Harris (k.); Sixth Mississippi, Colonel J. J. Thornton (w.), Major Lowry; Fifth (Thirty-fifth) Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Hill; Twenty-third Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Neill (w.), Lieutenant-Colonel R. Cantrell; Twenty-fourth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Peebles; Shoup's Artillery Battalion,‡ Watson's Battery.

* The Forty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel Hill, arrived on the field on the 7th; the Alabama and Arkansas battalions of the Third brigade, Withers's division, not in the battle.

† The Second Tennessee, Colonel Bate, was also in this brigade; the other "Second Tennessee" was in the First corps.

‡ Calvert's and Trigg's batteries, according to Cleburne's report, and Hubbard's battery, according to Thrall's statement.

Third Brigade.‡

Brigadier-General S. A. M. Wood.

Seventh Alabama, Sixteenth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Harris; Eighth Arkansas, Colonel W. K. Patterson; Ninth Arkansas (battalion), Major John H. Kelly; Third Mississippi, Major A. B. Hardcastle; Twenty-seventh Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown (w.), Colonel C. H. Williams (k.), Major Love (w.); Forty-fourth Tennessee, Colonel C. A. McDaniel, (w.); Fifty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel McKoin; Harper's Battery (Captain Harper), four guns.

RESERVE CORPS.

Brigadier-General J. C. Breckinridge.

First Brigade.

Colonel R. P. Trabue.

Fourth Alabama (battalion), Major J. M. Clifton; Thirty-first Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Galbraith; Third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Ben. Anderson; Fourth Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Hines (w.), Major Thomas B. Monroe (k.); Fifth Kentucky, Colonel Thomas H. Hunt; Sixth Kentucky, Colonel Joseph H. Lewis.

Ninth Kentucky, Tennessee Battalion (Crews,) Byrne's Battery, Captain E. P. Byrne; Lyon's Battery, Captain Cobb.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. S. Bowen (w.), Colonel John D. Martin.

Ninth Arkansas, Colonel Isaac L. Dunlop; Tenth Arkansas, Colonel T. D. Merrick; Second Confederate, Colonel John D. Martin; Major Mangum; First Missouri, Lieutenant-Colonel Amos C. Riley; Hudson's Battery.

Third Brigade.

Colonel W. S. Statham.

Fifteenth Mississippi, Colonel W. S. Statham; Twenty-second Mississippi; Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel D. Cumings; Twentieth Tennessee, Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Forty-fifth Tennessee, Rutledge's Battery.

CAVALRY.

——— Regiment, Colonel N. B. Forrest (w.); Mississippi Regiment, Colonel A. J. Lindsay; Alabama Regiment, Colonel Clanton; Texas Regiment, Colonel John A. Wharton (w.); ——— Squadron, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Brewer; Kentucky Squadron (three companies), Major John H. Morgan; Kentucky Company, Captain Phil Thompson; Four companies, Captains Jenkins, Tomlinson, Cox and Robins.

‡ A company of Georgia Dragoons, Captain Isaac W. Avery, also in this brigade.

THE SERVICES OF THE "VIRGINIA" ("MERRIMAC").

By Captain Catesby Ap R. Jones, Confederate States Navy.

(The following deeply interesting narrative of the gallant and accomplished executive officer of the *Virginia* was prepared for the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va., not long before his lamented death.)

When on April 21st, 1861, the Virginians took possession of the abandoned navy yard at Norfolk, they found that the *Merrimac* had been burnt and sunk. She was raised, and on June 23d following the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, ordered that she should be converted into an ironclad, on the plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, Confederate States Navy. The hull was 275 feet long. About 160 feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about thirty-six degrees. The wood was two feet thick; it consisted of oak plank four inches by twelve inches, laid up and down next the iron, and two courses of pine, one longitudinal of eight inches thickness, the other twelve inches thick.

The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of two-inch square iron two and one-half inches apart, leaving openings for four hatches, one near each end, and one forward and one abaft the smokestack. The roof did not project beyond the hull. There was no knuckle, as in the *Atlanta*, the *Tennessee* and other ironclads of later and improved construction. The ends of the shield were rounded.

The armor was four inches thick. It was fastened to its wooden backing by one and three-eighths inch bolts, countersunk and secured by iron nuts and washers. The plates were eight inches wide. Those first made were one inch thick, which was as thick as we could then punch cold iron. We succeeded soon in punching two inches, and the remaining plates, more than two-thirds, were

two inches thick. They were rolled and punched at the Tredegar Works, Richmond, Va. The outside course was up and down, the next longitudinal. Joints were broken where there were more than two courses.

The hull, extending two feet below the roof, was plated with one-inch iron; it was intended that it should have had three inches.

The prow was of cast iron, wedge shape, and weighed 1500 pounds. It was about two feet under water, and projected two feet from the stem; it was not well fastened.

The rudder and propeller were unprotected.

The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-banded Brooke rifles and six nine-inch Dahlgren shell guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were seven-inch, of 14,500 pounds; the other two were 6.4-inch (32 pounds calibre), of 9000 pounds, one on each broadside. The nine-inch gun on each side nearest the furnaces was fitted for firing hot shot. A few nine-inch shot with extra windage were cast for hot shot. No other solid shot were on board during the fight.

The engines were the same the vessel had whilst in the United States Navy. They were radically defective, and had been condemned by the United States Government. Some changes had been made, notwithstanding which the engineers reported that they were unreliable. They performed very well during the fight, but afterward failed several times, once whilst under fire.

There were many vexatious delays attending the fitting and equipment of the ship. Most of them arose from the want of skilled labor and lack of proper tools and appliances. Transporting the iron from Richmond also caused much delay; the railroads were taxed to supply the army.

The crew, 320 in number, were obtained with great difficulty.

With few exceptions they were volunteers from the army; most of them were landsmen. Their deficiencies were as much as possible overcome by the zeal and intelligence of the officers. A list of these is appended. In the fight one of the nine-inch guns was manned by a detachment of the Norfolk United Artillery.

The vessel was by the Confederates called the *Virginia*. She was put in commission during the last week of February, but continued crowded with mechanics until the eve of the fight. She was badly ventilated, very uncomfortable and very unhealthy. There was an average of fifty or sixty at the hospital, in addition to the sick list on board.

The flag officer, Franklin Buchanan, was detained in Richmond in charge of an important bureau, from which he was only relieved

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT NO. I.

a few days before the fight. There was no captain; the ship was commissioned and equipped by the executive and ordnance officer, who had reported for duty in November. He had by special order selected her battery, and was also made responsible for its efficiency.

A trial was determined upon, although the vessel was in an incomplete condition. The lower part of the shield forward was only immersed a few inches, instead of two feet as was intended; and there was but one inch of iron on the hull. The port shutters,

etc., were unfinished. The *Virginia* was unseaworthy, her engines were unreliable, and her draught, over twenty-two feet, prevented her from going to Washington. Her field of operation was therefore restricted to the bay and its immediate vicinity; there was no regular concerted movement of the army.*

The frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* temptingly invited an attack. It was fixed for Thursday night, March 6th, 1862, the pilots —of whom there were five—having been previously consulted. The sides were slushed, supposing that it would increase the tendency of the projectiles to glance. All preparations were made, including lights at obstructions. After dark the pilots declared that they could not pilot the ship during the night. They had a high sense of their responsibility. In justice to them it should be stated that it was not easy to pilot a vessel of our great draught under favorable circumstances, and that the difficulties were much increased by the absence of lights, buoys, etc., to which they had been accustomed. The attack was postponed to Saturday, March 8th. The weather was favorable. We left the navy yard at 11 a. m. against the last half of the flood tide, steamed down the river past our batteries, through the obstructions, across Hampton Roads, to the month of the James River, where off Newport News lay at anchor the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*, protected by strong batteries and gunboats. The action commenced about 3 p. m. by our firing the bow gun† at the *Cumberland* less than a mile distant. A powerful fire was immediately concentrated upon us from all the batteries afloat and ashore. The frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence*, with other vessels, were seen coming from Old Point. We fired at the *Congress* on passing in, but continued to head directly for the *Cumberland*, which vessel we had determined to run

* There was, however, an informal understanding between General Magruder, who commanded the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, and the executive officer, to the effect that General Magruder should be kept advised by us, in order that his command might be concentrated near Hampton when our attack should be made. The movement was prevented in consequence of a large portion of the command having been detached just before the fight.

† It killed and wounded ten men at the after pivot gun of the *Cumberland*. The second shot from the same gun killed and wounded twelve men at her forward pivot gun. Lieutenant Charles C. Simms pointed and fired the gun.

into, and in less than fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun we rammed her, just forward of the starboard fore chains. There were heavy spars about her bows, probably to ward off torpedoes, through which we had to break before reaching the side of the ship. The noise of the crashing timbers was distinctly heard above the din of the battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, as the ship soon commenced to careen. The shock to us on striking was slight. We immediately backed the engines. The blow was not repeated. We here lost the prow, and had the stem slightly twisted. The *Cumberland** fought her guns gallantly as long as they were above water. She went down bravely, with her colors flying. One of her shells struck the still of the bow port, and exploded; the fragments killed two and wounded a number. Our after nine-inch gun was loaded and ready for firing, when its muzzle was struck by a shell, which broke it off and fired the gun. Another gun also had its muzzle shot off; it was broken off so short that at each subsequent discharge its port was set on fire. The damage to the armor was slight. Their fire appeared to have been aimed at our ports. Had it been concentrated at the water line we would have been seriously hurt, if not sunk. Owing to the ebb tide and our great draught we could not close with the *Congress* without first going up stream and then returning, which was a tedious operation, besides subjecting us twice to the full fire of the batteries, some of which we silenced.

We were accompanied from the yard by the gunboats *Beaufort*, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Parker, and *Raleigh*, Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Alexander. As soon as the firing was heard up James River the *Patrick Henry*, Commander John R. Tucker; *Jamestown*, Lieutenant-Commander J. N. Barney, and the gunboat *Teaser*, Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Webb, under command of Captain John R. Tucker, stood down the river, joining us about four o'clock. All these vessels were gallantly fought and handled, and rendered valuable and effective service.

* She was a sailing frigate of 1726 tons, mounting two ten-inch pivots and twenty-two nine-inch guns. Her crew numbered 376; her loss in killed and wounded was 121.

The prisoners from the *Congress* stated that when on board that ship it was seen that we were standing up the river three cheers were given, under the impression that we had quit the fight. They were soon undeceived. When they saw us heading down stream, fearing the fate of the *Cumberland*, they slipped their cables, made sail and ran ashore bows on. We took a position off her quarter, about two cables length distant, and opened a deliberate fire. The other batteries continued to play on us, as did the *Minnesota*, then aground about one and one-half miles off. The *St. Lawrence* also opened on us shortly after. There was great havoc on board the *Congress*. She was several times on fire. Her gallant commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith,* was struck in the breast by the fragment of a shell and instantly killed. The carnage was frightful. Nothing remained but to strike their colors, which they did. They hoisted the white flag, half-masted, at the main and at the spanker gaff. The *Beaufort* and *Raleigh* were ordered to burn her. They went alonside and secured several of her officers and some twenty of her men as prisoners. The officers urgently asked permission to assist their wounded out of the ship. It was granted. They did not return. A sharp fire of musketry from the shore killed some of the prisoners and forced the tugs to leave. A boat was sent from the *Virginia* to burn her, covered by the *Teaser*. A fire was opened on them from the shore, and also from the *Congress* with hot shot and incendiary shell. Her crew escaped by boats, as did that of the *Cumberland*. Canister and grape would have prevented it, but in neither case was any attempt made to stop them, though it had been otherwise stated, possibly from our firing on the shore or at the *Congress*.

We remained near the *Congress* to prevent her recapture. Had she been retaken it might have been said that the flag officer permitted it, knowing that his brother† was an officer of that vessel.

* His sword was sent by flag of truce to his father, Admiral Joseph Smith.

† One of the sad attendants of civil war, divided families, was here illustrated. The flag officer's brother was paymaster of the *Congress*. The first and second lieutenants had each a brother in the United States army. The father of the fourth lieutenant was also in the United States army. The father of one of the midshipmen was in the United States navy.

A distant and unsatisfactory fire was at times had at the *Minnesota*. The gunboats also engaged her. We fired canister and grape occasionally in reply to musketry from the shore, which had become annoying.

About this time the flag officer was badly wounded by a rifle ball and had to be carried below. His bold, daring and intrepid conduct won the admiration of all on board. The executive and

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT NO. 2.

ordnance officer, Lieutenant Catesby Ap R. Jones, succeeded to the command.

The action continued until dusk, when we were forced to seek an anchorage. The *Congress* was riddled and on fire. A transport steamer was blown up. A schooner was sunk and another captured. We had to leave without making a serious attack on the *Minnesota*, though we fired at her as we passed on the other side of the middle ground, and also at the *St. Lawrence*.* The latter

* A sailing frigate of 50 guns and 1726 tons.

frigate fired at us by broadsides, not a bad plan for small calibres against ironclads, if concentrated. It was too dark to aim well. We anchored off our batteries at Sewall's Point. The squadron followed. The *Congress* * continued to burn; "she illuminated the heavens and varied the scene by the firing of her own guns and the flight of her balls through the air," until shortly after midnight, "when her magazine exploded and a column of burning matter appeared high in the air, to be followed by the stillness of death."—[Extract from report of General Mansfield, United States Army.] One of the pilots chanced, about 11 p. m., to be looking in the direction of the *Congress*, when there passed a strange looking craft brought out in bold relief by the brilliant light of the burning ship, which he at once proclaimed to be the *Monitor*. We were, therefore, not surprised in the morning to see the *Monitor* at anchor near the *Minnesota*. The latter ship was still aground. Some delay occurred from sending our wounded out of the ship; we had but one serviceable boat left. Admiral Buchanan was landed at Sewall's Point.

At 8 p. m. we got under way, as did the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown* and *Teaser*. We stood toward the *Minnesota* and opened fire on her. The pilots were to have placed us half a mile from her, but we were not at any time nearer than a mile. The *Monitor*† commenced firing when about a third of a mile distant. We soon approached, and were often within a ship's length; once while passing we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret appeared to be under perfect control. Her light draught enabled her to move about us at pleasure. She once took position for a short time where we could not bring a gun to bear on her. Another of her movements caused us great anxiety; she made for our rudder and propeller, both of which

* A sailing frigate of 1867 tons, mounting fifty guns. She had a crew of 434, of whom there were 120 killed and missing.

† She was 173 feet long and 41 feet wide. She had a revolving circular iron turret 8 inches thick, 9 feet high and 20 feet inside diameter, in which were two 11-inch guns. Her draught was 10 feet.

could have been easily disabled. We could only see her guns when they were discharged; immediately after the turret revolved rapidly, and the guns were not again seen until they were again fired. We wondered how proper aim could be taken in the very short time the guns were in sight. The *Virginia*, however, was a large target, and generally so near that the *Monitor's* shot did not often miss. It did not appear to us that our shell had any effect upon the *Monitor*. We had no solid shot. Musketry was fired at the lookout holes. In spite of all the care of our pilots we ran ashore, where we remained over fifteen minutes. The *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown*, with great risk to themselves, started to our assistance. The *Monitor* and *Minnesota* were in full play on us. A small rifle gun on board the *Minnesota*, or on the steamer alongside of her, was fired with remarkable precision.

When we saw that our fire made no impression on the *Monitor* we determined to run into her if possible. We found it a very difficult feat to do. Our great length and draught, in a comparatively narrow channel, with but little water to spare, made us sluggish in our movements, and hard to steer and turn. When the opportunity presented all steam was put on; there was not, however, sufficient time to gather full headway before striking. The blow was given with the broad wooden stem, the iron prow having been lost the day before. The *Monitor* received the blow in such a manner as to weaken its effect, and the damage was to her trifling. Shortly after an alarming leak in the bows was reported. It, however, did not long continue.

Whilst contending with the *Monitor*, we received the fire of the *Minnesota*,* which we never failed to return whenever our guns could be brought to bear. We set her on fire and did her serious injury, though much less than we supposed. Generally the distance was too great for effective firing. We blew up a steamer alongside of her.

*She was a screw steam frigate of 3200 tons, mounting 43 guns of 8, 9 and 10-inch calibre. She fired 145 10-inch, 349 9-inch and 34 8-inch shot and shell, and 5567 pounds of powder. Her draught was about the same as the Virginia.

The fight had continued over three hours. To us the *Monitor* appeared unharmed. We were, therefore, surprised to see her run off into shoal water, where our great draught would not permit us to follow, and where our shell could not reach her. The loss of our prow and anchor, and consumption of coal, water, etc., had enlightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash.

We for some time awaited the return of the *Monitor* to the roads. After consultation it was decided that we should proceed to the navy yard, in order that the vessel should be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said that if we did not then leave we could not pass the bar until noon the next day. We, therefore, at 12 m. quit the roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the *Monitor's* willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.

The official report says; "Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam pipe and smokestack both riddled; the muzzles of the two guns shot away; the colors were hoisted to the smokestack, and several times cut down from it." None were killed or wounded in the fight with the *Monitor*. The only damage she did was to the armor. She fired forty-one shots. We were enabled to receive most of them obliquely. The effect of a shot striking obliquely on the shield was to break all the iron, and sometimes to displace several feet of the outside course; the wooden backing would not be broken through. When a shot struck directly at right angles the wood would also be broken through, but not displaced. Generally the shot were much scattered; in three instances two or more struck near the same place, in each case, causing more of the iron to be displaced and the wood to bulge inside. A few struck near the water line. The shield was never pierced; though it was

evident that two shots striking in the same place would have made a large hole through everything.

The ship was docked; a prow of steel and wrought iron put on, and a course of two-inch iron on the hull below the roof, extending in length 180 feet. Want of time and material prevented its completion. The damage to the armor was repaired; wrought iron port shutters were fitted, etc. The rifle guns were supplied with bolts of

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT NO. 3.

wrought and chilled iron. The ship was brought a foot deeper in the water, making her draught twenty-three feet.

Commodore Josiah Tatnall relieved Admiral Buchanan in command. On the 11th of April he took the Virginia down to Hampton Roads, expecting to have a desperate encounter with the *Monitor*. Greatly to our surprise, the *Monitor* refused to fight us. She closely hugged the shore under the guns of the fort, with her steam up. Hoping to provoke her to come out, the *Jamestown** was sent in,

* French and English men-of-war present. The latter cheered our gunboat as she passed with the prize.

and captured several prizes, but the *Monitor* would not budge. It was proposed to take the vessel to York River, but it was decided in Richmond that she should remain near Norfolk for its protection.

Commodore Tatnall commanded the *Virginia* forty-five days, of which time there were only thirteen days that she was not in dock or in the hands of the navy yard. Yet he succeeded in impressing the enemy that we were ready for active service. It was evident that the enemy very much overrated* our power and efficiency. The South also had the same exaggerated idea of the vessel.

On the 8th of May a squadron, including the *Monitor*, bombarded our batteries at Sewall's Point. We immediately left the yard for the roads. As we drew near, the *Monitor* and her consorts ceased bombarding and retreated under the guns of the forts, keeping beyond the range of our guns. Men-of-war from below the forts and vessels expressly fitted for running us down joined the other vessels between the forts. It looked as if the fleet was about to make a fierce onslaught on us. But we were again to be disappointed. The *Monitor* and other vessels did not venture to meet us, although we advanced until projectiles from the Ripraps fell more than half a mile beyond us. Our object, however, was accomplished; we had put an end to the bombardment, and we returned to our buoy.

Norfolk was evacuated on the 10th of May. In order that the ship might be carried up the James River we commenced to lighten her, but ceased on the pilots saying they could not take her up. Her shield was then out of water; we were not in fighting condition. We therefore ran her ashore in the bight of Craney Island, landed the crew and set the vessel on fire. The magazine exploded about half-past four on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862. The crew arrived at Drewry's Bluff the next day, and assisted in defeating the *Monitor*, *Galena* and other vessels on the 15th of May.

Commodore Tatnall was tried by court-martial for destroying the *Virginia*, and was "honorably acquitted" of all the charges.

* Some of the Northern papers estimated her to be equivalent to an army corps.

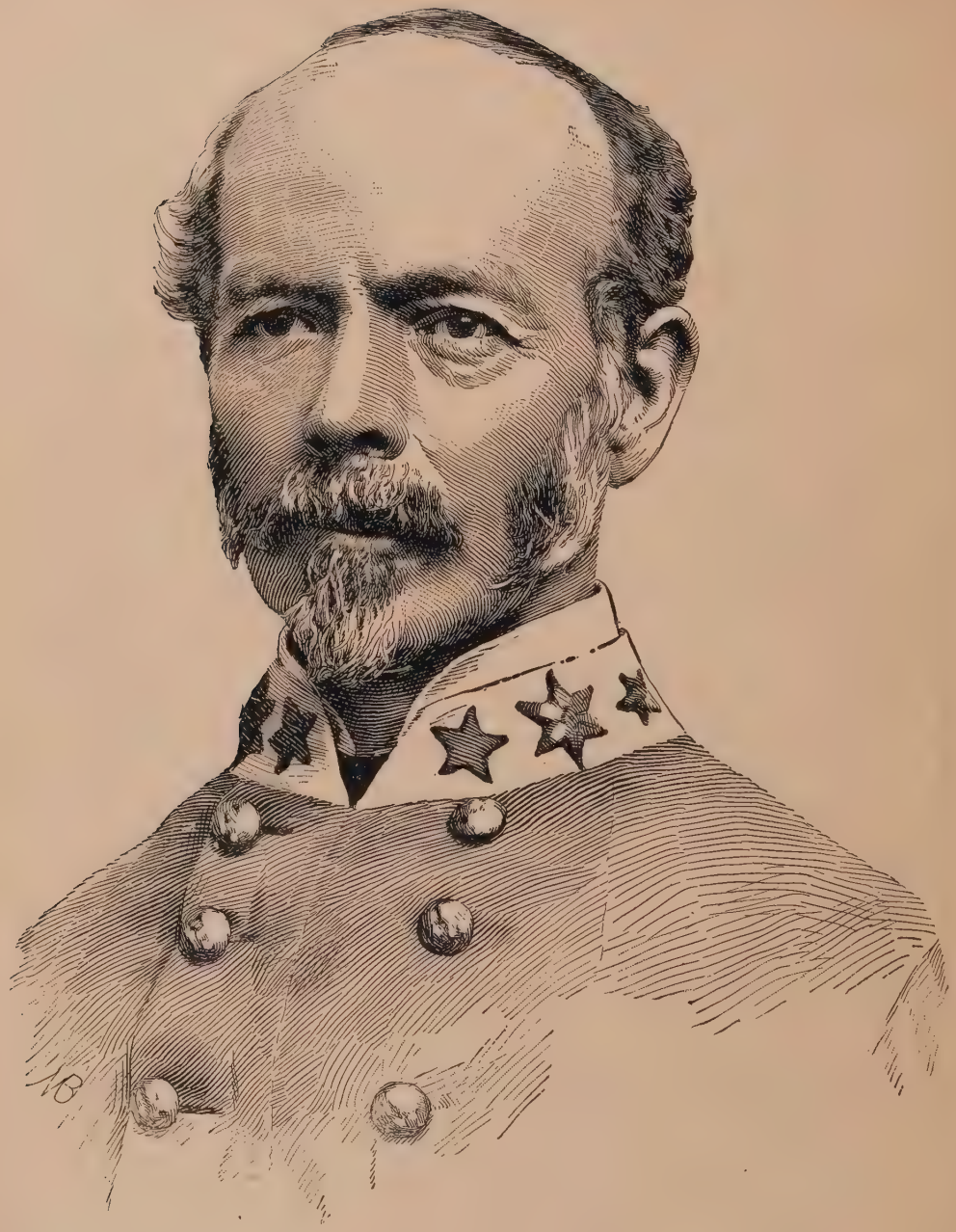
The court stated the facts, and their motives for acquitting him. Some of them are as follows: "That after the evacuation "Westover" on James River became the most suitable position for her to occupy; that while in the act of lightening her for the purpose of taking her up to that point the pilots for the first time declared their inability to take her up. . . . That when lightened she was made vulnerable to the attacks of the enemy. . . . The only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment of the court, was deliberately and wisely done."

List of officers of the Confederate States ironclad *Virginia*, March 8th, 1862. Flag Officer—Franklin Buchanan. Lieutenants—Catesby Ap R. Jones. Executive and Ordnance Officer—Charles C. Simms, R. D. Minor (flag), Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston and Walter Butt. Midshipmen—Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long and Rootes. Paymaster—James Semple. Surgeon—Dinwiddie Phillips. Assistant Surgeon—Algernon S. Garnett. Captain of Marines—Reuben Thom. Engineers—H. A. Ramsey, Acting Chief. Assistants—Tynam, Campbell, Herring, Jack and White. Boatswain—Hasker. Gunner—Oliver. Carpenter—Lindsey. Clerk—Arthur Sinclair, Jr. Volunteer Aid—Lieutenant Douglass Forrest, Confederate States Army. Captain Kevill commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery. Signal Corps—Sergeant Tabb.

Accomplishments of the Confederate Fleet. On the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, the Confederate States fleet had successfully encountered, defied and beaten a force equal to 2890 men and 230 guns as follows:

	Men.	Guns.		Men.	Guns.
Congress (burnt)	480	50	Gunboats (two or three disabled)	120	6
Cumberland (sunk)	360	22	Forts (silenced)	200	20
Minnesota (riddled)	550	40	Ericsson (Monitor)	150	2
Roanoke (scared off)	550	40			
St. Lawrence (peppered)	480	50	Total	2890	230

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. L. CABELL,
Commander Trans-Mississippi Department U. C. V.



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

General Joseph Eggleston Johnston was born in Virginia in 1809. Entered the United States Military Academy in 1825. He graduated on June 30th, 1829, and then entered the regular army of the United States as a brevet second lieutenant of artillery; but fearing he would not rise further in the profession of arms, he resigned from the service, May 31st, 1837. He was induced to re-join the service on July 7th, 1838, as a first lieutenant of the topographical engineer corps, and was on the same day brevetted captain, "for gallantry on several occasions in the war against the Florida Indians," as another inducement for him to re-enter the army. When the Mexican War broke out he was promoted to captain of engineers under date of September 21st, 1846. While conducting a reconnoissance of the enemy's works at Cerro Gordo, April 12th, 1847, he was twice severely wounded, but accomplished the object of his mission. For gallantry displayed he was brevetted major from that date. He was next appointed lieutenant colonel of the United States Voltigeurs—a regiment improvised for service in Mexico—with a commission dating from April 9th, 1847. He received another brevet, colonel of voltigeurs, for gallant and meritorious conduct, to date from April 12th, 1847. He participated in the attack upon the City of Mexico, September 13th, 1847, and was again wounded. For his gallantry on this occasion he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel of the regular army, to date from the battle of Chapultepec, September 15th, 1847. The voltigeurs having been disbanded on August 28th, 1848, its commander was retained in the United States service with the rank of captain of topographical engineers, to date from September 21st, 1846, with a brevet of lieutenant-colonel from September 15th, 1847.

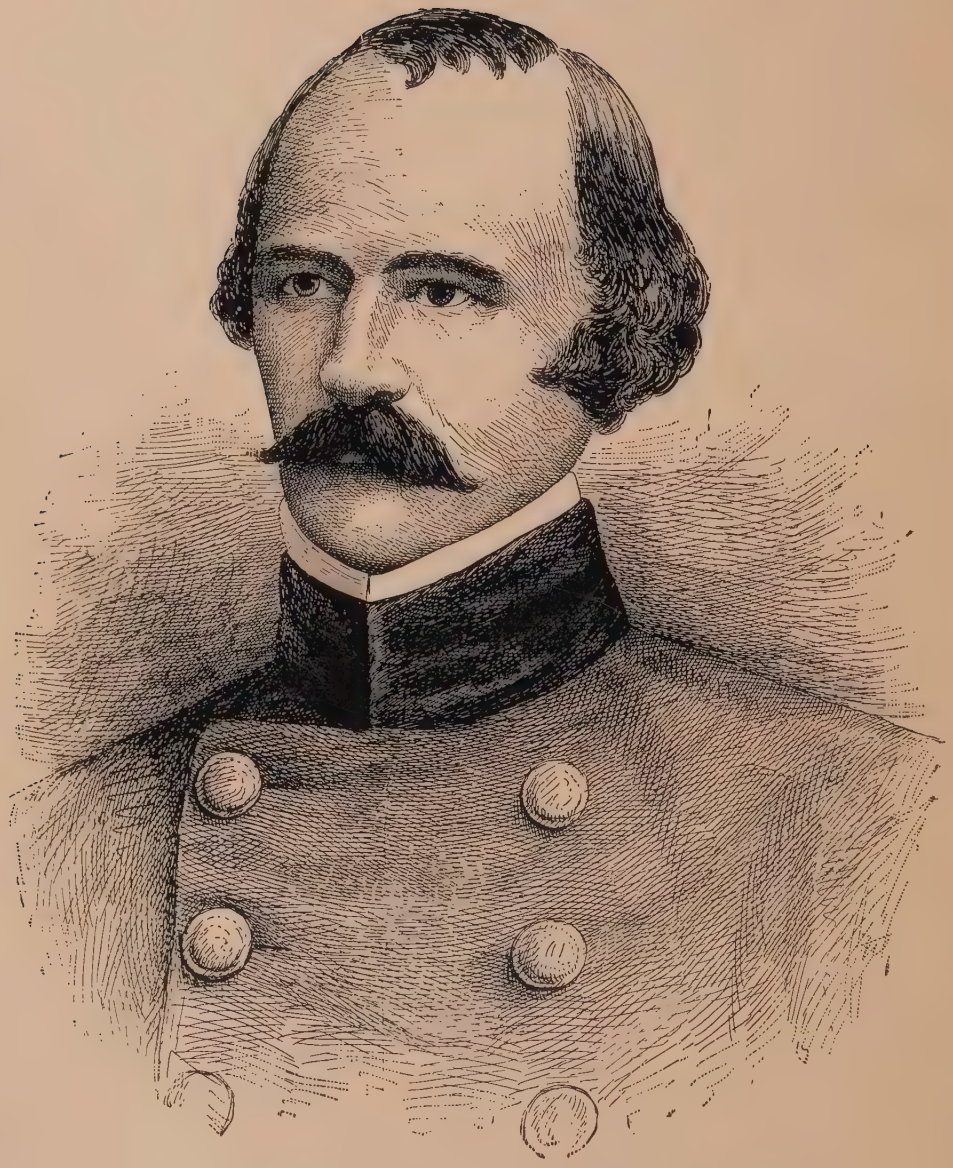
On March 3rd, 1855, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel, First Cavalry, a newly organized regiment. During June, 1860, he was

appointed quartermaster-general of the United States Army, with the rank of brigadier-general. This position he held when the war broke out. He then, on April 22nd, 1861, resigned his commission in the United States Army, and immediately entered the Confederate service as a brigadier-general, commanding the forces that defeated General McDowell at the battle of Manassas. He commanded at Seven Pines, May 31st, 1862, and was desperately wounded, incapacitating him from taking the field for several months. He was assigned to various commands. He surrendered his army to General W. T. Sherman, United States Army, by military convention entered into and signed April 26th, 1865.

He served in the United States Congress—the representative from the Richmond District of Virginia—in 1877–8. From the close of the war till 1885 he was engaged in agricultural, commercial and railroad enterprises. In March, 1885, he was appointed Commissioner of Railroads by President Cleveland, which position he was deprived of in 1889 by President Harrison. He published, in 1874, a narrative of military operations conducted by him during the war. General Johnston attended the funeral of General W. T. Sherman at New York city. He caught cold, from the effects of which he died, March 21, 1891. His funeral took place in Washington, D. C., March 24. By request of deceased the funeral was simple and unostentatious. No display of uniforms, flags, or military trapping. Active body bearers were members of ex-Confederate Association, who fought under him.—*Confederate War Journal*, July, 1893.

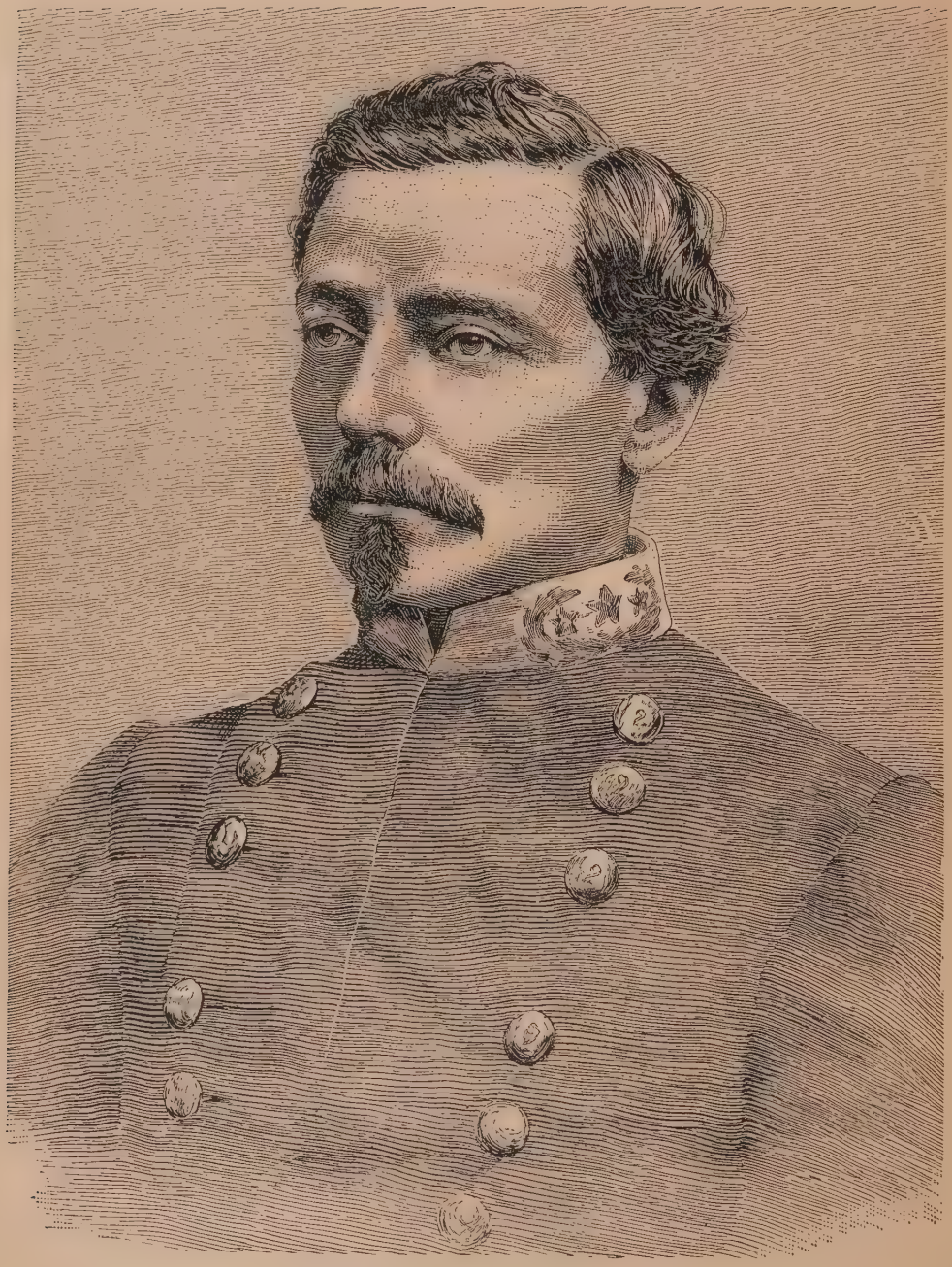
GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

Was born in Mason County, Ky., in 1803. He was educated at the Transylvania University of Lexington, Ky. Entered West Point; was graduated on June 30th, 1826, and was brevetted second lieutenant, Second Infantry, July 1st, 1826. He was transferred to the Sixth Infantry in 1827; regimental adjutant during the years 1828 to 1832; aid to General Atkinson, May 8th, 1832 to 1833; acting assistant adjutant-general of Illinois volunteers in the Black Hawk war; resigned his commission in the regular army May 31st, 1834. Appointed adjutant of the Texas Republican Army, 1836, and afterward became senior brigadier-general, or general-in-chief, in 1836, taking the place of General Felix Houston, who held the chief command. This led to a duel between the two, in which Johnston was wounded. He remained senior brigadier until 1838, when he was made secretary of war of Texas. In 1840 he settled on a plantation, and in 1846, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, he entered the United States service as colonel of the First Texas Rifle Volunteers. After the regiment was disbanded he served as inspector-general on the staff of General W. O. Butler, and distinguished himself notably at the battle of Monterey. On October 31st, 1849, he was appointed paymaster of the United States Army, with the rank of major, by President Taylor. On the 3d of March, 1855, he was promoted to the colonelcy of the Second United States cavalry. In 1857 he was placed in command of the expedition sent to Utah to force the Mormons into obedience of the federal laws, and for the zeal he displayed while so engaged received a brevet brigadier-generalship. In 1860 he was removed to the command of the Department of the Pacific. At the commencement of the Civil War he resigned his commission. Entered the Confederate service, receiving a general's commission, and was placed in command of the Department of Kentucky and Missouri. At the



GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, he was in chief command, with General Beauregard as second, and displayed on that occasion great ability in handling his troops. On the afternoon of the first day's battle, however, he received a wound in the thigh, which caused his death ten minutes later. He was buried on the battle-field, and reinterred at Austin, Texas, in January, 1867.—*Confederate War Journal*, August, 1893.



GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD.

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD.

General Beauregard was born near New Orleans, May 28th, 1818. His father was James Toutant Beauregard, and his mother Marie Toutant de Reggio, a lady of Italian descent. His baptismal name was Gustave Pierre Toutant. Having passed his youth in the parish of his birth and having developed while a lad a decided inclination for military affairs, he secured an appointment to West Point, and was graduated second in the class of '38. Hardee and Sibley, who became Confederate generals, and McDowell, Granger, Berry and Nichols, who commanded on the Union side in the last war, were among his classmates. Graduating well, and being thus entitled to select the arm of the service in which he would cast his life, he joined the engineer corps, and was immediately assigned to assist in the construction of Fort Adams, Newport. In the following year he was transferred to the passes of the Mississippi, where he remained for three years, when he went to Fort McHenry, Maryland.

The Mexican War called for his services in the field, and he was engaged in the construction of defences at Tampico, in the siege operations at Vera Cruz, at Cerro Gordo, at Contreras, at Chapultepec and at the city of Mexico. In the operations before the city of Mexico he was twice wounded, and for gallantry in this siege he won the brevet rank of major. At the close of the Mexican War he returned to New Orleans to supervise the construction of the Custom House and Marine Hospital in that city. He was also engaged in the construction and repair of fortifications in Mobile harbor and on the Mississippi River, and of other harbor constructions extending along the Gulf coast from Florida to the Rio Grande. In March, 1853, after fourteen years of continuous service as lieutenant, he was promoted to the full rank of captain.

President Buchanan detailed him as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point in January, 1861. He held the

place less than a month, resigning because his sympathies were with the South in the struggle then impending. As soon as he was relieved from duty he offered his services to the Southern leaders, and was placed in command of the defences at Charleston, S. C. There the responsibility fell upon him of opening the war by directing the attack on Fort Sumter. He gave personal supervision to the cannonade that was begun on the morning of April 12th, and when Major Robert Anderson had exhausted his ammunition and provisions it was to General Beauregard that he capitulated. Beauregard was almost immediately thereafter ordered to Virginia, where he was placed in command of the Southern forces then organizing. He led these at the battle of Bull Run, where victory was well within his reach, when, at the last moment, he was superseded by General Joseph E. Johnston. He always cherished a resentment against Jefferson Davis for relieving him of his command, and said that, had he been permitted, even after the battle had taken place, to carry out his plans, he might have marched straight to Washington. Mr. Davis and General Beauregard failed to get along together from their first meeting, and it was General Beauregard's feeling that Mr. Davis omitted no opportunity to show his personal grudge against him. He was too valuable a military man, however, to be snubbed entirely, and the second year of the war found him in Tennessee, second in command to General Albert Sidney Johnston. In this capacity he took part in the battle of Shiloh, succeeding to the command of the Southern army when Johnston was killed. On the second day of the battle Beauregard was compelled to retreat by General Grant, and fell back to Corinth, Miss., where he made a successful defence for several months. When at last he was compelled to evacuate that place he destroyed all his stores and executed a retreat pronounced by military authorities as one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. Failing health compelled him to seek leave of absence for a few months, but in September, 1862, he was placed in command at Charleston, and defended that city for eighteen months against formidable siege operations. In May, 1864, Beauregard moved into Virginia, where he defeated Butler at Drury's Bluff, and held

Petersburg against the Federal advance. He was appointed commander of the Military Division of the West in the fall of 1864, and went to Georgia to resist the march of Sherman. The mission failed, and he joined forces with General Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, surrendering to Sherman with Johnston in April, 1865. General Beauregard returned to New Orleans after the war, and became president of the New Orleans, Jackson & Mississippi Railroad, Adjutant-General of the State, and manager of the Louisiana State Lottery. While engaged in the service he wrote a treatise on "Principles and Maxims of the Art of War," printed at Charleston in 1863, and "Report of the Defence of Charleston," printed in Richmond in 1864.

General Beauregard held a high place in the regard of the Southern people. A soldier by instinct and training, a hero of two wars, he enjoyed through the greater part of his life the distinction with which a people of romantic tendencies are prone to invest men whom they admire. The warm temperament that came from his creole origin endowed him with qualities that made him a leader to be followed blindly, and his high attainment in the line of his profession commanded widespread respect for him.

His name sounded through the North as well as in his own section when the war began, for he ordered the first gun fired on Sumter, and he led the victors at Bull Run. Thereafter, although not in chief command, he played an active part in the war, so distinguishing himself that his services were in request to take command of foreign armies in Roumania and Egypt. Of late years his people held him in honor as the last survivor of the great generals of the war.

General Beauregard died at New Orleans on February 20th, 1893, from a complication of diseases.—*Confederate War Journal*, May, 1893.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

Born in Warren County, N. C., in 1817; entered West Point Military Academy, and graduated with high honors in 1837. He was immediately appointed lieutenant of artillery, and served mainly in Florida until 1838, when he engaged in conveying the remnant of the Cherokee tribe of Indians to their new reservation in the Indian Territory. From 1843 to 1845 he had command of Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, and in 1846 joined in the military occupation of Texas. In May, 1846, he was made captain by brevet, and in June was made captain of artillery in the army of occupation of Texas, which, under General Taylor, had crossed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamoras, and advanced on Monterey, Mexico, September 21st, 1846, where Bragg displayed conspicuous bravery, and arrested the attention of the commanding general, whose brief order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," became a rallying cry in storming the Mexican strongholds. Here he was promoted major by brevet.

At the battle of Buena Vista, fought February 22nd and 23rd, 1847, Bragg was again promoted, brevet lieutenant-colonel. He was engaged in frontier duty from 1848 to 1855. He resigned his commission in the army in 1856, and became a planter in Louisiana. Was Commissioner of Public Works for the State of Louisiana from 1859 to 1861. Was commissioned brigadier-general in the Confederate service, March 7th, 1861; commanded the forces operating against Fort Pickens; promoted major-general, September 12th, 1861. At the battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, 1862, he commanded the Second corps, succeeding Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed on the battlefield. He was promoted to the rank of general, April 12th, 1862.

After the evacuation of Corinth he succeeded General Beauregard in command of the Department of the Mississippi. He took

active measures against General Buell in Kentucky, but was obliged to retire before superior forces to Perryville. For this failure he was removed from command and placed under arrest.

He was, however, soon restored. Opposed to Rosecrans at the battle of Murfreesborough. At Chickamauga, one of the most desperate conflicts of the war, he totally routed General Rosecrans, and met Grant at Mission Ridge and Chattanooga, where he was defeated. He was again relieved of his command, and ordered to Richmond, where he acted as military adviser to President Davis. In 1864 he led a small force from North Carolina to Georgia, to operate against Sherman in his march to the sea. After the close of the war he settled in Mobile, Ala., and became chief engineer of the State of Alabama in improving Mobile harbor. He died in Galveston, Tex., on September 27th, 1876.—*Confederate War Journal*, October, 1893.

GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD

Was born in Owingsville, Bath County, Ky., June 1st, 1831. He was graduated in 1853 at the United States Military Academy. After serving two years in California he was transferred in 1855 to the Second Cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was colonel and Robert E. Lee lieutenant-colonel. In the fight at Devil's Run with the Comanche and Lipun Indians, in July, 1857, he was severely wounded in a hand-to-hand encounter with a savage. He was promoted first lieutenant in 1858.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Hood resigned his commission, and, entering the Confederate service, rose to the rank of colonel, and after a short service in the Peninsula was appointed brigadier-general of the Texas brigade. He was engaged at West Point, Va., and while leading his men at Gaines' Mill was shot in the body. In this battle his brigade lost more than half its number, and Hood was brevetted major-general. He was engaged in the second battle of Bull Run, at Boonsborough, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, and was a second time severely wounded at Gettysburg, losing the use of his arm. During the second day's fight at Chickamauga, seeing the line of his brigade waver, he rode to the front and demanded the colors. The Texans rallied and charged. Hood, at the head of the column, was again shot down. This wound necessitated the loss of his right leg; and while in hospital he was offered a civil appointment, which he refused, saying, "No bombproof place for me. I propose to see this fight out on the field!"

Hood returned to duty, and in the spring of 1864 commanded a corps in General Joseph E. Johnston's army. On July 8th, 1864, he succeeded General Johnston in command. He compelled the evacuation of Decatur in November, crossed the Tennessee and was defeated at Franklin, and again at Nashville, by General Thomas. After the latter battle, at his own request, he was relieved of

GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

command. On the termination of the war General Hood engaged in business as a commission merchant in New Orleans. During the yellow-fever epidemic of 1879 his wife and eldest child died within a few hours of each other, and Hood also succumbed to the disease. He is the author of "Advance and Retreat: Personal Experiences in the United States and Confederate Armies."—*Confederate War Journal*, December, 1893.

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY SMITH.

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY SMITH.

Born in St. Augustine, Fla., May 16th, 1824, was graduated at West Point Military Academy in 1845. His career was exceptionally brilliant and distinguished. In the war with Mexico he was twice brevetted for gallantry—at Cerro Gordo and at Contreras. He was wounded in the battle of Bull Run, 1861; after which he was in command of the Department embracing East Tennessee and Kentucky, and defeated the Federal army at Richmond, Ky., in August, 1862. Assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, he organized a government embracing Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and managed it in the interest of the Confederacy with the greatest success to the end of the Civil War. He made his department self-supporting, and his army was the last to surrender. In 1864 he defeated General N. P. Banks in his Red River campaign. From 1875 to the time of his death, he was connected with the University of the South at Sewanee, as professor of mathematics and as chancellor of the university. General Smith died at his home in Sewanee, Tenn., March 28th, 1893. He was last of the eight full generals of the Confederate army.—*Confederate War Journal*, November, 1893.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

Born in Culpeper County, Va., November 9, 1825, died near Petersburg, Va., April 2nd, 1865, was graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, July 1st, 1847, and entered the army as brevet second lieutenant of artillery. He took part in several of the remaining engagements of the Mexican War, after which he did some frontier duty and served in the war against the Seminole Indians, having in the meantime been commissioned a second and first lieutenant. From 1855 to 1860 he did duty at the Coast Survey Office in Washington. In March, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States Army. Upon the secession of his native State he accepted the commission of colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia Volunteers, and was stationed at Harper's Ferry until ordered to join the Confederate army at Bull Run. Here he greatly distinguished himself, and was in consequence made a brigadier-general, serving as such at the subsequent battle of Williamsburg. He was afterward promoted to be a major-general and given a division, which he admirably *managed* during the operation that took place on the Virginia Peninsula, as well as during Pope's campaign ending at Chantilly. He received the surrender of Harper's Ferry. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, his division formed the right of Jackson's corps. At Chancellorsville, May 5th and 6th, 1863, it formed the centre, and participated in the flank movement that crushed Hooker's right. In the assault he was severely wounded. For his gallantry in this battle he was promoted May 20th, 1863, to lieutenant-general. He led his corps at Gettysburg, and displayed great ability throughout the remainder of the civil conflict, notably at Petersburg, where he met his death by a rifle shot, while engaged in reconnoitring, on April 2nd, 1865. His body was buried in Chesterfield County, Va.; afterward it was removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. General Hill married a sister of General John Morgan, the cavalry leader, and left two daughters, Misses Lucy Lee and Russie.—*Confederate War Journal*, March, 1894.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

Born in Charles County, Md., September 27th, 1809. President John Quincy Adams appointed him midshipman in the United States Navy in 1826, but he did not enter active service until 1832, the intermediate years being spent in naval study at Norfolk, and, during his furloughs, in reading law with his brother, Samuel M. Semmes, at Cumberland, Md. In 1837 he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and in 1842 made his home in Alabama. He served in the Mexican War under Commodore Conner, and at the siege of Vera Cruz he commanded one of the naval batteries on shore. In 1855 he was promoted to the rank of commander, and in 1858 was assigned to duty as Secretary of the Lighthouse Board at Washington, D. C.

Upon the secession of Alabama, February 15th, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States Navy, and reported to President Davis at Montgomery, who instructed him to return to the North and endeavor to procure mechanics skilled in the manufacture and use of ordnance and rifle machinery, the preparation of fixed ammunition and of percussion caps. He inspected the Virginia State Arsenal and Tredegar Iron Works, visited Washington, examined the machinery of the Arsenal, and conferred with mechanics whom he desired to induce to go South. He also visited the principal workshops of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and found that Northern manufacturers were ready to sell him anything in the line of weapons, machinery, batteries, light artillery and ammunition that the South asked for. He purchased large quantities, and they were shipped South without disguise. On April 4th, 1861, he was commissioned commander in the Confederate States Navy, and took command of the *Sumter*. Afterward he became commander of the *Alabama*, with the rank of captain. After the sinking of the latter vessel he made a tour of Europe; and on October 3d, 1864, he reached Shreveport, La., and after a short stay at his home, at Mobile, Ala.,

he was made a rear admiral and ordered to the command of the James River Squadron. At Greensborough, N. C., on May 1st, 1865, he participated in the capitulation of General Johnston's army, taking the precaution to sign himself in the articles of parole as rear admiral, C. S. N., and brigadier-general, C. S. A. Dispersing his men, Semmes went to his home at Mobile, Ala., and opened an office for the practice of law. On December 15th, 1865, he was arrested by order of Secretary Welles, and after a four months' confinement in the Marine Barracks he was released. He became the editor of a daily newspaper in Mobile, and practiced law until his death, August 30th, 1877.—*Confederate War Journal*, September, 1894.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

John Brown Gordon, thirty-fifth Governor of Georgia (1886–90), and United States Senator, was born in Upson County, Ga., July 6th, 1832. His great-grandfather was one of seven brothers who emigrated from Scotland to North Carolina and Virginia, and who were all revolutionary soldiers. His grandfather was a prominent citizen of Wilkes County, N. C., and his father was Rev. Zachariah H. Gordon. John was educated at the State University of Georgia, where he was graduated in 1852 at the head of his class. He read law and practiced a short time in Atlanta with his brother-in-law, L. E. Bleckley, afterward chief justice of Georgia, but soon gave up the profession to aid his father, who was mining coal in Georgia and Tennessee. He married, in 1853, Fanny, daughter of Congressman Hugh A. Haralson. He was mining when the war began, but enlisted at once, and served heroically to the close, becoming in succession captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general in command of one wing of the Army of Virginia. He settled in Atlanta after the war. He was a member of the National Union Convention at Philadelphia in 1866, delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1868, and Seymour and Blair elector the same year. He declined the use of his name as a candidate for Governor of Georgia, but was finally nominated, made the race against R. B. Bullock, and, according to the claim of his party, was elected and counted out by reconstruction machinery. He declined the use of his name as a candidate for United States Senator in 1871, when Mr. Norwood was elected, and the same year went before the congressional committee to defend his State in the "Ku-Klux" investigation. He was delegate-at-large in the national democratic convention at Baltimore in 1872, opposing the nomination of Greeley; was elected United States Senator in 1873, and re-elected in 1879. He resigned in 1880, and raised the

money to build the Georgia Pacific Railroad. He was elected Governor of Georgia in 1886, and re-elected in 1888, and in 1890 was elected United States Senator. General Gordon was one of the illustrious generals of the Confederate armies, and won an international fame as a soldier. An English correspondent of the London *Times* declared him the rising genius of the South. He was second only to the great Lee. He was five times desperately wounded. His devoted wife, who accompanied him during the entire war, and whose narrow escapes would equal any romance, by her care and faithful nursing saved his life when pierced by five bullets at Sharpsburg. He led the last charge at fateful Appomattox, taking the Federal breastworks and capturing artillery during this closing scene of the drama. After the war he gathered his wing of the army, and made the greatest speech of his life to his broken-hearted men, exhorting them to bear the trial, go home in peace, obey the laws, re-build the country, and work for the weal and harmony of the republic. His seven years' service in the United States Senate was brilliant and statesmanlike. He delivered powerful and eloquent speeches upon finance, civil service reform, and made a masterly defence of the South, exerting a conservative influence. In the Louisiana troubles he was chosen by the democrats in Congress to draft an address to the people of Louisiana and the South, urging patient endurance and an appeal to a returning sense of justice to cure wrongs. He took a masterful part in the debate, and a serious variance between him and Senator Conkling was adjusted by Senator Bayard and others. The farmers of Georgia thanked him for his efforts for agriculture. He aided Lamar in saving Mississippi from political misrule, and was empowered by Governor Hampton to look after South Carolina's interest, having canvassed the State for its redemption with Hampton, and after the adjournment of Congress secured the removal of troops from South Carolina. For this he received the historic dispatch: "South Carolina thanks you." His life-size portrait hangs in the State capitol. The ladies sent his little daughter, born in Washington, a silver urn, with Hampton's dispatch on it, and to Mr. Gordon a superb silver service, each piece mounted with

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

a gold palmetto tree. As Governor his administration was faultless. The New York *Sun* declared his first inaugural "worthy of Thomas Jefferson." His last election as United States Senator was a marvelous political victory. Unopposed, until he antagonized the sub-treasury plan of the farmers' alliance, which had four-fifths of the legislature in its favor, he was elected after the most exciting contest of the time. In the wild enthusiasm succeeding his victory, he was borne by the multitude through the capitol to the streets, placed on a caisson and drawn about the city, amid shouts and rejoicing, while the whole State was ablaze with bonfires. Mr. Gordon has been all his life a model of social worth, and an ardent Christian worker.—*From "The National Cyclopedia of American Biography," published by James T. White & Co.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

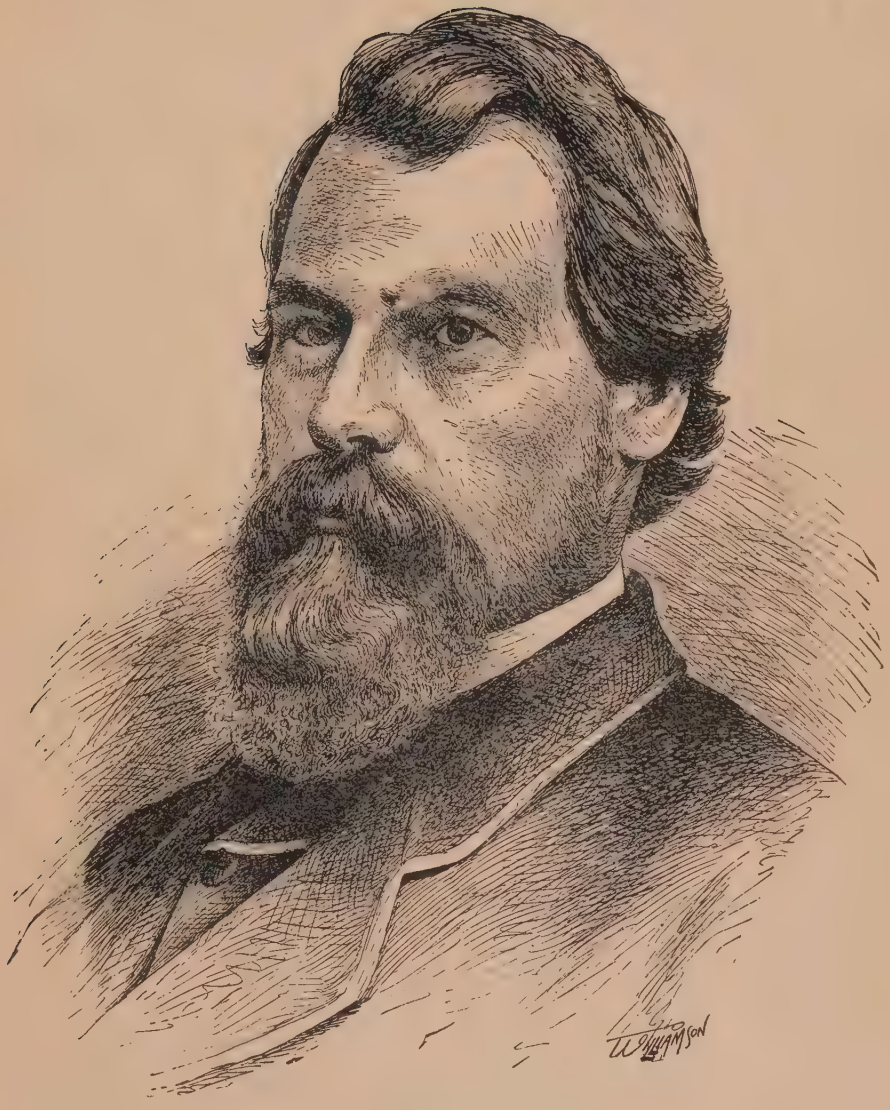
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

Born in South Carolina in 1820. Removed with his parents at an early age to Alabama, from which State he was appointed to the United States Military Academy in 1838. Was graduated in 1842, entering the army as lieutenant. Was engaged in all the principal battles in the war with Mexico up to Chapultepec, where, in the assault upon the castle, he received severe wounds. He was brevetted captain and major, and afterward transferred to the staff as paymaster with the full rank of major. In June, 1861, Longstreet resigned to join the Confederacy, and commanded a brigade at Bull Run. Made a major-general in October, 1861, he thereafter bore a conspicuous part in and rendered valuable service to the Confederate cause. At Seven Pines he directed the main attack, and in the subsequent fighting at Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, etc., his division fought bravely, losing nearly half of its number in killed and wounded. He contributed largely to the success of the day at the second battle of Bull Run. At Antietam he commanded the right wing, and at Fredericksburg the left wing, where the assault was so fatal to the Federal Army. Assigned to the command of a corps with the rank of lieutenant-general, October, 1862; and in the battle of Gettysburg commanded the right of the line during the second and third days of the fight. His corps was detached, and he arrived with his troops in time to decide the fortunes of the day at Chickamauga. Assigned to lead a movement against Burnside in East Tennessee, and in November he compelled that officer to seek the intrenchments of Knoxville. He was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness and disabled for months. Returning to duty in October, 1864, he commanded the defences of Richmond north of the James, and was partially engaged in the action around Petersburg the day of evacuation. Since the war he has been Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans and a school commissioner. In 1875 he settled in Georgia. He was appointed United States marshal, and is now, 1894, living in retirement on his farm at Gainesville, Ga.—*Confederate War Journal*, February, 1894.

JOHN HENNINGER REAGAN.

John Henninger Reagan, Senator, was born in Sevier County, Tenn., October 8, 1818. The four ancestral branches of his family were Irish, English, Welsh and German, and they all came across the Atlantic before the American Revolutionary War. Timothy Reagan, one of his great grandfathers, served in the Continental army during the Revolution, and was severely wounded in the battle of Brandywine. One of his grandfathers served as a surgeon in the Pennsylvania line in the Revolutionary army. The parents of John H. Reagan were very poor in this world's goods. In his youth his time was divided between assisting his father in a tan-yard and in going to school until he was about fifteen or sixteen years old, when he was given permission to secure his own education. He commenced by working on a farm for nine dollars a month. Then entering an academic school he paid for his board by working mornings, evenings and Saturdays. A friend gave him the management of an extensive set of flouring and saw-mills, thereby enabling him to raise money to attend college at Maryville, Tenn., where he remained for something over a year. For a few months after leaving college he sold goods at a country store, then he went South, where he was told that he could get better wages as a clerk or school teacher and be enabled sooner to return to college and graduate. He was offered favorable inducements to proceed to Texas and sell goods for a gentleman there. The project ended in disappointment, but it landed him in Texas albeit without money or friends. When he reached Nacogdoches in that republic, war impended between the Cherokees and other Indian tribes and the people of Texas. He joined the Texan army, intending at the close of the campaign to return to the United States. He was in the battles of the 15th and 16th of July, 1839, and behaved so gallantly that on the morning after the second battle General

Albert Sidney Johnston, then Secretary of War for Texas, and Acting President Burnet requested his presence at headquarters and tendered him an appointment as junior second-lieutenant in the regular army. He declined the appointment, however, devoting himself to the study of surveying. In the spring he was appointed deputy-surveyor of the public lands, and did some work as such in what is now Angelina County. In December, 1839, he started out with one of the first surveying parties that reached the Upper Trinity country, then only known by Indian accounts. The country was occupied by hostile tribes, but was described as beautiful and fertile. Near what is known as Jordan's Saline, in Van Zandt County, his company encountered Indians. In the mêlee that followed, one Indian was killed and several wounded; one of Reagan's men also was slightly wounded, but his company succeeded in capturing eight horses and their packs. Heavy rains set in, the streams became swollen, the men got discouraged, and all except himself and five others returned to the settlements. These six continued westward to the waters of the Trinity, making a number of surveys in what is known as Cedar Creek, in the present counties of Kaufman and Van Zandt. Within the next two or three years Mr. Reagan did a great deal of surveying in what is now Nacogdoches, Houston, Anderson, Henderson, Kaufman, and Van Zandt Counties and during this time participated in several campaigns against the hostile Indians, did farm work, made rails, drove oxen, and a little later was private teacher for the children of a friend. In the fall of 1844 he became one of the pioneer settlers in the present Kaufman County, having in the meantime been captain of a militia company in active service and justice of the peace. He had also a small farm, horses and cattle, and commenced reading law in 1845. In 1846 he received temporary license to practice law. In 1847 he was elected to the legislature of Texas, was placed on the committees of judiciary, federal relations, public lands, apportionment of representation, and on enrolled bills, and took an active part in the proceedings of that body. In 1848 he received permanent license to practice law and soon obtained a respectable



JOHN HENNINGER REAGAN.

business. In 1852 he was chosen judge of the ninth judicial district of Texas for the term of six years, but in 1856 he resigned that position only to be re-elected for another term of six years.

In 1857 Mr. Reagan was elected to the U. S. Congress, defeating the Know-Nothing or American candidate, who was the sitting member, by a large majority. In 1859 he was re-elected to Congress. Before this last election he had taken grounds against filibustering and the opening of the African slave-trade. He was denounced by politicians and newspapers with great bitterness, in consequence of his attitude on these questions, but met the issue squarely in a vigorous canvass before the people, and to the surprise of many was elected by an overwhelming majority. This brought him into the midst of the fierce controversies of the four years immediately preceding the civil war of 1861–65. He recognized that there was a moral question behind the anti-slavery agitation, although he felt that it was urged largely for political effect in elections; and in the manner in which it was conducted, and with reference to its antecedent facts, it was, in his opinion, cruelly unjust, and full of danger; especially in view of the fact that African slavery had been planted in this country by the mother country, and by other leading civilized powers of Europe—that it existed in all the American colonies at the date of the Declaration of Independence, and in twelve of the original thirteen States at the date of the adoption of the constitution; that the convention which framed the constitution of the United States recognized the right of property in African slaves, provided for the return of fugitive slaves when they escaped from service, and made provision for the continuance of the African slave-trade for twenty years after the adoption of the constitution. Hence, when the calamity of war came, he felt it his duty to follow the fortunes of his own State and people. Mr. Reagan was chosen a member of what is known as the Secession Convention of Texas, in 1861, and proceeded directly to Austin, and took his seat therein. He, with others, was elected a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, and aided in the formation of the Confederate constitution. In March, 1861, he was

appointed postmaster-general of the Confederacy by President Davis. In February, 1862, after the adoption of the constitutional government by the seceded States, he was re-appointed postmaster-general, and served in that position until its fall in 1865. In the last months of the Confederacy, Mr. Trenholm, secretary of the treasury, resigned on account of serious illness, and President Davis appointed Mr. Reagan secretary of the treasury *ad interim*, at the same time insisting on his continuing to perform the duties of postmaster-general. May 10, 1865, he was made a prisoner of war, along with President Davis, and taken first to Hampton Roads, Va., and then to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, Mass., where he was detained until released by order of President Johnson, in October, 1865. While in confinement, he wrote to the people of Texas, what is extensively known as his "Fort Warren Letter." It was his object to advise the people of that State that it would be best for them to accept without unreasonable delay the inevitable results of the war, so as to avoid military government and the danger of universal negro suffrage. But on his return to Texas, he found the people unprepared to accept its policy, and his fidelity to his section was doubted for having written it. Seeing that any effort in that direction was at that time useless, he withdrew to his farm near Palestine, Texas, hired some hands, and went to work in the field with them. After working on his farm until business became more settled, he returned to the practice of the law, keeping up his farming interest, and had a lucrative practice until 1874, when he was elected to Congress. He had continued disenfranchised under the reconstruction laws until a short time before his election to Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. In 1887 he was elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years. Mr. Reagan has participated in the discussion of all great political questions of his time and country for more than forty years, and has witnessed and been an actor in many great historic events. He is a sincere believer in the views of Mr. Jefferson as to the constitutional powers, rights and duties of the State and Federal governments

respectively. On June 10, 1891, he resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States to accept the chairmanship of the railroad commission of the State of Texas, thus relinquishing a position of greater dignity and emolument for one of less. He was induced to make this sacrifice upon the representation of the Governor of the State and its most influential citizens, that his acceptance was absolutely necessary to the success of the commission, and that he could render more valuable service to the State in the new capacity than in the old. To quote his own words: "I resigned my place in the Senate and accepted the chairmanship of the commission, both from a sense of duty to the State and of gratitude to the people who have honored and trusted me so long and in so many ways."—*From "The National Cyclopedia of American Biography," published by James T. White & Co.*

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